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# The BYSTANDER

## CHRISTMAS and BIRTHDAY NUMBER

Wishing You a Merry Xmas, Weather or No

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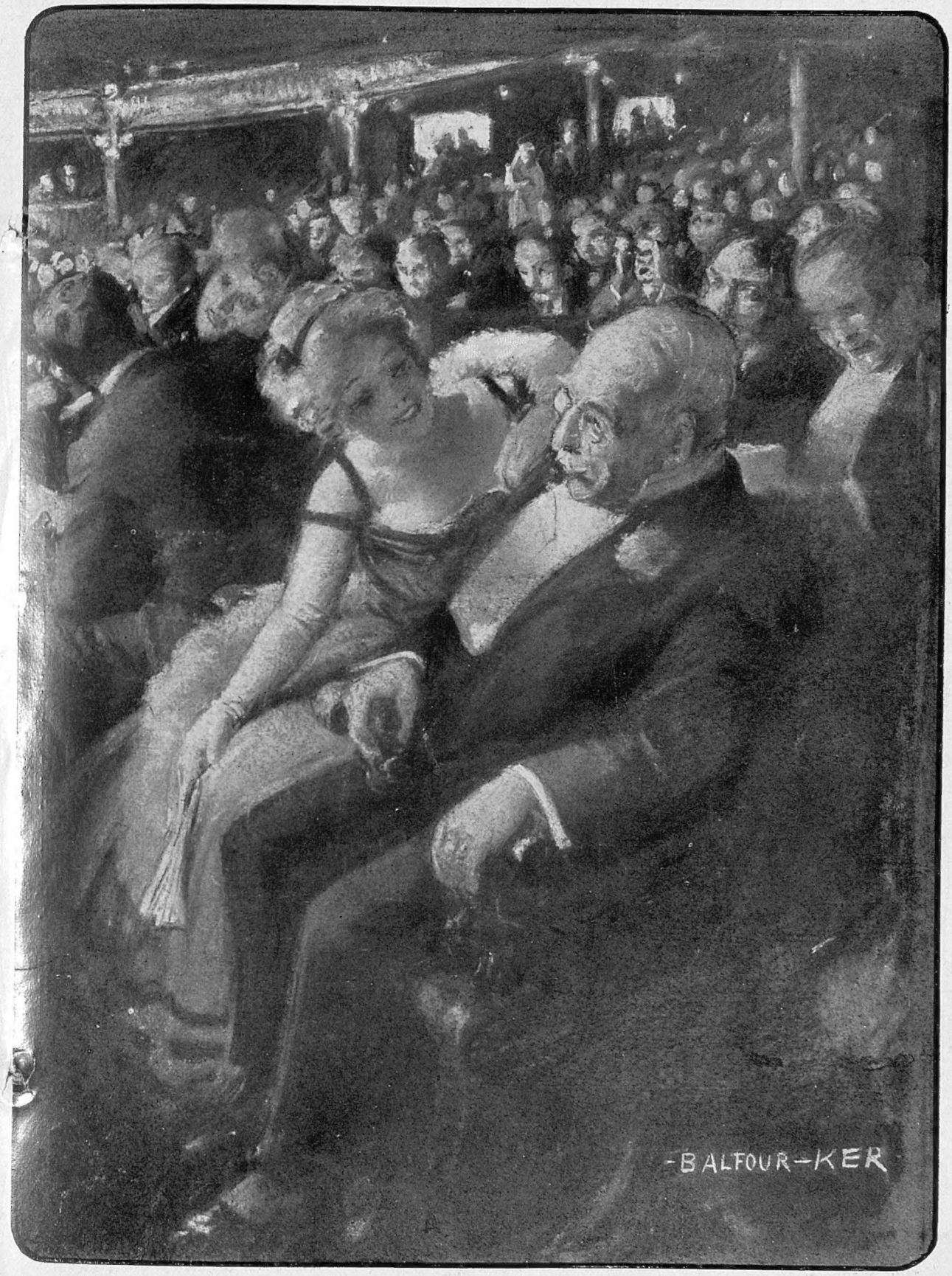
# The Business Method




"Did he get on his knees when he proposed to you?"
"No; I did"

*By BALFOUR-KER*

# London Nights Entertainments

BY "JINGLE." ILLUSTRATED BY NORMAN MORROW

## "DECORATING CLEMENTINE" AT THE GLOBE THEATRE

THIS play is beyond all question the most important event of the week. Beside such a production the very much over-advertised General Election sinks into insignificance, and the inexactitudes of Mr. Winston Churchill, and the Lime'us of Mr. Lloyd George, pale their ineffectual fires. Speakers at election sideshows who have to lament a thin attendance of electors may take it for granted that everybody is too busy just now over the excitement attending the production of *Decorating Clementine*. After all, what is the General Election? It is only a revival; whereas this is practically a new play. The General Election had a very good run in London and the provinces quite recently, and there has been no change in the cast. *Decorating Clementine*, on the other hand, is an epoch-making event, and the play itself is one which the world will not willingly let die, and all that kind of thing.

Sketched at the Globe Theatre

STRICTLY between ourselves, the flowery language of the preceding paragraph rather overdoes the business, though it is, perhaps, not unreasonable to hope that at this exciting time one more trifling inaccuracy added to the many that are afloat just now may escape notice in the crowd. The fact is, my Editor had asked me to attend a few of the more important political meetings in London, and write a few notes about them, and I didn't want to go. So with an outburst of that fine, convincing eloquence that I can always summon to my aid when I know I am not going to speak the truth, I assured him that the public interest in the General Election was nothing compared to the expectations aroused by the new play at the Globe Theatre. *Decorating Clementine* does not look like repeating the brilliant successes it has already scored in Paris and New York; but, as you can well understand, I cannot afford to admit anything of the kind. I have let myself in for it, and I must, as it were, keep my end up so that my Editor may never know.

THE story of *Decorating Clementine* is all about the traffic in decorations which now and then assumes the proportions of a public scandal in the sunny land of France; but it is admittedly not easy to Anglicise such a theme, for obvious reasons. In Paris, as we know, they speak without a blush of the means employed by ambitious ladies to secure from gallant Ministers the coveted cross for their husbands; but conditions of this kind cannot be satisfactorily rendered into English because we never will admit, in the moral domain, that two and two make four. We take two, and begin to add another couple to them, and then we say "Hush!" and let the curtain down quickly for fear the Young Lady of Fifteen should obtain a premature proficiency in arithmetic. And as *Decorating Clementine* turns entirely upon this fanciful theme, it is clear that no power which the Censor would recognise could make this play the very howling success which my opening paragraph so noisily proclaims it to be.

CLEMENTINE'S chief reason for wanting the cross is that another lady novelist is trying for it, and we all know what ladies think of each other. She not only calls on the Director of Fine Arts and flirts mildly with him, but she encourages her husband to flirt with the Director's wife, so that she also may use her influence in the bestowal of the cross. As it happens, the Director's wife is not a lady who waits to be asked in these matters; and this fact gives rise to one or two really clever scenes that are spoiled only by their necessary incompleteness. The Director's wife, for instance, is so very impressionable that whenever she meets a good-looking man she turns absolutely giddy with emotion, and sinks helplessly into the nearest chair. This idea is so natural to the French spirit

# Play-Acting or Politics?

Distracted by the influence of the General Election, Mr. Norman Morrow has given hopelessly inadequate treatment to the no doubt many dramatic moments of "Decorating Clementine"! His mind seems to have been so warped by politics that he has found it impossible to regard as non-political any issues of the play

BY NORMAN MORROW

of fun and so foreign to our own that it seems to me a waste of time to try and translate it into English. We have no vocabulary for that kind of thing in this country, and the philological experts, to whom we might in ordinary times turn for the missing words, are too busy for the moment employing their sparkling gifts in the electioneering industry. Still, I shall say nothing that might lead my Editor to think that there is anything the matter with this play, because in his confiding way he has already accepted my assurance that it is an event of national importance. I have got to see this thing through, somehow.

*Photograph Dover Street Studios*
Madame Aino Ackté, the new Salome, in the costume—such of it as there is—in which she will appear for this week's performances of Strauss's long-forbidden opera

AS a matter of fact, the acting of Miss Doris Keane almost justifies my position. Miss Keane's interpretation of her part must be tolerably near the Parisian ideal. She makes up for the lack of point in her lines by her speaking glances, and her charmingly effusive manner. She, at least, seems to have no doubt of the nature of the part she is playing. All that sinuous poses and alluring frocks can do to illuminate the colourless dialogue is freely supplied, and yet there is no suspicion of an offence against good taste. Miss Keane is like the great poets who write for superior minds, leaving the reader to fill in the blanks as his fancy bids. And with a theme of this kind we are all experts in poetic interpretation. I am grateful to Miss Keane accordingly, because no reasonable Editor would expect me to forego a charming experience of this kind in order to sit out a political meeting for the purpose of hearing a Prominent Politician compare a Suffragette interruption to the mewing of cats! Oh, George!

THE great public importance of *Decorating Clementine* is clearly indicated by the fact that Mr. G. P. Huntley, who has a leading part in it, makes his reappearance in London after an absence of two years. The political significance of this position will be obvious when it is pointed out that while ordinary Members of Parliament represent at best a limited constituency, Mr. Huntley is at present member for the Globe. (Laughter and cheers.) The singular thing about Mr. Huntley's part is that it has little or nothing to do with the play. It is a kind of sideshow personally conducted by Mr. Huntley himself; and after a while you get the idea that whenever the entertainment threatens to drag a little, he is turned on to do his inconsequential but indispensable act. He is Count Zakouskine, a director of the ballet at the Opera in St. Petersburg, or something of that sort; but his chief success in life has been with—the ladies. He attributes this advantage to his Slavonic charm, which makes him so notoriously irresistible that he feels it his duty, on meeting a lady for the first time, to warn her that she is about to fall in love with him, and that he is really very sorry for her. The only thing wrong with Mr. Huntley's performance is that there is not enough of it, and every time he returns to the stage after a brief absence, the shout of welcome that greets him shows how much he has been missed. *Decorating Clementine* is another example of the insuperable difficulty of combining different national temperaments in preparing a foreign adaptation, and I should hesitate to say that its prospects of success—excuse me. I am forgetting. There is the Editor to think of. No hesitation whatever in pronouncing the piece to be the event of the season. JINGLE.

# Pan Re-Petered

*Copyright Charles Frohmann* *Photograph Campbell Studios*

MISS PAULINE CHASE

Who returns to London from New York to play once more the title-rôle in "Peter Pan" this Christmas season at the Duke of York's Theatre. Her engagement to Mr. C. Grahame White, the aviator, was recently announced

# Seasonable Holiday Haunts

## OR WHERE TO BOX ON BOXING DAY

**The Tower** (where some of the greatest have spent several Christmases in succession).—Approached by a pair-horse 'bus, and deprecatory stroll through Billingsgate. Your dress should be quiet, and, if possible, paid for. Trousers should be worn in preference to knickerbockers, as British calves arouse the cupidity of the Beefeaters, otherwise quite honest. Take your lunch with you. Discarded cheese biscuits and banana skins may be pushed under the exhibits. If possible, go with a clergyman, because he will know all about Queen Elizabeth.

**The National Gallery** (of which we are all reminded at this season by Messrs. Raphael Tuck and Co.).—Umbrellas and sticks are prohibited, as no one nowadays is able to resist the temptation to rip up paintings by the Old Masters (which are largely of their old mistresses). Several thousands of pictures have been destroyed in this way, but the British school is as full as ever. Warning notices are, however, exhibited at the entrances to the rooms devoted to this section, and the officials have sympathetically published a ground plan.

**The British Museum** (to which one's thoughts unconsciously flit when perusing the jokes in the Christmas Numbers).—Get into a tube, and ask at every station if you have arrived. It is bad form to know anything about Bloomsbury. Once inside, try and give the impression that you are a regular *habitué*. (Hat askew, hair awry, baggy knees, obscure expression.) Otherwise a man in uniform will expect you to listen while he talks about Rameses. You may be tempted to pull some of the statues down and kick the antiquities about generally, but there are notices expressly inviting you to abstain (this being an age of culture). The great joke here is to sit down in front of the mummies and watch them growing older. Don't ask for a book in the library, or your relations will advertise for you. In after life, don't be betrayed into an admission that you have ever been here. You will be mistaken for an American.

"THE VOICE"

Discovery (by E. A. Morrow) of the gentleman whose remarks are so prominent in the reports of political speeches

**Crystal Palace** ("Oh to be at Sydenham now it's Christmas there!"—Mr. G. R. S*MS).—A subdued bowler and gayish trousers are the correct wear. Wallpaper blouse and black Eolienne skirt for a lady. Drinks may be purchased in the grounds, but never are. If you miss the balloon ascent, expect to collide with the organ recital and *vice versâ*. But don't be unnecessarily depressed. Some visitors escape neither. As this is an institution where the number of *emp'oyés* often exceeds the number of patrons, there is every prospect of its being nationalised.

**The Zoo** (whither children should be taken just before Christmas, because they usually die of fright).—Buy undated buns for the children, and monkey-nuts for the bears, who prefer children. It is dangerous to poke umbrellas into the eyes of the lions and tigers. Have your fun, of course, but it is difficult to enjoy Christmas with your face clawed off. Don't miss the serpent section, which gives the lie direct to that scandalous story about Eve. As live animals make such excellent pets, why go elsewhere for Christmas presents? (Dead elephants, rhinoceroses, etc., are the cheapest.)

**Home** (an increasingly popular resort as it is getting better known).—The easiest place in the world to get back from. But get there overnight, or you may never reach your destination. Several hours may be pleasantly spent here, though it is hardly a place one would visit twice. Lunch is served free between one and two thirty.

B. M. H.

# Too Much Christmas

Mrs. Ginabody: "You old rogues, how dare you—at your time of life, too"

*BY HEATH ROBINSON*

# Jerusalem the Snow-white

Although snow falls every year on the mountains of Palestine, it is seldom that the City of Jerusalem is seen buried in a mantle of snow. Such an event occurred on March 5 last, when the accompanying photograph was taken. It shows the city from the eminence known as Gordon's Calvary. Very prominent in our picture is the spire of the German Church of the Redeemer

# EUROPE'S HIGHEST RAILWAY

Clearing Snow from the Bernina Railway Route

A Block on the Bernina Railway in Winter

**Between Walls of Snow: A Train on the Bernina Railway**

In the foreground is seen the Bernina Post Route. Bernina is a mountain in the Rhœtian Alps in the Swiss Canton of Grisons. The Bernina Pass is 7,642ft. above sea level. This railway is easily the highest in Europe

# With Connaught at the Cape

CRITICAL IMPRESSIONS BY "THE BYSTANDER'S" SPECIAL REPESENTATIVE

Cape Town.

IMPRESSION No. 1: Disappointment.—Roused from placid slumber in a floating hotel by the straining of hawsers and the jerking of mail bags shorewards, the Union Castle passenger's first view of the new federated sub-continent is a giant wall—sombre grey, stiff, frigid, uninviting. Table Mountain, you are told; the majestic background to the horseshoe valley which makes Cape Town challenge Naples, 'Frisco, and Rio de Janeiro. Well, you know to which seaport your vote would be given—you who have not yet set foot on the Peninsula.

Impression No. 2: More Disappointment.—The sky is sapphire-blue, the pores of a sea-livered body drink in the champagne air, the docks and town are in gala attire for the Royal visitors, the Cape carts pulled by their teams of four and the capacious motors of the up-country magnates are picturesque and imposing; the police, in their white helmets, are smart; the native cab-drivers, in their straw hats, resembling inverted mushrooms, look appropriately slack. And yet one is conscious of disappointment, of expectation unrealised. Has the builder spoilt Van Riebeek's pier? Have utilitarians, new to civic architecture, run up Cape Town in a hurry? I would fain say as much. Nevertheless, Government House, tucked away in a side street, struck one as absurdly uninspiring and unattractive, not unlike a reformatory. The hotels (save the Mount Nelson, which has grounds of beauty and rooms of refinement) seem to be roughly planned. Cape Town Cathedral (only one wing completed) is about the same size as St. Clement Dane's in the Strand, but so aggressively modern in style that one checks further comparison. Adderley Street has a large post-office and some excellent shops; its triumphal arches obscured the vista. The Houses of Parliament are rather squat, and, I should have thought, impossibly small for the new Parliament.

Princess Patricia of Connaught, Miss Pelly, and Major Lowther (the Duke's Military Secretary) after the Opening of the new Parliament at Cape Town by the Duke of Connaught

Impression No. 3.—A recognition of the fact that first impressions can be, and were in this case, fallacious, a quickening interest revealing hidden charms and ending with the frank admission that Cape Town is an Empire capital (legislative capital, Pretorians please note!) worthy to rank with any in the world. A man is judged by the company he keeps. Cape Town must be judged by her suburbs, by her seascapes and landscapes, by the beauty-spots that encircle her, from the standpoint of Nature. Hidden behind the frowning exterior of Table Mountain are physical qualities of compelling fascination. Glens and valleys, adorned with streams and cascades, each flanked with beautiful foliage and flowers not to be found elsewhere in the Continent. How Mr. Chamberlain revelled in the Table Mountain orchid (*disa grandiflora*)! How alluring are the forests of silver-trees seen by moonlight! Proximity, not distance, lends enchantment to this Mountain of Winds.

Lord Carnarvon described the Victoria Road, opened at the Jubilee, as the "finest drive in the world." That is not exaggerated praise. Our party (like the Duke of Connaught, whose car, coming suddenly round a corner of this mountain circuit all but dashed us into Camp's Bay, once the home of lions) made the motor passage under the best conditions—a hot, clear day in late spring, when the eye travels forty miles over coast and sea and the mind is braced by a storm of ozone. We tasted the wine of Constantra, the richest wine-farm in the Colony; bathed in the rollers of the Indian Ocean at Muizenberg, a miniature Ostend, near which Rhodes drew his last breath; and inspected the model plantations of Tokai.

Impressions Personal and Political.—That Lord Gladstone is conscientious and means well, but has no personal magnetism like Milner, and no *bonhomie* and frank affection for all classes like Selborne. Nor is he a good horseman—and that means something out here. Lady Gladstone is popular among her own set, charming in private conversation; but some of her social decrees seem to have irritated the Dutch ladies. The Duke of Connaught, his hand-grip always hearty, his affability a byword, was the right man to inaugurate the Union. The Duchess was popular, Princess Patricia immensely so—in the Royal processions she got more cheers than anyone. A. W. M.

*(Another Impression next week)*

# South African Society Basks

## IN SUNSHINE AND THE LIGHT OF ROYAL PATRONAGE

ON THE LAWN OF ADMIRALTY HOUSE, SIMONSTOWN, AFTER THE OPENING OF THE NEW DOCK

Second only in importance to the inauguration of the Union Parliament was the ceremony of opening the new naval dock at Simonstown by the Duke and Duchess of Connaught. The dock, which has been named after Lord Selborne, has been built at a cost of £3,000,000, and will provide a repairing place for large battleships in time of war. The Duke of Connaught laid the completion stone and declared the dock ready for use. The Duchess of Connaught then pressed a button which admitted the water into the dock, and directly it was filled a vessel entered for repairs. The Levée which followed at Admiralty House was a very pleasant function

# The Rise of the Joke Artist

In Four Chapters

No. I.—Ye Artist Submitteth a Joke Drawing Unto Caxton
(In ye background ye prebious caller, who hath offered a grievous chestnutte,
meeteth his just punishment) BY PHILIP BAYNES

# A Welcome Amendment TO AN OBSOLETE CLAUS

DAUGHTER CHRISTMAS

Takes a flight, and makes a professional call on behalf of her Father, shortly retiring from the business on the ground of age and impaired reputation

# Unconscious Candour

OVERHEARD ON THE SCOTTISH EXPRESS

*(Scottish spinster, discovering that roast fowl is an "extra" on the menu, has refused it)*

Steward *(to junior)*: "Nae chicken, this leddy!"

*BY HAMILTON WILLIAMS*

# Filboid Studge

## The Story of a Mouse that Helped

By "SAKI"

"I WANT to marry your daughter," said Mark Spayley with faltering eagerness. "I am only an artist with an income of two hundred a year, and she is the daughter of an enormously wealthy man, so I suppose you will think my offer a piece of presumption."

Duncan Dullamy, the great company inflator, showed no outward sign of displeasure. As a matter of fact, he was secretly relieved at the prospect of finding even a two-hundred-a-year husband for his daughter Leonore. A crisis was rapidly rushing upon him, from which he knew he would emerge with neither money nor credit; all his recent ventures had fallen flat, and flattest of all had gone the wonderful new breakfast-food, Pipenta, on the advertisement of which he had sunk such huge sums. It could scarcely be called a drug in the market; people bought drugs, but no one bought Pipenta.

"Would you marry Leonore if she were a poor man's daughter?" asked the man of phantom wealth.

"Yes," said Mark, wisely avoiding the error of over-much protestation. And to his astonishment Leonore's father not only gave his consent, but suggested a fairly early date for the wedding.

"I wish I could show my gratitude in some way," said Mark with genuine emotion. "I'm afraid it's rather like the mouse proposing to help the lion."

"Get people to buy that beastly muck," said Dullamy, nodding savagely at a poster of the despised Pipenta, "and you'll have done more than any of my agents have been able to accomplish."

"It wants a better name," said Mark reflectively, "and something distinctive in the poster line. Anyway, I'll have a shot at it."

Three weeks later the world was advised of the coming of a new breakfast food, heralded under the resounding name of "Filboid Studge." Spayley put forth no pictures of massive babies springing up with fungus-like rapidity under its forcing influence, or of representatives of the leading nations of the world scrambling with fatuous eagerness for its possession. One huge, sombre poster depicted departed celebrities

"One huge, sombre poster depicted departed celebrities suffering a new torment from their inability to get at the Filboid Studge"

(All rights strictly reserved)

suffering a new torment from their inability to get at the Filboid Studge which elegant young fiends held in transparent bowls just beyond their reach. The scene was rendered even more gruesome by a subtle suggestion of the features of leading men and women of the day in the portrayal of the Lost Souls; prominent individuals of both political parties, Society hostesses, well-known dramatic authors and novelists, and distinguished aeroplanists were dimly recognisable in that doomed throng; noted lights of the musical-comedy stage flickered wanly in the shades of the Inferno, smiling still from force of habit, but with the fearsome smiling rage of baffled effort. The poster bore no fulsome allusions to the merits of the new breakfast food, but a single grim statement ran in bold letters along its base: "They cannot buy it now."

Spayley had grasped the fact that people will do things from a sense of duty which they would never attempt as a pleasure. There are thousands of respectable middle-class men who, if you found them unexpectedly in a Turkish bath, would explain in all sincerity that a doctor had ordered them to take Turkish baths; if you told them in return that you went there because you liked it, they would stare in pained wonder at the frivolity of your motive. In the same way, whenever a massacre of Armenians is reported from Asia Minor everyone assumes that it has been carried out "under orders" from somewhere or another; no one seems to think that there are people who might *like* to kill their neighbours now and then.

And so it was with the new breakfast food. No one would have eaten Filboid Studge as a pleasure, but the grim austerity of its advertisement drove housewives in shoals to the grocers' shops to clamour for an immediate supply. In small kitchens solemn pig-tailed daughters helped depressed mothers to perform the primitive ritual of its preparation. On the breakfast-tables of cheerless parlours it was partaken of in silence. Once the womenfolk discovered that it was thoroughly unpalatable their zeal in forcing it on their households knew no bounds. "You haven't eaten your Filboid Studge!" would be screamed at the appetiteless clerk as he hurried wearily from the breakfast-table, and his evening meal would be prefaced by a warmed-up mess which would be explained as "your Filboid Studge that you didn't eat this morning." Those strange fanatics who ostentatiously mortify themselves, inwardly and outwardly, with health biscuits and health garments, battened aggressively on the new food. Earnest, spectacled young men devoured it on the steps of the National Liberal. A bishop who did not believe in a future state preached against the poster, and a peer's daughter died from eating too much of the compound. A further advertisement was obtained when an infantry regiment mutinied and shot its officers rather than eat the nauseous mess; fortunately, Lord Birrell of Blatherstone, who was War Minister at the moment, saved the situation by his happy epigram, that "Discipline to be effective must be optional."

Filboid Studge had become a household word, but Dullamy wisely realised that it was not necessarily the last word in breakfast dietary; its supremacy would be challenged as soon as some yet more unpalatable food should be put on the market. There might even be a reaction in favour of something tasty and appetising, and Puritan austerity of the moment might be banished from domestic cookery. At an opportune moment, therefore, he sold out his interests in the article which had brought him in colossal wealth at a critical juncture and placed his financial reputation beyond the reach of cavil. As for Leonore, who was now an heiress on a far greater scale than ever before, he naturally found her something a vast deal higher in the husband market than a two-hundred-a-year poster-designer.

Mark Spayley was left to console himself with the bitter reflection that 'tis not in mortals to countermand success.

"Saki."

LOVE! By Edward Morrow

# A Village Convert

Oh praise be the day when I fust heerd the call!
I worn't no better 'an what you be
Afore that night at the Mission Hall
When a wonnerful change come over me.'
I worn't no more 'an a drunken sot.
I never went sober to bed o'nights.
O' Sunday my tongue fared so terrible hot
I got drunk to put Saturday's drunk to rights.
But I took an oath, an' I ha' kep' my vow.
*I never get drunk of a Sunday now.*

You ax my Missus. She'll tell ye the same.
I walloped her cruel, week out and week in.
At that time—I tell it wi' sorrow an' shame——
I didn't think 'roshin' o' Sundays a sin.
But I know better now, praise be where 'tis due,
An' my stick hev a rest when the Chapel bell ring.
I go in the mornin' and arternune too.
You should just hear the hymns what I'm larnin' ta sing.
For I took an oath, and I ha' kep' my vow.
*I doan't whop the missus o' Sundays now.*

I used ta go out of a Sunday ta shute,
An' many's the hare an' the ph'asant I cotched.
For o' Sunday a keeper is less of a brute,
An' my shutin' is best when the land bain't watched.
An' sometimes I copped a tame duck, or ole hen,
For o' Sundays the folk fare ta rise a bit late,
And a cock in a coop or a pig in a pen
Was all game of a Sunday to me an' my mate.
But I took an oath, and I ha' kep' my vow.
*I never steals narthen o' Sundays now.*

The wust of it is that it's dregful hard wuck
To make up in the week for the day what I lose,
So I start in o' Friday for Saturday's suck,
And o' Saturday missus fair quake in her shoes.
An' the poachin' an' thievin' depend on the mune,
Which is ockud an' well knowed as what ye can't trust.
And onless this here chapel begin to pay sune
My oath and religion will bloomin' well bust,
But at present, so long as I keep my vow,
*I'm wholly religious o' Sundays now.*

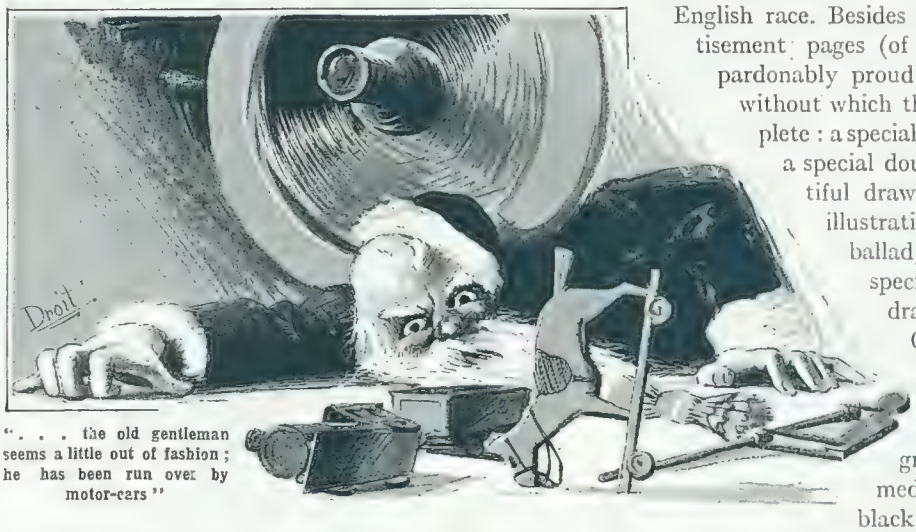
JAMES BLYTH.

# Christmas Numbers Through French Eyes

## A FRIENDLY CRITICISM: BY X. MARCEL-BOULESTIN

UNLIKE Exhibitions, which always have to be opened unfinished, Christmas Numbers are always in time; as a matter of fact, they are usually "now ready," and to be found at all bookstalls, some time in November. There they shine, in their beautiful covers, these fine "grand double numbers," causing great confusion among buyers and sellers. For no one is able to recognise the familiar illustrated weekly under its Christmas disguise. Still, hunting for it adds no little to the excitement; it is like the beginning of Christmas shopping.

How delightful Christmas Numbers are! I have always loved them, and I remember well the days when, living in Paris, I used to buy several at some Anglo-French bookseller's, somewhere in the Rue de Rivoli. I did not understand English in those days, but I enjoyed my illustrated papers very much all the same. I am not sure I did not find them even more delightful than I do now. I knew nothing about Christmas either, except what I had learnt from a bad translation of "A Christmas Carol."




". . . the old gentleman seems a little out of fashion; he has been run over by motor-cars"

I could see in a London of my own imagination wonderful scenes of real home life: merry rich people seated round a steaming goose, merry poor people looking at them from the street, little girls in Kate Greenaway dresses carrying mistletoe and holly, little lanes sleeping under the snow; I could hear church bells ringing and carollers chanting; I could smell the pudding. . . . "Oh!" thought I, "to be in England now that Christmas Numbers are there!"

I was never tired of looking at the illustrations, although the words had but a cryptic meaning for me; yet it is wonderful to see, for instance, a cobra curling its tail over a sentence such as, "It will make your furniture glide as silently as a Dome of Silence through the jungle"; or to watch two hens with witty beaks conversing in real Chantecler fashion: "What! no eggs!" . . . Of course, I have been told since that these *bons mots* are not pure literature.

Even now I find an all-pervading charm in a Christmas Number: it positively smells of cooking—of good, honest, English cooking. It keeps up the traditions of Yuletide; it represents Christmas as it ought to be. And this appeals irresistibly to a Frenchman, especially if he has lived in a town like Paris, where traditions exist no more and where Noël is only synonymous of an expensive midnight supper. Alas! I have seen now that Christmas in London is not what numbers published specially for the occasion make it. Deceitful papers! Why, on last Christmas morning I went out for a little walk; there was no snow on the ground, but in the course of two hours I met at least fifteen people (including the postman to whom I had given half a crown the day before), and not one of them stopped, with a kind smile on the lips, to wish me "A Merry Christmas." It was a disappointing experience. When, oh, when will London live up to her Christmas Numbers?

I have come to the conclusion that these are all very much alike—a fact which must be admired and which proves the conservative spirit of the English race. Besides the usual elaborate advertisement pages (of which England can be pardonably proud), there are sundry things without which the number would be incomplete: a special gorgeously coloured cover; a special double price; specially beautiful drawings of people in costume illustrating a no less beautiful ballad, unless it be a ballad specially written to explain the drawings (if the costumes are Georgian the verses are usually printed in grey after the type of the eighteenth-century engravings; if the scenery is mediæval, the print is always black and red, with "Gothic" letters extremely difficult to decipher); a specially long short-story, which has but a distant connection with Christmas; a special funny page, with caricatures after the manner of the first edition of Dickens's books; a special drawing (in colours), with a turkey (alive or dead) as heroine; another special drawing (in black and white), with a sucking-pig or Christmas pudding as hero; a second comic page representing, for instance, "sausage making through the ages"; a special supplement in colour, usually the head of a fascinating girl with clear blue eyes, a pinky complexion, and a set smile, who looks for all the world as if she had never "lost her Onoto"; specially "quaint" illustrations with goblins and little girls, or smart ones of Christmas parties; a special story without words of a good (or bad) little boy who finds (or does not find) a Christmas present in his Christmas stocking; special (new?) jokes about Christmas presents; sometimes even a specially pathetic story in which Father Christmas and his tree play an important part.

Father Christmas! Somehow the old gentleman seems a little out of fashion; he has been run over by motor-cars.

# Cinderella's Dream

"LE RÊVE DE CENDRILLON": BY MME. H. RICHARD

# "In Father's Clothes"

BY F. WHITING

# THE DEAREST POSSESSION

By E. TEMPLE THURSTON

*Author of "Sally Bishop," "The City of Beautiful Nonsense," etc.*

*(ILLUSTRATED BY GILBERT HOLIDAY)*

"Once a week he came to my rooms and cleaned the windows"

THE dearest thing that a man can call his own—his manhood—fetches but a poor price when once he is compelled to offer it upon the market. Truly, Nature does her best to compensate. Little by little she takes away the garments of shame with which he clothes himself; she tempers the wind, as Sterne would have it, to the shorn lamb. In time to come, then, so temperate is the wind that he needs his garments of shame no longer.

He suffers less than when the garments of shame had clothed him. And since in these days we would alleviate suffering, it were as well not to criticise Nature, our greatest philanthropist.

Some men there are, however, who refuse all aid, hold fast their pride to the very end, and not one gentle effort of Nature to free them of their garments of shame can ever avail. With dogged persistence they cling to them to the very last. Doubtless they feel that shame is the receipt for the manhood they have sold—and who knows? Perhaps they might one day buy it back.

There are not many such men to be found, for it is a fine and a rare mould from which such men are cast. Once, indeed, I knew one, and this was his story.

I walked down Regent Street late one night. The restaurants were giving up their dead—I cannot think the *habitués* of those supper-rooms are really alive. In their sables and their ermine, with their pearl studs and their jewelled waistcoat buttons, the young women and the young men were pouring forth.

"Good Lord!" said a young man; "a free country, and at half-past twelve they pack us off to bed like kids!"

His gaze as he said it had been directed to a dim, drab figure of a man who stood, one foot upon the kerb-stone, the other in the gutter, selling matches. For the instant it made a contrast between the two—one of those momentary relationships which exist between human beings, making us all in one brotherhood.

I looked from the one with his opera-hat stuck jauntily on his head to the other with his torn cap, his faded coat, and his little handful of matchboxes. For the moment a look of unutterable despair, and not only that, but an expression of bewildered incomprehension, stole into his eyes. And so plainly you could see what they meant.

I pushed a way out of the crowd and came towards him. He might have known that I was a probable customer, yet never did he thrust out that expectant hand which it must be so hard to refrain from doing when the thousand people have passed you by unnoticed.

"You heard what that gentleman said?" said I, as I took my box of matches.

He nodded.

"Hard to understand, isn't it?"

He nodded again.

"Don't they want ter go ter bed?" he asked.

"It's a law of Nature," said I, "that you never want what you haven't earned. They've been in there eating supper, but not one of them wanted it"

(All rights strictly reserved)

He looked at me with a wondering expression, and then he said just one word.

"Gawd!"

For a little while longer we talked, and then I gave him the supper and bed God knows he had earned.

"Come to-morrow morning," said I, "and clean my windows."

It was this way that our acquaintance began. Once a week he came to my rooms and cleaned the windows. My goodness, how those windows shone!

I learned much about him in those days. I learned much, too, of what it is really to be poor, to stand upon the kerbstone selling matches, counting your chances in the faces of the passers-by. I feel that I know more what it must mean, that singling out of a kind face from among the thousands who approach you through the day; that swift investment of your small capital of hope, risking it all upon the one likely face. Nearer it comes and nearer. In another moment, if you have read those gentle eyes aright, there will be another penny to add to the four in your pocket which the last six hours have brought you. Now! Now! And then in silence they have passed you by. Your little fortune of hope has been spent. Was ever the bursting of the South Sea Bubble like to this!

Yes, I think I learnt from him what poverty can mean. Whenever I could, I got him employment. It was never permanent. There seemed to be no steady work to do. Yet it relieved that monotony of selling matches in Regent Street; it gave him the bed he had earned, the supper he had paid for so well.

At last one day he came to me with news.

"I've got a job," said he, as he breathed upon the window.

"Splendid!" I exclaimed. "But why do you say it in that tone of voice? Isn't it permanent?"

"It is, if I like," he replied.

"But you don't like?"

For the moment all my belief in him was shaken. "It is always the way with these poor," said I to myself. "In the heart of them they hate work."

"Would *you* like ter earn yer living," he asked, "by dressing up in woman's togs, by walkin' up and down the streets in broad day, makin' a guy of yerself, makin' people laugh at yer, and say what a blessed fool yer was. D'yer think yer'd like a job like that, sir?"

I knew in a moment what he meant. They had come to him to offer him money for the dearest possession that he had. They would have him sell his manhood.

"This is an advertisement?" I asked.

He bent his head.

"The pantomime—they want a lot of Widow Twankeys—or whatever they call 'em—peradin' the streets. And the pay ain't bad—worse luck!"

"And you don't want to refuse, and you don't want to do it?"

He stood for a moment in deep thought.

"I'd do a good deal," he said at last; "but supposin' anyone saw me I knew? It's not only putting on the togs——"

"They do that on the stage," said I.

He hadn't thought of that. I saw it cheered him.

"There'll be a man dressed up as Widow Twankey when the pantomime comes out," I went on.

"Yes," said he; "but 'avin' paid to come and see 'im, they'll think 'e's clever. It's more'n they'll think of me."

It was a nice point that. I realised that one can appreciate fine distinctions when one's manhood is at stake.

"Then why are you going to accept it?" I asked; from the tone in his voice I knew that he was.

There was a woman, it seemed. I wonder how many men have sold their manhood for such a price as that. There was a woman—oh, less—she was a girl. For three months he had been taking her out in those few spare moments when the poor can cease from labour. For three months he had been spending on her those few spare coppers which in a golden day fall from the rich man's table.

"Does she know you can't get work?" I asked.

He shook his head.

"I've been kiddin' 'er I've got a job," said he; "a reg'lar job. She mightn't take to me if she knew I was only sellin' matches. But she thinks no end of me now. I've told 'er I can't afford to marry just yet—but as soon as I get something reg'lar——"

"And now," said I, "you've got it."

"Yus"—and he pulled out the duster with his two hands till I thought it would tear. Oh, it was all so easy to see. You would think, would you not, that the only problem of the poor was to live? But they have their other little problems just the same as we.

"I'm so afraid what she'll think of me when she knows," he went on. "If I tell her I'm playing the fool in the streets—dressin' up in old women's togs—p'raps she won't look at me agen."

"You know very little about her if you think that," said I.

"Do you know much about women?" he asked in return. "What their 'usbands is, is what they are."

"Not always," said I; "some of them go one better than that. If their husband is a politician some of them would act as though they were the wife of a Prime Minister. Only some of them, though. The best, and that's the majority of them, don't care what he is, so long as he's theirs. If you're afraid of her knowing, is there any reason why you should tell her? A man's work is his own, thank God. It isn't his wife's."

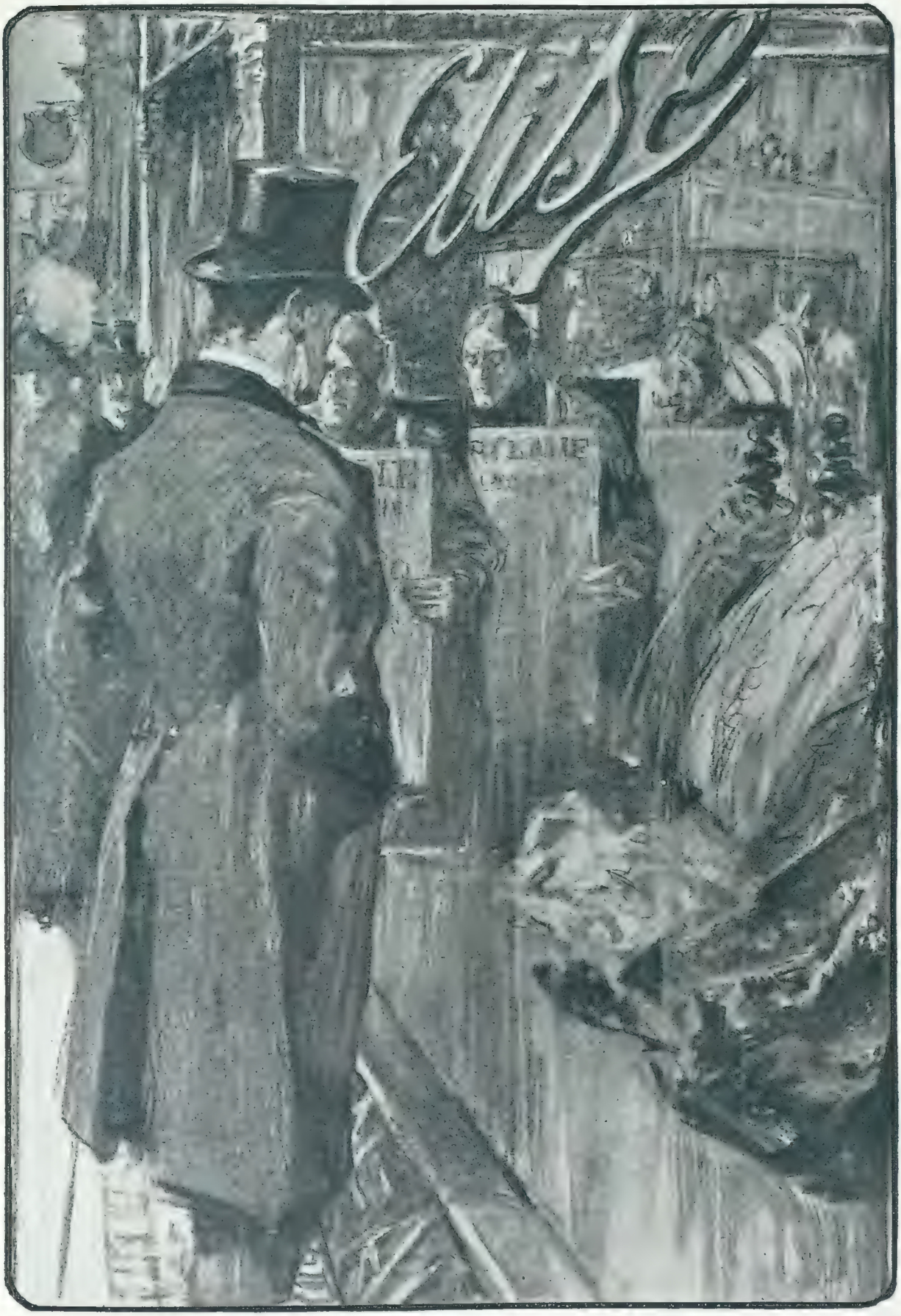
"But what would I say?" he asked helplessly. Invention was no quality of his.

"Tell her," said I, "anything, so long as she doesn't find it out. But if I were you I'd tell her the truth."

It was the best advice to give him, but he did not follow it. He was selling his manhood, and, in marrying her, it doubtless seemed that he was offering her something that he did not possess, and so he tried to make the best of it. He told her vaguely that he was working in a printing office down Fleet Street way, and he chose the rooms where they lived, off Hammersmith, so that she might never find him out. A compositor, he said he was, for he had a friend pursuing that trade, and knew what tricky work it was.

"We set up the type for all sorts of books," he told her; "books same as you see on the railway platforms what the folks read when they're goin' on journeys. It's a fair job, too, I can tell yer. We 'ave to correct the mistakes what the writers make, punctuation they calls it, and grammar and all that."

So much his friend, the compositor, had told him. But doubtless he added to it. In the joy of being



"And then, the last but one, came my friend. From a mirror within the shop I could see his face as he went by"

*ILLUSTRATION TO "THE DEAREST POSSESSION" BY GILBERT HOLIDAY*

believed, I can conceive of him putting all sorts of additions to his story. It is a great help, when telling lies, to be believed.

And all the time he was marching in a row of Widow Twankeys up Oxford Street, down Regent Street, through Piccadilly, and all those thoroughfares where they hope to catch the idle eye of the idle rich.

One day I came across them all. There they were, stepping towards me in their black alpaca skirts, a sorry sight for men to behold. I realised what might happen, so I turned my face to a window that he might not see me when I passed. It was a study in shame

"At the sight of her husband her breath was caught between her lips"

and shamelessness to see those men go by. On the lips of one was an idiotic grin—a smile, as though to say, "I know I'm a fool—but what's it matter? It's all in the day's work."

Upon the face of another was a scowl of sulky indifference; yet another joked and laughed with the people on the pavement as he passed. But I saw the look of shame in him. He tried to hide it behind his jokes, but the scar of it was there. He strove, perhaps not in vain, to hide the self-contempt he felt. Maybe he hid it successfully even from himself.

And then, the last but one, came my friend. From a mirror within the shop I could see his face as he went by. The blood burnt suddenly in my forehead as I saw the suffering of shame upon his lips. Never once did he look up, never once turned his glance in the direction of the pavement; but with downcast eyes walked as one who has no right to call himself a man. I think I knew then, more than I shall ever know again, how truly tangible and great a thing one's dignity is. He never saw me, I am glad to say, and on into the blur of traffic they marched in their sorry procession.

Now this is the end of my story, for it has an end in view. No man suffers such tortures as he suffered without termination. And the end of shame is generally to find that things are not worth it.

It chanced that his wife came up to the West from that far, far West that is no West at all. And there in Regent Street, as you may suppose, she came face to face with the Widow Twankeys. Such was the advertisement that you must have looked. There was created in you, at the sight of those unsexed figures, the same morbid curiosity as urges those to see murder trials.

By the side of the pavement she stood as they all filed past, and into the face of each she looked, drawn, unconsciously perhaps, to that study of human nature which is in all of us.

At the sight of her husband her breath was caught between her lips. His name as she tried to say it would not come—there was no sound with it. It died away in her throat. For a few moments after they had passed she stood there motionless; then, beginning to feel the doubt of it all, she followed.

From street to street they went on their eternal journey, and street by street as she followed at their heels she pieced it all together in her mind. That look which she had seen in his face as she recognised him, that was the keynote to it all; from that she solved her mystery.

And then, when she understood—for of every creature in the world women have that greates gift of all—when she understood, she turned back, and silently she went home.

It was that night, when their little candle had been extinguished, when she lay close to his side holding his hand in the darkness, it was then—but not till then—that she whispered what she knew.

I can hear the "Oh, Gawd!" as I know it must have been wrenched from him, and I know what she said to him. He told me, days and days afterwards.

"I'd do as much," she had said, "if I'd the pluck—I'd do as much for you."

"Well," said I, when he repeated it, "I know that much about women——"

"You know nothing better than that," he said.

"I do," returned I, "but I shan't tell you now."

E. Temple Thurston.

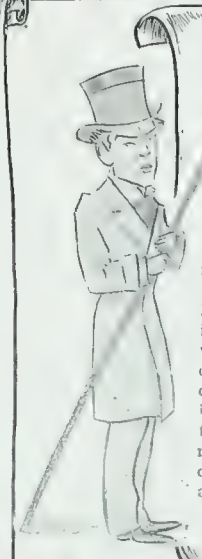
# The Killers

BY H. M. BATEMAN

# Bystander Stage Biographies

Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree

SIR HERBERT BEERBOHM TREE has done much quiet, unobtrusive work for the English stage. His cherished ideal is a National Theatre, conducted on Socialist principles, one of the main features of which would be a regulation that no actor should play a dominatingly prominent rôle in more than one piece throughout the theatrical season. Applause for individual performances would be sternly repressed, no individual "curtains" would be permitted, and the identity of the artist would be lost sight of as far as possible. "As matters stand," Sir Herbert has observed, "one can sometimes scarcely see the wood because of the Trees." Sir Herbert received his knighthood in recognition of distinguished work on His Majesty's service.



Mr. George Alexander

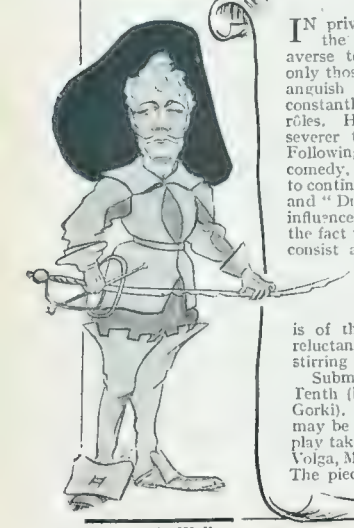
MR. GEORGE ALEXANDER was originally intended for the Church; a certain seriousness of disposition, however, debarred him from adopting that profession. The early death of a pet ferret determined his choice, and he went on the stage. The world is a gainer, but the Church has lost a great Archbishop. To lose touch with the times might be accounted bad management, but to lose an Archbishop savours of ostentation. (This remark has never yet been made by Mr. Somerset Maugham.) Mr. Alexander has done for the English stage what Hincmar of Rheims and Markwald of Ancona did for early mediæval society: it is beyond the scope of the present work to indicate what they did do. By the courtesy of the College of Heralds we are enabled to give our readers a description of the Arms Mr. George Alexander intends to assume on his elevation to the peerage; to wit: on a field ermine, an Elphberg gules, regnant, countercharged with a Tanqueray espoused, of the second. Supporters: A thief, garbed and attired regardless, issuant from a tight corner, dexterous; an Elphberg sable, counterfoiled, sinister. Motto: Viva Sant Jago.

INSPIRED by the brilliant success achieved by Madame Sarah Bernhardt in the masculine rôles of L'Aiglon, Hamlet, Little Lord Fauntleroy, etc., Miss Zena Dare intends to display her talents in a similar direction. She will, it is hoped, shortly appear in the character of King Henry I. in a powerful, if gloomy, drama, entitled "The King Without a Smile." The play, which is by Mr. Laurence Housman, forms one of his Kings of England Series, and is founded on the well-known poem by Mrs. Hemans, entitled "He Never Smiled Again." Fears are expressed in some quarters that the final scene, in which the King takes the author's lines more seriously than the author takes them himself, may prove altogether too painful for the English stage.

Miss Zena Dare

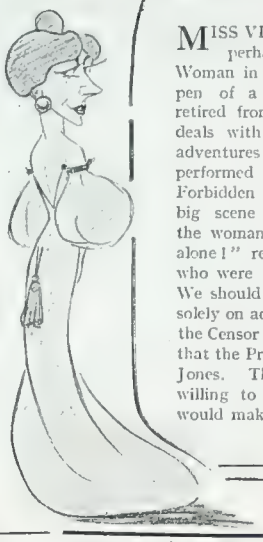
A FAMOUS Divine, whose name I cannot recall, once remarked that if Sin had not existed it would have been necessary to invent it. One may feel certain that if Crime had not existed Mr. Gerald du Maurier would have invented the Interesting Criminal. An early production, in which it is hoped that Mr. du Maurier may figure, will be a modernised version of "Little Red Riding Hood," in which the only sympathetic character will be the Wolf (played, of course, by Mr. du Maurier). The great bedroom scene, in which the aged grandmother is torn limb from limb, will be one of the greatest triumphs of æsthetic brutality that has been mounted on the English stage. The provisional title, "Lupin le Loup," has been abandoned as clashing with the title of a stage performance of another nature.

Mr. Gerald du Maurier



Mr. Lewis Waller

IN private life a distinguished member of the Peace Society, and almost morbidly averse to anything savouring of militarism, only those behind the scenes know the intense anguish Mr. Lewis Waller endures at being constantly compelled to figure in arrogant rôles. His endurance will be put to an even severer test in his forthcoming production. Following up the success achieved by his comedy, "Don," Mr. Rudolf Besier intends to continue his riparian triology with "Volga" and "Dnieper." That he has fallen under the influence of M. Rostand may be gathered from the fact that the characters in "Volga" will consist almost exclusively of fish, fowl, and good red herring. The part of a romantic Sword-Fish has been allotted to Mr. Lewis Waller, who, for the purposes of the play (which is of the "By My Halibut!" order), will reluctantly engage in a series of unpleasantly stirring encounters with a rabid Dog-Fish, Submarine, and a gang of the Submerged Tenth (by special permission of Mr. Maxim Gorki). In order to prevent disappointment it may be stated that though the action of the play takes place throughout in the bed of the Volga, Mr. Waller does not appear in pyjamas. The piece ends unhappily in the Caspian Sea.



Miss Violet Vanbrugh

MISS VIOLET VANBRUGH has played, perhaps, her greatest rôle in "The Woman in the Whale," a drama from the pen of a distinguished actress who has retired from the stage. The play, which deals with an unrecorded episode in the adventures of the Prophet Jonah, was performed with striking success by the Forbidden Playactors' Association. The big scene in a cetacean interior, where the woman exclaims, "I came here to be alone!" remains a vivid memory to those who were fortunate enough to witness it. We should add that the play was banned solely on account of its Biblical setting, and the Censor offered to license it on condition that the Prophet's name was modernised to Jones. The distinguished authoress was willing to call the Whale "Percy," but would make no other concession.

*(Sketches by Arthur Minton. Letterpress by "Saki")*

# A Mystical Illusion

Early-Morning Wayfarer: "Great Scott!"
Voice (*through the mist*): "Nae, mon, nae great Scott—juist plain Jock Macpheerson, o' the Albert Hall Orchestree"

# TENTATION

## Une Fantaisie Décorative.

By STEPHEN SAINT

THE breast of the green field twinkled in the early morning with sequins of dew. The great, smooth lawn was hedged with thick bushes of olive-bronze, over which delicate pink flowers traced exquisite patterns. The sun flamed like a golden dragon in the east, and the silver dew gradually shrank from its writhing rays. A gentle wind whispered through the flower-grass and ruffled the wings of a scarlet crane that, on one black leg, surveyed the riot of gentle green.

Presently across the grass walked a girl in white. She sang as she walked, and the crane twisted its head to listen and lifted an eyelid to note the ripples of her white throat.

Her hair was jet black, and hung in gleaming masses to her knees. She swung her ivory arms as she walked and sang. Her eyes, her lips, and her gait were evidences of her happy innocence. Once she stooped to pick a stalk of thistle-down, and puffed away its tiny feathers with childish pleasure.

From the opposite corner of the field there now came a woman in black. The newcomer walked slowly, with head bent, as if thinking. Her long, chestnut hair was plentifully streaked with grey, the skin of her face was drawn tightly over her bones, and glorious grey eyes alone remained to testify to a beauty that had once been hers.

They met in the centre of the field, the girl in white and the woman in black.

"Flowers for thy path, mistress," wished the girl.

"Sunlight for thee in the dark places," graciously replied the woman.

The sadness of the countenance of the woman in black puzzled the girl.

"You are in sorrow," she said gently. The woman looked long into the girl's eyes.

"Yes, indeed, sweet maid. I endure the sorrow of the woman whose beauty has faded, and I must starve in the sunshine."

"I do not understand. Your eyes are beautiful, but you are old. Why do you wish to be beautiful? Why must you starve?"

"I will tell you if you wish it. What is your name?"

"Gratia. And yours?"

"Augarde."

"I live in the woods over the third hill where the gorse is most golden. My father traps the little animals that have the most velvet fur. We sell the furs to a trader and so we live. My father is always poor, so he says, but I am happy."

Both now sat on the green carpet, the white girl and the black woman. Behind them still meditated, on one black leg, the scarlet crane.

"I was once as pretty a child as you," said the elder, "though perhaps more nobly born. I found my pleasure in the lovely things that grow, in the birds and all gentle dumb animals. I sang as you were singing just now, and my heart was as light as yours. Then into my life came a man who loved me so that I loved him."

"A man loves me, Augarde. He tells me so every evening, when the sun is low. He is a woodcutter and very strong, but he is not beautiful like the sky, the grass, and the water. He cannot make me love him."

"No, Gratia, love has not entered your life as yet. Love is pure and sweet, but it is sorrowful. Love and gaiety are not twins. But I must tell you of this brave lover of mine. He gave my father gold and horses and took me in exchange. I was brought to this country from a distant land and made the queen of my knight's castle. True, I was one amongst other women, but I was queen. I entered upon a new life. Growing flowers were replaced by living jewels. I trod on floors of polished green jade instead of on cold grass. I never saw the sunlight, but soft, rose lamps tinted my skin with their delicate light. Instead of the music of wind and water they entranced my ear with the notes of amber lutes. I walked and slept in clinging silks. I bathed in scented water and was powdered with the down of roses. I ate only the sweetest, rarest foods and drank only the most inspiring wines. Black servants everywhere surrounded me so that I—a statue of rose and cream—should gleam the fairer. And he, my king, was always

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robed in purple, scarlet, and gold. He worshipped me, and we were happy. That magic life lasted long, far longer than you would imagine. Then came the day when with the years our dispositions changed. He became tired, I fretful. Another took my place. I saw my king but rarely—then not at all."

Gratia's face was scarlet. She looked up at the narrator with parted lips, all wet.

"Tell me more of the life—before he tired," she whispered.

"Would you like that life."

"Augarde, Augarde, do you not wish to return?"

"I may not return until I bring my master a maiden as fair as I was once. Till then I must starve in the sunlight. Gratia, do you know that I hate the sunlight now?"

The girl buried her hot face in Augarde's lap. Her body was trembling.

"Tell me more, tell me more," she whispered passionately.

In the woman's great, grey eyes there now gleamed an evil light. She drew the girl's raven hair away from her ears. Then softly and gently she whispered word of the frenzied joy and anguish of the followers of Eros, bliss of the venery of strong lovers.

Gratia listened greedily, and when the tale was ended hung her head.

"It is wonderful," she murmured; "it is beautifully frightening."

"Have you the courage to leave nature for a life like that, Gratia?"

The girl looked up into the sky, and it seemed sickly; down at the grass and it seemed dry. She inhaled the scents that the wind brought, and they did not satisfy.

"It needs no courage, Augarde. But such bliss is not for me. I shall be wedded to a clod and die of heart-ache, remembering what you have told me."

"You shall not. Be here at this hour to-morrow and you shall see my knight. If his blood be still young, he cannot resist your beauty."

"My—beauty!" Gratia paled. Then she smiled and showed her white teeth. She threw back her head and placed her hands on her breasts. The wind blew out her raven hair straight as a knight's pennon. Augarde bit her lips with envy at such young loveliness.

"I shall be here to-morrow, Augarde." The girl waved her hand and walked coquettishly on her way. She did not sing, for her mind was busy with appreciation of her beauty.

The wind blew gustily, and the scarlet crane spread its wings, drew up its legs, and floated away to the marshes. The woman in black hurried away to the north, her eyes shining with renewed hope.

* * * * * * * *

In the gleam of the following morning a knight and his esquires rode into the field. The knight was a man of great stature, and his fair hair hung plentifully over his shoulders. His doublet was of silver and gold, and over it he wore a rich purple cloak. A scarlet plume nodded in his golden helmet. By his side rode the woman in black on a mule.

Augarde pointed to the centre of the field where Gratia's robe gleamed silver. The knight urged his horse forward and rode to the spot where the trembling girl lay prone. He looked at her curiously. Her face was hidden in her robe. Augarde dismounted and raised the trembling Gratia.

The girl looked up at the knight and the colours chased each other in her face. Her lashes drooped and she clutched her robe with her fingers of pearl. And the wind rose gently and blew out her raven hair straight as a knight's pennon.

The knight smothered an exclamation, and turned to his esquires as if inviting their comments. But they were silent, each devouring the girl's loveliness with his eyes.

"And is this the maid with whom you would buy luxury in your old age, Augarde?"

"Yes, my Lord. Ask her if she is willing to go with you. Her name is Gratia."

"Gratia," said the knight gently, "will you come with me?"

The girl looked into his eyes, this time without fear. She did not speak, but the knight saw with mingled pain and pleasure the longing in her face.

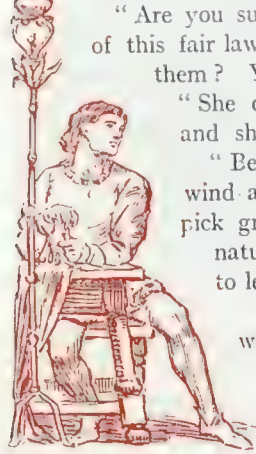
"Are you sure, Gratia, that nature will let you go? Are you not the gentle spirit of this fair lawn? Will the sky, the flowers, and the grass let their little queen desert them? You do not realise that you will leave all that has made you happy hitherto."

"She does, she does, my Lord," cried Augarde, eagerly. "I have told her, and she is most willing."

"Be silent," said the knight harshly to Augarde. "Gratia, in my castle, the wind and light shall not caress your hair. You shall not hear the birds sing, nor pick growing flowers. Love and rapture await you, it is true, but of a fiercer nature than you in your innocence can ever estimate. Why do you wish to leave this sinless pleasaunce?"

"She has told me," said Gratia, pointing to Augarde; "she has said that life with you is the only life worth while, and, if she told me truly, I believe."

"She may not have told you truly."



"It does not matter. Her story has revealed to me that there is another life than this, a sweeter, stronger life. I feel the truth of it. Oh, will you not take me?"

"Take you, my sweet creature! Why should I hesitate? And yet I would as soon cage an Eastern bird of light in an icy cellar. Tell me, what has she told you to convince you so absolutely?"

But Gratia hung her head and did not answer.

"Did she tell you of the lifeless hours, of the hard hurt of unbroken luxury, of raptures unenjoyed and the weariness of that which does not satisfy?" But still Gratia did not answer.

"Has she told you of the canker now in her heart and the bitterness of her fight to regain the luxury which was her ruin?"

"Ask me ten thousand questions, my Lord, and you will never find the cause of my decision. We are women, Augarde and I, and women alone understand the reason of what men call their madness."

"So be it," said the knight a little sadly. He took from one of his esquires a heavy purse of gold and gave it to Augarde. "Go with Gratia," he said, "to her parents. Ask their consent, and give them the purse if they grant it. Then together you may join my household."

Augarde and Gratia went to the woods over the third hill where the gorse was most golden.

. . . . . .

Outside the gate of the knight's castle stood Gratia and Augarde. The elder woman's face shone with satisfaction and delighted anticipation, but there was a suspicion of sadness in Gratia's eager eyes. She had grieved to find her parents so ready to exchange her for gold, and she grieved to think that the young woodcutter's body now lay among the carp at the bottom of the great pool in the woods. She did not understand self-punishment, and the young man's passionate action had shocked her who loved life because it was all so happy.

A page escorted them into the presence of the knight. He sat in a lofty chamber with velvet hangings. With him was one of his esquires. The two were playing chess.

There was no light in the chamber save one bright beam from a window where the curtains were parted to admit it. The beam fell on the chess-board and made the red and white ivory pieces glitter.

The knight turned at once from his game and beckoned them into the light.

"Then, Gratia, you have said good-bye. Does not your heart fail you even now?"

"Passion and courage are the same things with women, my Lord," interposed Augarde.

"Perhaps you are right, but let Gratia speak for herself."

"I am happy to be here, my Lord." The knight smiled.

"Take her away, Augarde, and dress her in gossamer white silk. Give her some silver sandals as light as the first break of dawn. Set a diamond star in her hair, and bid her be as happy as you women can in a gilded prison." Augarde took Gratia's hand and led her away into a magic world.

* * * * * * * *

Years later the breast of the green field where Gratia had met Augarde was coated with snow. The sun sparkled on it, and here and there a red-breasted bird scratched the flaky bed. On the bronze-green hedges in place of the pink flowers there were crimson berries. A cold wind occasionally flecked the snow-flakes from their resting-place and ruffled the wings of a scarlet crane that, on one black leg, surveyed the lake of white from its centre.

Presently across the snow walked a girl in Our Lady's blue. She sang as she walked, and the crane twisted its head to listen and lifted an eyelid to note the ripples of her white throat.

From the opposite corner of the field came a woman in black. The newcomer walked slowly, with head bent, as if thinking. Her long raven hair was plentifully streaked with grey, the skin of her face was drawn tightly over her bones, and glorious blue eyes alone remained to testify to a beauty that had once been hers.

They met in the centre of the field, the girl in blue and the woman in black.

"Flowers for thy path, mistress," wished the girl.

"Sunlight for thee in the dark places," graciously replied the woman.

The sadness of the countenance of the woman in black puzzled the girl.

"You are in sorrow," she said gently. The woman looked long into the girl's eyes.

"Yes, indeed, sweet maid. I endure the sorrow of the woman whose beauty has faded, and I must starve in the sunshine."

"I do not understand. Your eyes are beautiful, but you are old. Why do you wish to be beautiful? Why must you starve?"

"I will tell you if you wish it. What is your name?"

"Miriam. And yours?"

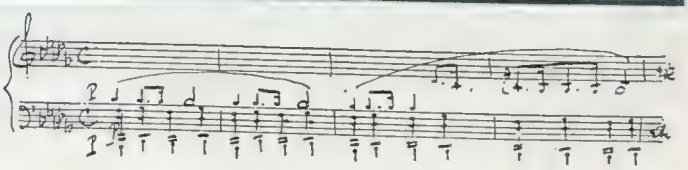
"Gratia!"

As the woman in black spoke her name the wind blew out her hair straight as a knight's pennon.

STEPHEN SAINT.

# Music Seen and Not Heard

No. 1.—"MARCHE FUNÉBRE"



*BY S. BAGHOT DE LA BERE*

# Et Toujours Et Encore

A MEMORY: By UN TEMOIN

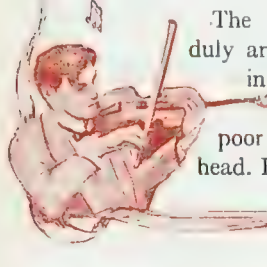
A *DEMI-MONDAINE*, nominally in the company of a middle-aged man in evening dress, whose conversation she has been helping with professional politeness, beckons to the red-coated, black-haired fiddler. Without any seeming instructions from her, he immediately moves across to her side and begins to play a sentimental English ballad. Her bared right arm supports her face, and her left one—both are plentifully bangled and braceleted—supports her right, and she continues to gaze abstractedly through the smoke-clouds as the solemn, gipsy-faced musician tenderly pulls out the melody from a mellow violin.

The others go talking and laughing on as though she, and her memory, whatever it is, do not exist. But who could deny that she *feels* what she hears? That it recalls some one incident? And she had heard it played for her specially only as recently as last night. What do you read into it? An *affaire de cœur!* Certainly. An innocent one. Her *only* innocent one.

You remember the death by drowning of young Lord Petterley, which the newspapers spoke of as due to an accident?

No, of course, you did not suspect that it was anything else but that. Nor will you believe it if I tell you that it was an *affaire* in which that woman there played a part. No, not in Paris. It is true that he had never come to Paris. His death took place at his own home in Staffordshire, and it was there—yes, actually there—that he met her.

You doubt that, naturally! That a woman such as she could be entertained for one moment in one of the stately homes of England seems fantastic But what I tell you is true. She was the guest of Lord and Lady Pulborough for one week—no, just under a week—one summer in Staffordshire. They, of course, did not know. To them she was the Comtesse Sophie de Marigny, and was their guest for one week—or rather less—by the special request of Lady Creamhurst, who sent her from Paris with an introduction. At least, they thought it was by request of Lady Creamhurst. As it turned out, it was a hoax—a practical joke played on them by a dismissed governess with a talent for forgery, for which she was handsomely remunerated by a French noblewoman of notorious character, whom Lady Pulborough had snubbed at Monte Carlo.



The Comtesse Sophie and her maid duly arrived, her gowns and *toutes choses* in perfect fashion. She charmed them all with her wit and her vivacity, and poor young Petterley hopelessly lost his head. Lady Pulborough did not know that during the week the two spent so much time secretly together. She did nothing, however, to prevent the boy "learning how to talk French to a pretty woman," whenever she did see them, for she is a decidedly modern mamma. And so it went on.

The boy thought the woman was who she pretended to be. For the first day or two the joke amused her. She found she could hold her own with them all, and her maid was the soul of discretion. She prattled to the boy, and met him in the summer-houses and walked with him in the lanes and woods. And on the fourth evening, after dinner, they sat alone for a long time in the conservatory, and, as a violinist played a *Serenade*, he held her hand, and poured out his heart to her. On the following afternoon, as luck would have it, a motor drove up. The occupant was staying with the Whiteridges near by (quite quietly, as he often did), and had dashed over to the Pulborough's for tea. "Comtesse Sophie" turned deadly pale when she saw who it was that had come, and he, for his part, looked equally embarrassed. The all-seeing Petterley, head-over-ears in love with her, did not fail to notice the recognition. When, as the guest departed, the boy saw him whisper something, obviously anent the "Comtesse," in his father's ear, his suspicion was confirmed. While the leave-taking was going on, however, the "Comtesse" had adjourned abruptly to her rooms, and with her maid had begun hurriedly to pack her boxes.

"Do you think the——do you think he told the Earl about you?" asked the maid, anxiously.

"There is no doubt," said Sophie. "Be quick, and do not chatter. The paper—*peste!*—why had it not said he was staying so near by?"

"They do not always tell the truth. . . . Yes? Who is there?"

She opened the door slightly, in response to a knock.

"A motor will be ready for madame in half an hour," said the chambermaid. "It will catch the London express."

"Then he *did* tell the Earl," rauttered Sophie between her teeth, "and this is the way one receives one's *congé* from *la politesse!*"

. . .

Lord Pulborough had, of course, broken the truth as to the identity of the "Comtesse" gently to his wife, who nearly swooned at the incredible conduct of Lady Creamhurst, which she vowed she would expose throughout Society.

"It will be exposed without our assistance, Alicia," said the Earl. "She will never be seen or heard of again, unless——"

"Unless what?"

"Unless—it has suddenly occurred to me—her letter was a forgery."

The Earl paced the room excitedly.

# "By Desire"

AN IMPRESSION IN A MONTMARTRE CAFE: BY A. BIRKENRUTH

"The Pride of the West Countrie"

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contains the pure lactic acid cultures in their best and most active form. The principal culture used is that known as the

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Referring to this culture in his book "The Prolongation of Life," Professor Metchnikoff writes as follows :—

> "It is the most useful of the microbes which can be acclimatised in the digestive tube for the purpose of arresting putrefactions and pernicious fermentations, such as the butyric fermentation."

St. Ivel Cheese is delicious to eat, and a food of the greatest possible value to health. It is made in the fresh country air of Somerset, under the supervision of skilled bacteriologists.

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"Did you tell him who had sent her, Geoffrey?" asked Lady Pulborough miserably.

"Yes, damn it. Like a fool, I did. But—I must telephone at once to the Whiteridges, to ask that he will condescend to ring me up privately directly his car returns. One cannot lose a moment."

"Do you think he will be discreet?"

"There is a chance. One never knows. . . . And now as to Gordon. Where is the boy? We must let him know. Gordon!" called the Earl. "Gordon!" No answer. "*Gordon!* Where is Lord Petterley," he said peremptorily to one of the servants.

"I don't know, my lord. He was in the garage a minute ago talking to one of the chauffeurs—the one that's driving the Comtesse to the station."

"Oh!" The Earl sighed in relief. "He knows, then, that the Comtesse is going. That will save us the trouble of telling him. Now put me at once on to the telephone to Captain Gregson, at Whiteridge."

. . . . . .

Sophie and her maid, after the night in London, returned to Paris, catching next morning's train. She telegraphed her friend, the hoaxter, to meet her at the Nord. As they drove in the taxi to her flat the friend said:

"Why are you back before your time? It is annoying, as I may lose the money—unless the Marquise is satisfied that you stayed there as long as you did. Were you discovered?"

"Yes. I was discovered," returned Sophie. "It was unexpected. At first I thought that Monsieur—who drove over on the fifth day and recognised me—would not have told the Earl, but I expect he was in bad humour. However, he did tell him, and I left immediately. But, Pauline, it breaks my heart. The poor boy—Gordon Petterley—he loved me madly, and I shall ask him to come to see me, and to love me still, when he comes to Paris. He shall be my innocent lover. Ah! When, after supper the night before, they played the *Serenade* I—I felt I could give up life for an innocent love such as his. But—I suppose I must forget. Oh, here we are. One minute, while I buy the *Petit Journal* to look at over my cigarette and chocolate."

When she had seated herself in her flat she glanced, as a woman glances, over the front page of a paper, infallible instinct avoiding what is dull, and discovering what is amusing—or otherwise. Then she let it fall, gave one cry, and fell back in her chair. When her friend had restored her, she, covering her eyes with one hand, said between her sobs:

"At the foot of the last column. Read for yourself."

"*Inondation d'un vicomte anglais. Affaire tragique provençale.*"

The body of Viscount Petterley, heir to the earldom of Pulborough, announced a London telegram, had been discovered by a search party in the early hours of the morning. He had evidently missed his footing while strolling near the lake in the park. Aged twenty-three. . . . Bereaved parents . . . only a few hours earlier gaily chatting with guests from a neighbouring house . . . no question of suicide, death purely accidental, etc., etc.

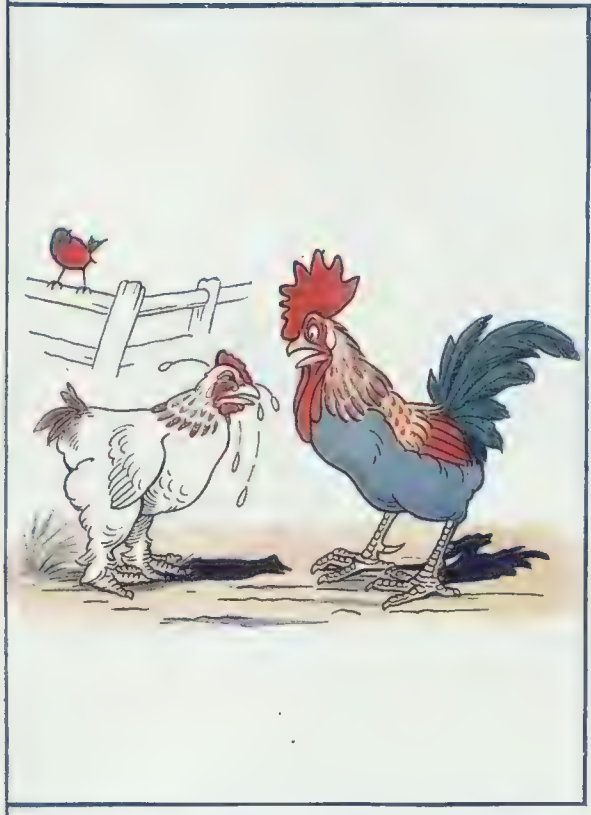
"*Mon Dieu! Mon Dieu!*" still sobbed the wretched Sophie. Red-eyed, and pale of cheeks, her friend led her, an hour or more later, to the Café X——, here where we now sit.

She sent for that musician—the same one—his face, she said, was young and innocent, too, and she bade him play the *Serenade* that they had played that last evening at the Pulborough's, when she had been holding the Viscount's hand closely in the conservatory. And, nightly, ever since—that is three months now—or nearly nightly, he has played it. She gives him, for doing so, a louis weekly. And she sits, as he plays it, dreaming, so one supposes, of the one man who believed her pure, who loved her sufficiently to give his life when he learned that she was something impossible for him—an outcast, a masquerading *cocotte*.

But see! She laughs and talks again now, and the musician is refreshing himself with a *bock!* The spell, you see, ceases with his last note, and she becomes of the world again. Curious, is it not?

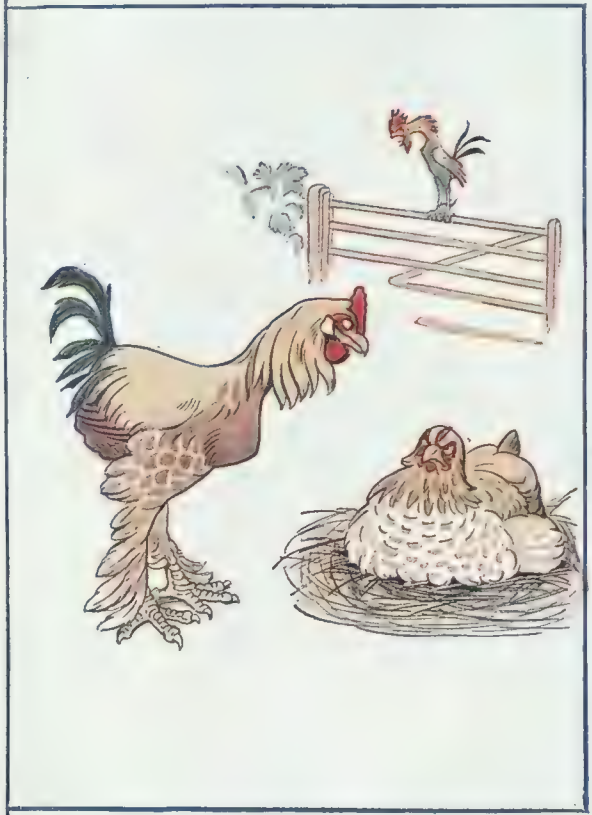
AH, INDEED!
She (suspiciously): "You kiss as though you had experience"
He (ditto): "How do you know?"

# Fun Among the Feathers

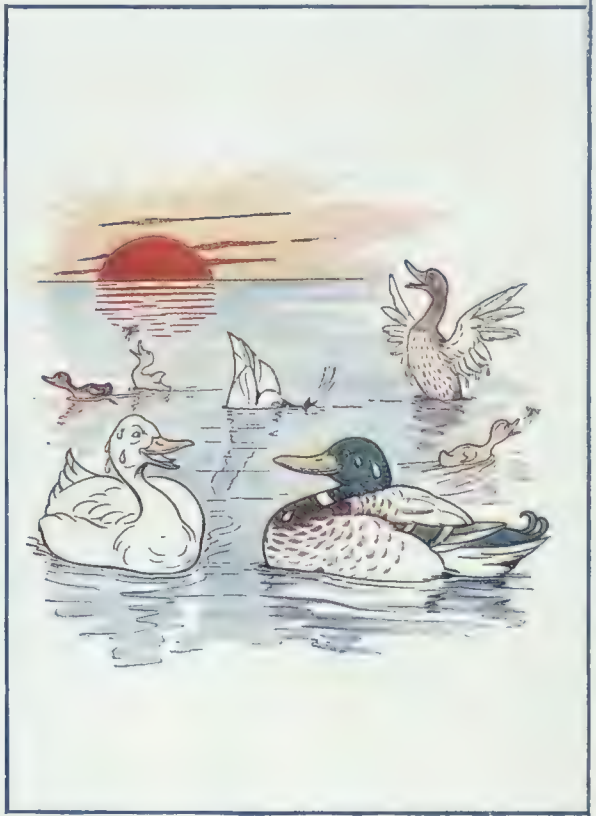


"I've had to discharge the nurse; she's dropped another egg!"

HIDE AND SEEK IN THE DESERT
Muffled voice of the Ostrich—"Ready"



The Cock: "What are you sitting on that nest for? They took away the eggs this morning"
The Hen: "I'm hatching plots"



Mrs. Quack: "Phew, isn't it hot? If this weather continues, I'm afraid we shall all be laying hard-boiled eggs"

*BY G. H. DODD*

# The Doctor

BY G. E. STUDDY

# FOR FUGITIVES from CHRISTMAS

"Leaving old Father Christmas behind, with his lambswool, his toys, and fogs"

## A LONELY VILLAGE WHERE THE FESTIVAL IS FORBIDDEN

*(Written and Illustrated by Charles Robinson)*

THE moribund creature who still holds to the custom of spending his Christmas at home is fast becoming classed with legendary mammals and the *nieblungen*. One time he waked on the morning of the great day with the brave grin of benevolence distorting his maxillary. This was the outward sign of a grim determination to remain at peace with all men during its long, weary hours.

He would then retire to an unctuous and self-complacent couch breathing stertorously. The weights that would have fallen from his conscience, then, seem to be reassembling in the regions of his girdle, and at last succeed in waking him liverish and surly.

Boxing Day, remorse, Christmas-boxes to tradesmen, and reminders that Christmas Day is also quarter-day.

Your Christmas is heralded now by highly coloured pictures on the hoardings. They show you the different fairylands you may travel to for your holiday, places where goggle-eyed children suffocate their parents in sand heaps, where the sky is thick with blue, and chrome-yellow casinos show light against it in a wanton perspective. Captured by the allurements of one, the casino one most likely, Christmas Eve finds you leaving old Father Christmas behind, with his lambswool, his toys, and fogs, while you speed to a sunnier land.

There, on a white esplanade overlooking a calm blue sea, you eat your Christmas dinner in the sunshine among your country people.

You think of poor old England still trying to live up to a toy-book Christmas. Pretending to itself that real snow does come then, and that senile grandfathers sit by the fireside telling ghost stories to their irritating little descendants. That white esplanade will, in its turn, get out of date, and you will no long respond to the enticements of railway posters. You will have reached that past-mastership of the travelled when you begin to search for that unknown town that is to remain a carefully kept secret with you alone.

Every tourist knows one such place, and wild snap-dragons shall not force its name from him. Enterprising railways, knowing his discriminating taste, might seize upon it, paint a blandishing poster, and pack off a polytechnic excursion immediately.

That little town awaits your discovery in the neighbourhood of Puisney les Barasse.

Its name is not for the printed page. Three miles by diligence from the Quatremoulins Junction, it lies to the north of the Montrallieux Road, beyond Ambrelle and the ruins of the Trappist monastery further on. A bridle-path on the left, nearly opposite the "Chats Verdants," brings you on foot to what is, perhaps, the most pleasant approach to the town nestling among the hills, forgotten by the world and unflanked by golf links.

Here, to the traveller who views it for the first time, comes the great realisation.

He has found at last the haven that will hide the world away and let him dream.

It holds for you, flying from the English Christmas, one especial attraction. Its complement of Burgomasters, Councillors, and Provosts from years long since have been united in their efforts to shut out the criminal consequences of Christmas-mongering. As the bridle-path winds down into the coach road you will find yourself approaching the town gate through an avenue of stately oaks. Round every trunk you will see huge metal bands, rusty with age and weather, put there to prevent the parasitic mistletoe planting its roots in their hearts.

"You will wonder at the bare legs of the populace . . . due to a by-law made to prevent the pernicious habit of tying stockings to bedposts on Christmas Eve"

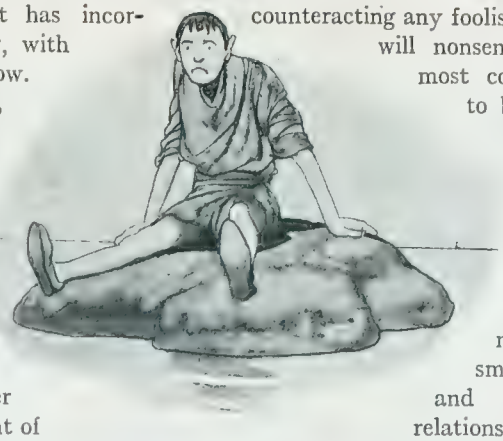
If it is on December 24, you will find yourself held up at the Barbican, searched for any sign of Christmas about you. Woe awaits for the man who even possesses a tobacco-pouch with a sprig of holly made in worsted upon it.

You will wonder at the bare legs of the populace until you learn its origin. It is due to a by-law made to prevent the pernicious habit that obtains in many places of tying stockings to bedposts on Christmas Eve.

The ordinances that keep the terrors of grim Christmas from the gates are beset with such strict penalties that the *blasé* pedestrian may rest assured of a freedom from them that he has never before dreamed of.

Over the Town Hall doorway you will see a sculptured relief of a woman with arms outstretched in madness.

This refers to a legend that has incorporated itself in the town history, with what truthfulness one may not know. The story relates that the woman, a mother, was asked by her child the meaning of "Christmas." The poor creature went immediately out of her mind, and was shortly after found in a neighbouring forest clipping the spikes off the holly-leaves with shears. The child foregathered with its forbears suddenly, and the mother was canonised as the patron Saint of the town.



"Buron, the shoemaker, who hung a piece of mistletoe up . . marooned in the Pacific by a specially chartered steamer"

The fields around the town abound in turkey traps. The Burgomasters, decreeing that they are vermin within the meaning of the Act, supply bait of the finest Roncesvalles rhubarb.

"To eat a round pudding of a dark colour brings a very degrading punishment"

They are very rarely now troubled with the pest. To eat a round pudding of a dark colour is to put yourself beyond the pale of Society. A very degrading punishment is awarded to the offender.

As the 25th approaches the faces of the Burgomasters become lined with care. Especial vigilance is demanded of the Town Watch to ensure a strict obedience to the laws and customs of the town.

Some of the most fearsome memories of the townsfolk are interwoven with the "*Saison terrible*," as they call it.

There is the story of old Buron, the shoemaker, who, shortsighted, hung a piece of mistletoe up, meaning to dry a bunch of herbs. The wretched miscreant was marooned in the Pacific by a specially chartered steamer.

The oldest inhabitant still remembers the awful fate of a man who sent a postcard with a robin red breast on it to a friend. It was said that the offence was greatly aggravated by the realistic representation of snow by frosted glass.

On the morning of the 25th, you are expected to annoy the first person you meet; this is said to have a healthy effect in counteracting any foolish tendency to peace and goodwill nonsense. To take from anyone their most coveted possessions is considered to be still more gratifying to the Council as evincing a marked contrast to the giving of presents.

Owing to stories that reach here of family reunions at colossal meals, the day is here treated as a fast day. The natives sit about the streets smacking one another, brawling and effectually disrupting family relationships.

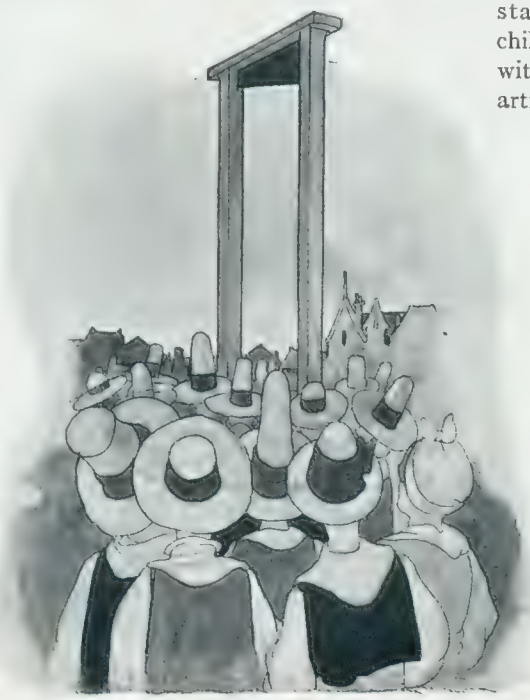
It is interesting to see the happy acquiescence of the people in the efforts of the Burgomasters to correct any appearance of demented joy on the day. They do not even mince their words for fear of reviving any association of Christmas diet. The whole of December is a close time for musicians, and the custom still obtains of midnight hunts and man-traps for them.

The beautiful public library contains a large number of books, including a carefully expurgated edition of Dickens, and a blacked-out copy of Washington Irving's "Christmas Art" is under a very rigorous censorship. To draw a stage-coach snowed up, or child in a red muffler with a snowball, makes the artist, *ipso facto*, an outlaw immediately.

"The custom still obtains of midnight hunts for musicians"

On Boxing Day the parish officials, with the exception of the bell-ringers, parade with the tradesmen, giving presents of gold to the residents.

The bell-ringers are kept busy from the 24th of December to the evening of the 20th tolling the bells to prevent any undue merriment prevailing. There is sufficient here to show the anxious traveller fleeing from the terrors of an English Christmas that there exists a haven where he may find the rest for which he seeks.



"The oldest inhabitant still remembers the awful fate of a man who sent a picture-postcard with a robin red breast on it"

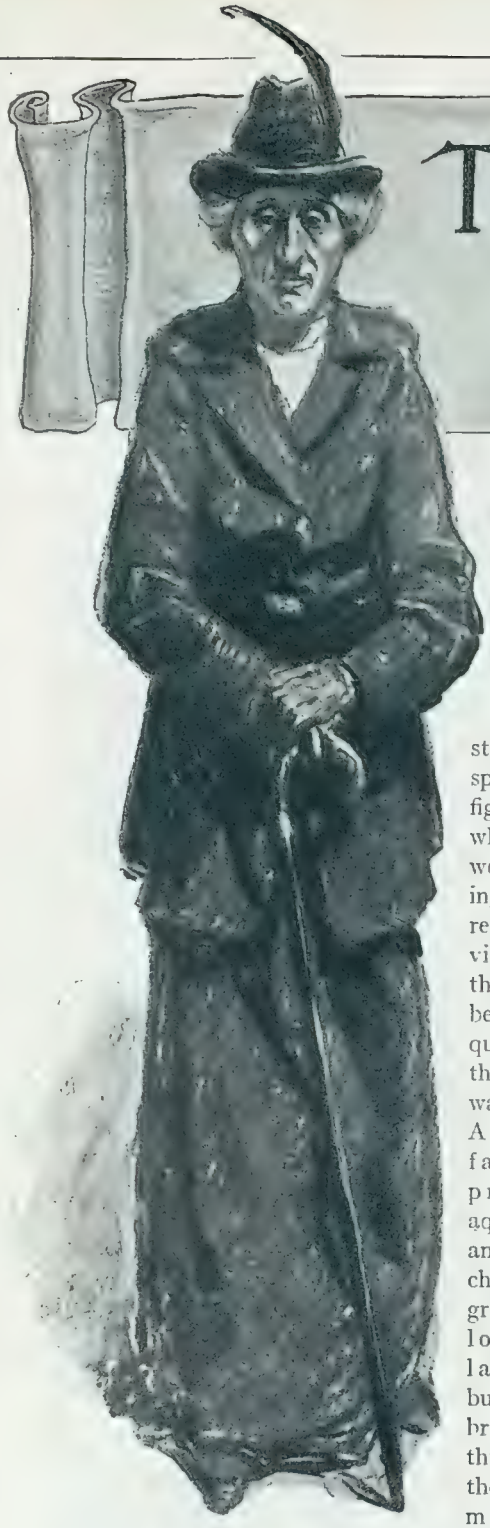
# The Spoil of

THE LUCKY (!) WINNER OF THE CHRISTMAS

# of Victory

AS DRAW STANDS DRINKS ALL ROUND

BY HEBBLETHWAITE



# The Parish Tyrant

## By James Blyth

*ILLUSTRATED BY F. LEIST*

CLEAR, hard, and intensely dramatic, the one figure passes to and from the village street. The spare, bent figure of a tall, white-haired woman, walking with a recollection of virile striding that is now beginning to quaver with the pathos of wasting age. A lean, long face, with pronounced aquiline nose and flat, bony cheeks, faded grey eyes, with long, white lashes and bushy, grizzled brows, firm, thin lips and the stamp of masterfulness on a mouth which is neither large nor small. And ever, when walking, the neat, tidy, black skirt and jacket, tailor-made in style and masculine in texture, black kid gloves, a black Tyrolean hat with a black cock's plume by way of sole ornament, a black ebony stick with a black crooked handle, and a thin silver band. Such is Eliza Foote, the younger surviving daughter of the late Rev. Hector Foote, heretofore the rector of the parish, but dead these forty years.

When first I met Eliza in our village (her old St. Bernard splattering along beside her), she scowled at me, and I heard her hiss with fierce contempt, "Tripper!" It was obvious that she did not intend me to overhear the insult, but equally obvious that she did not care two straws whether I did so or not.

Before I had lived in the village long the sight of the old lady became very familiar to me. She was always marching up to the voluntary schools or to some cottage door, with military decision and with the sternness of a martinet written upon her withered countenance. Three sharp raps at the door. About as many sharp syllables to the school "teacher" or labourer's wife, or whoever might happen to open to her peremptory summons, and "right about face, quick march," back to the road again.

The first time I heard her voice close by was when I called my mastiff to heel to avoid the inquisitive advances of the old St. Bernard. I was prepared for a vigorous contralto, but the volume and hollow resonance of her "thenk yew, thenk yew," amazed me even more than the broad burr of *patois* from the lips of a member of one of the oldest county families in Daneshire.

I wondered if she would bow to me when next I met her. But all such surmise was unnecessary. In her eyes I was a tripper twelve years ago. And in her eyes I am a tripper still.

As I came to know the village folk, I found that Eliza was at once feared and trusted, hated and revered, and I have been at some pains in gathering anecdotes of her life in order to understand how so great a confusion arose as to the true nature of the woman.

"Aah!" said Sam Jinnis, "she fare wholly a rum egg! She do! She's that cantankerous that if the Prince o' Wales hisself was to cross her bit o' lawn she'd pull him for tresparsin', and call him a tripper."

"Then it isn't only the poor she's hard on?" said I (for I had heard much of her cold sternness and her refusal to extend her charity beyond the actual necessities of each case brought before her notice), "but all classes? She's no respecter of persons, eh?"

"That she bain't," said Sam, with a chuckle.

"A bit of a tartar, I expect?" I suggested, endeavouring to lure him on to discourse.

"And that's a fact," said he. "Ye know the sandy lane? Public that be for everybody. But that run agin the edge of the rectory lands, and last summertime old Mrs. Tare, from the Knocker Inn, brought up a friend to pick wild flowers down the lane. Mrs. Hurr was the friend's name. Well, Miss 'Liza she copped 'em doin' on it. 'Hev you permission to pick flowers here?' she asked.

"'No, I hain't,' said Mrs. Tare. 'But that's free for everybody.'

"'That it is not,' said Miss 'Liza, hollerin' and a shakin' her stick. 'That belong to me,' she say. 'Do you be a-goin'.'

(All rights strictly reserved)

"'Don't you do no sech thing,' said Mrs. Tare to her friend. 'Do you keep on a-pickin' on 'em.'

"And Mrs. Hurr she kept on a-pickin' on 'em like billy-oh.

"'Did you hear me?' axed Miss 'Liza.

"'Don't you pay no regard to her,' Mrs. Tare say. And Mrs. Hurr she kept on a pickin' on 'em somethin' tremenjous.

"'Oh, very well, then,' Miss 'Liza say to Mrs. Hurr, 'I must ax you for your name and address. You're tresparsin', an' imperent as well. Dirty trippers!' she say. 'Give me your name, or I shall call my groom.'

"'Hurr,' says Mrs. Hurr.

"'No. Your name,' says Miss 'Liza. 'I know her's. What's your's?'

"'I say Hurr,' says t'other.

"'No! Your's,' says Miss 'Liza, a-stampin' with her stick.

"'I tell ye my name's Betsy Hurr,' says t'other. 'And that's as good as yourn any day o' the week, and Sundays too.'

"Miss 'Liza she upped wi' her stick, and fared as if she was a goin' to strike 'em. But she thought better on it. 'Very well, then,' says she, 'you'll hear more on 't.'

"'Allust pleased to hear from you,' says Mrs. Hurr. And that sent off Miss 'Liza right blue in the face."

"Some people seem to think a lot of her if she *is* a tartar," said I; "how's that?"

"Well, that's like this," said Sam. "She bain' really onkind when there's sickness and the poor men are hard put to't. And there's a someat else."

Here Sam's face grew serious, and his eyes lit with a strange enthusiasm. "There's a someat as us can't forget. Hanged if we can."

He knocked the ashes out of his pipe on the top of the yard gate, and continued.

"That'll be seven year come next August as that happened," said he. "And I mind it as if 'twas yesterday. That was a blowy, dark night, and somehow or other a stack o' straw agin the sheds got afire about twelve o'clock at night. That flared up heaven's high all at once, for that was bone dry from the long drought. The wind set for the thatch of the sheds where the hosses was, and soon that was a blazin' like the stack. The dorgs set a barkin', and woke up old Jimmy Stone, what had the rectory farm then, and he got two or three men to help, but they couldn't do but little owin' to the well runnin' dry arter six buckets had been taken from it. There was a heap o' litter agin the door of the sheds, and it worn't long afore that was all ablaze, oh, and the poor hosses started screamin' like babes. Nobody dustn't go t'rough the hot o' the fire to let 'em out, and the men all stood a talkin' and a lookin'

(*Continued on page 514*)

"She . . . jest give 'em a look and say, 'a pack o' cowards. Can't you hear them poor things skreekin'?'"

# The Baby Shop

BY H. C. SANDY

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of money, are you, Cecily? You know I only stay with you on the distinct understanding that I am in no way a burden financially."

"Oh, there is plenty of money, Ella. There has to be. I couldn't live in squalor, and housework simply appals me."

"Well, don't worry, and don't be sentimental. Arthur is faithful enough."

"Enough? Are there degrees of faithfulness?"

"Of course. He loves you, but he very possibly flirts with other women."

"You have no idea of the surrender involved in matrimony or you wouldn't talk so flippantly."

"I'm not flippant. Whenever I tell the truth, I'm told either that I'm flippant or that I'm cynical. Well, I'm going to put my bonnet and shawl on and whistle up a cab. Come up to town and shop."

"Not to-day, thank you, Ella."

When Hodder came downstairs he was humming a musical-comedy tune. He was perfectly dressed, and obviously in the best of spirits. Selecting a silk hat and a stick to match his suit, he strolled into the breakfast-room to tell his wife when he would be in again.

Mrs. Hodder sat in the window still, with her back to him.

"Er—I shall lunch out," he said. "Back to dinner at seven."

She did not answer. He frowned and turned to go. "Arthur," she called.

"Well!"

"Can you spare a few minutes before you go to lunch? Put down your hat and stick and smoke a cigarette."

Hodder looked rather surprised, but he did as she asked him.

"What is it?" he inquired. "Do you want to give a party?"

"Who is lunching with you?"

Hodder raised his eyebrows. This was most unusual.

"Publisher, of course. How on earth can it interest you?"

"It does interest me. I couldn't go too, I suppose?"

"Good heavens, no! It'll be all business talk."

"'Haven't you missed these?' She threw a packet of letters into his lap"

"All right. I suppose you know that you haven't escorted me to town now for nearly a year."

"Oh, you girls get on better together. You see plenty of me at home."

"Do I? Yes, perhaps I do. But I wonder how many remarks we exchange in a week."

"Whatever in the world are you getting at?"

"It won't take long for me to explain. You have

made me very comfortable since you married me. I have everything I want, and perhaps more. But I married you for love. You will forgive me reminding you that I rejected the proposals of men richer than yourself. I married you for love. I loved you. I love you now. But you no longer seem to care."

"Cecily, how ridiculous."

"That is the first time for many, many months you have called me by my name. I have had to get accustomed to being addressed as 'Er —' or 'I say,' or even 'Hi!' You never look into my eyes. If our glances meet your eyes always drop. You seem to have tired of my company. Have you?"

"Of course not."

"In some ways, perhaps, I have been a great disappointment to you. I have borne you no children."

"Didn't want them. Don't want them."

"I have not improved in physical attractions. I have no talents. I'm lazy. Has it disgusted you?"

"Don't be absurd."

"I have not disappointed you in any way, then?"

"No. You're very foolish."

"Odd, very odd. I must get at the bottom of this. You have not by any chance met another woman?"

"What do you mean?"

"A married man should shield himself from the amorous persecution of women other than his wife if he loves her. If a man visited me constantly and I discovered that he loved me, I, loving you, would forbid him the house. Would you, loving me, avoid the society of another woman who loved you?"

He wriggled, and tugged at his moustache.

"You've no right to ask such nonsensical questions," at length he growled out. "I'm not so conceited as to think any other woman is in love with me."

"Do you remember a certain Mrs. Redfern?"

He started violently at the mention of the name.

"She was a very beautiful woman, I remember, and enormously wealthy. Her reputation, though, was by no means spotless. You and she once saw a good deal of each other. At my request you gave up her friendship. Have you kept that promise?"

"You ought not to be so beastly jealous—I mean suspicious. I'm off to lunch."

"Not yet. I'm going to thrash this matter out. I know your thoughts are constantly of something of which you wish me to know nothing. Last night, for instance, you happened to be at home for once. I gave you a new novel to read. On the third page of the book there is a character-sketch of a man we both know very well. It is excellently done, and should have interested you tremendously. I saw you read the page, or appear to read the page, but not a word of comment crossed your lips. If you had understood what you were reading you could not have failed to draw my attention to it. When you caught my eye you deliberately forced a fresh expression. You went to sleep thinking of the same thing. You smiled in the same way. Arthur, I have *felt* the presence of a third when you and I only are in the room. Your thoughts have brought a woman into my bedroom."

"Cecily, how dare you!"

"Again and again your thoughts have brought a woman, a woman I hate, close to me—close to you. You stop in the middle of a sentence, and I fancy I can hear the other woman's laughter at my discomfiture. There is another woman. There is!"

"There is no other woman. Your nerves are out of order. You must see a doctor."

"I know there is another woman. Who is she?"

"There is not!"

"You liar!"

"Cecily! What—what do you know?"

"Have you forgotten a little typist that you dismissed from your office not very long ago? Have you forgotten that you dismissed her without any very good cause? You made her your bitter enemy. Sometimes you had left her in your office and had foolishly omitted to lock your escritoire. When you threw her out without a character, she determined to have her revenge. She knew that a woman other than your wife was writing to you regularly. Before that malicious little typist left she ransacked your desk. Haven't you missed these?"

She threw a packet of letters into his lap.

"So Mrs. Redfern has you still. I took you from her, and you have gone back. How I despise you!"

The man stood up with tingling cheeks.

"So that is how you found out?"

"I didn't need that final proof. I knew."

"Listen, Cecily. I love you. I have always loved you. I don't care for this woman. She is beautiful. But I have not been faithless."

"You are lying. The letters betray you."

"They would secure you your divorce, but —"

"Divorce!" she almost screamed. "Don't talk to me of methods. Go! I curse the day I ever met you. Go to her, and never let me see you again!"

"Not yet, Cecily. There is still something untold."

Mr. Hodder struck a dignified attitude.

"You have been well cared for since you married me? You have had every whim and wish granted? You have had no anxiety, no troubles of the pettiest description? Money has made these years you have spent with me very pleasant?"

She nodded contemptuously.

"Before I married you do you know that I was a poor man? The novels I had published did not bring me in more than forty or fifty pounds each. I made a little at free-lance journalism it is true, but my total income was not more than £200 a year. Do you know that it isn't a penny more than that now?"

"What?" Mrs. Hodder stared at her husband.

"Not a penny more. SHE has paid, yes—SHE!" He waved Mrs. Redfern's letters at his wife. "The woman you so shamefully accuse has paid. She has paid for your clothes, paid for your jewels, paid for your comforts. You and I are her dependents—dependents, do you hear? Could you do without the money, you who would want the moon if it were worth crying for? Mrs. Redfern has paid, I tell you, paid because she could have had me no other way."

His face was flushed with triumph. Righteous indignation rang in his tones. His eyes glistened.

Feeling like Dreyfus—acquitted—he strode out.

The woman stood for some time like a statue. Then she ran screaming through the house.

MARGARET BUTLER.

# The First-Born

A SUBURBAN STUDY: BY HEBBLETHWAITE

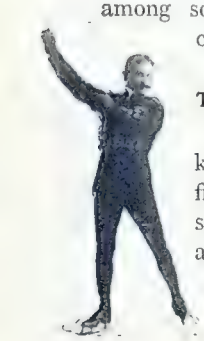
# Artistic Skating

Mr. Meagher Giving an Exhibition of His Art at Davos Platz, January 30, 1910

By GEO. A. MEAGHER

*The World's Champion Figure Skater*

WHAT can be more tempting to the lover of the "poetry of motion" than a crisp, cold winter's day and a great sheet of glare ice? How intensely absorbing the learning of new movements or the practising of the old, such as "Rockers," "Eights," etc., and how much practice is required thoroughly to master even one good figure, especially if that be the "double eight" backwards, entirely upon one foot. With years and years of hard study and much practice, some cannot overcome its difficulties. They try and try again; they attack it calmly, and they rush at it, but all to no avail—and why? Because they are ignorant of the fact that balance in artistic skating is practically everything, not physical strength nor the number of times a movement is attempted. Whether this knack in skating can be learned by everyone or whether it be inborn in just the few (who are so much at home when shod with steel that they can at will change to this, that, or the other direction, forwards and backwards, swift and slow, just as easily and gracefully as the fishes in the great deep or the birds of the air) is a question. When we watch a skater executing the "grapevine," "figure eight," "cross-roll," and a few other skatorial creations, we are inclined to remark that he or she, as the case may be, is, to use an Americanism, a "Cracker Jack." However, upon closely following their performances for a short time, we soon discover that their *répertoire* becomes exhausted, and, strange to add, we find this among some of the world's so-called greatest skaters.



### The Variety of Figures

It may astonish some to know that over 5,000 figures are possible on a single pair of skates, and 10,000 more to follow if the skater has command of his edges. In fact, under these conditions, there are, to all intents and purposes, no limits to the designs that can be transferred to the ice. We admit that no past-master of this graceful art has ever risen to such perfection of accomplishment, but, nevertheless, there are the possibilities. An expert needs but little practice or teaching to accomplish anything new. A mere sight of the diagram is sufficient; instinctively he knows where to begin, where the changes of edge come, and how to balance for it throughout.

Mr. Meagher, World's Champion Figure Skater (Professional), and Writer of this Article

### Skating as a Pleasure

Skating as a health and joy-giving sport, in which ladies may gracefully join, unquestionably surpasses all other out-of-door pastimes. Owing, no doubt, to the intensely invigorating, artistic, and scientific pleasures of skating, when Jack Frost pays his annual visit all classes of society, old and young, are eager to be out, days and nights, skimming over the glassy, frozen waters. How bright the scene! Thousands of jovial skaters, light-hearted, rosy-cheeked, and bright-eyed, slipping, sliding, glancing, and gliding in any and every direction, thoroughly revelling in its numberless delights, while others, singly and in pairs with skates dangling on their arms, are hurrying across the crisp, flake-white snow that sings under their heels as they merrily hasten to their chosen rink or pond.

### Favourite Skating Grounds

Perhaps the most picturesque skating

# Another Mysterious Disappearance

ANXIOUS FATHER: "NOW WHERE *IS* THAT BOY?"
BY NOEL POCOCK

spot in the world is among the 1,000 islands of the River St. Lawrence, Canada. Here one may travel eight miles in one direction and sixty miles in the other, and always be, roughly speaking, within a few feet of a different treed island, some so tiny that they amount to a single rock with one tree sprouting up, and others fifteen miles in length by five or six in breadth, containing hundreds of varieties of the arboreous creation. Another delightful, but small, skating paradise is at Vesinet, about fifteen miles from Paris. This lake is surrounded by a huge forest; in the centre is an island, about one hundred yards in length, containing many large trees and a prettily decorated rustic skate and tea-house. From the island to the main land span quaint-rustic bridges, underneath which the skaters pass. Here in use may be seen the pretty, old-fashioned, swan-like skating chairs that we have heretofore seen only under the painter's brush. The lake in the famous Prospect Park, Brooklyn, N.Y., has, perhaps, more skaters to the square inch than any resort extant, as many as 80,000 persons having tripped the light fantastic on skates at this skating ground in a single afternoon. It presents, when crowded, a glorious sight to the skating enthusiast. The rhythmic movement of the figures enchants everyone who appreciates the poetry of motion.

Mr. Meagher executing a jump entirely upon one foot from a standing start at St. Moritz

**Grace in Skating**

According to all that is beautiful in motion, to skate well means to skate gracefully, and since the artificial ice rinks have had such a run in this country, and expert figure-skaters from other skating countries have come and illustrated the beauties of the art by free, sweeping, graceful movements of the arms and balance of legs (a complete contrast to the British style), and shown also how correctly figures may be traced on the ice (which in America is termed "Place Skating"), we admit that artificial ice palaces have helped enthusiasts to make vast strides in the "poetry of motion." The Swede, Austrian, and German, we are inclined to believe, confine themselves too strictly to "School" movements.

**So Few Masters**

Naturally, much attention should be given to the alphabet. But for the best skaters in the various countries to grind away year in and year out on these same sing-song movements prevents advancement in this wonderful and beautiful art, whereas, if a skater were sufficiently proficient and had an unlimited supply of inventive genius, he could accomplish with his skates something approximating to what Hogarth did with his pencil. The world over, skating has probably more followers than any other pastime. Think of the millions who skate. Is it not an astonishing fact that the number of skatorial kings may be summed up on the finger-tips where so many strain every nerve to succeed? Likely it is that, mentally or physically or both, it is not born in them. One must be born to shoot, to ride, to dance, to do anything properly, so to speak. Imagine a squint-eyed shooter, a hunch-back rider, a bow-legged dancer, and my meaning will be clear; but to *skate*, one must be born with a fur cap pulled over one's ears and skates on one's feet!

Ski-ing on Mount Royal, Montreal, Canada

# CHRISTMAS PRESENTS

—a little different from those found elsewhere.

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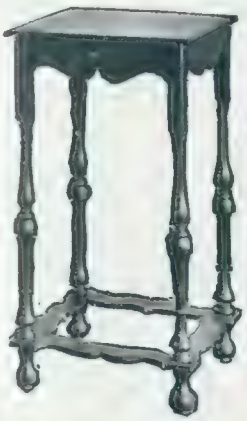

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*Booklet, "Xmas Presents," sent free by post to all readers of the "Bystander."*

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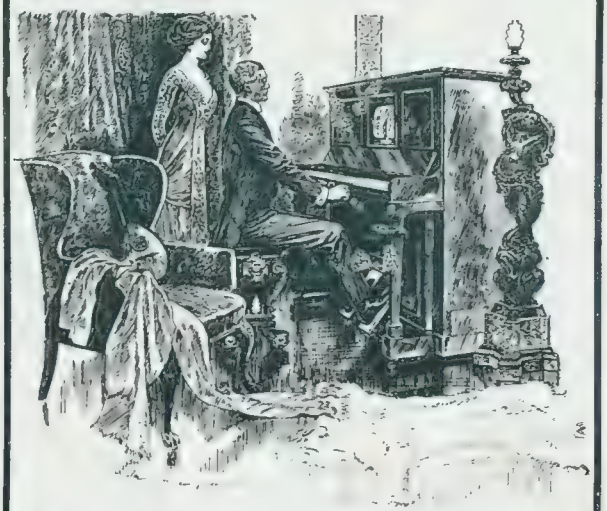

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# PRIVATE PEEPS INTO HISTORY

BY W. BIRKENRUTH

Queen Berengaria casts Doubt upon King Richard's Account of How he Spent his Time during the Crusades

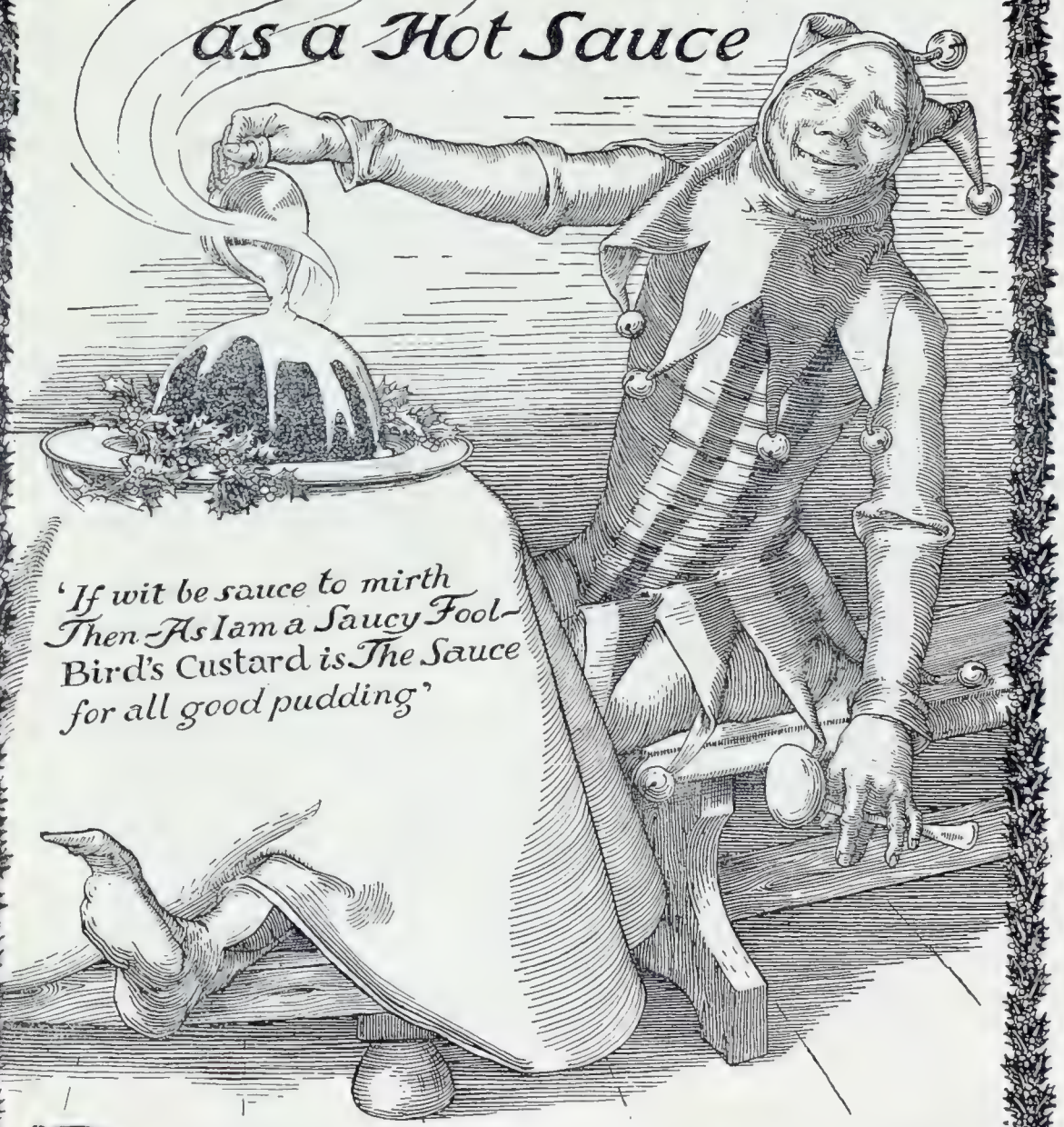
Distaste of the Duchess of Clarence to Malmsey Wine after the Lamentable Death of the Duke

Queen Mary's Reception of the Announcement of her Engagement to King Philip of Spain

King Philip of Spain's Reception of the Announcement of his Engagement to Queen Mary of England

# BIRD'S CUSTARD

## as a Hot Sauce



'If wit be sauce to mirth
Then As I am a Saucy Fool—
Bird's Custard is The Sauce
for all good pudding'

Prepare the Custard according to the usual method & serve at once while HOT.

*(A Valuable Recipe for making the Richest Old English Plum Puddings will be sent post free on request by Alfred Bird & Sons, Ltd., Devonshire Works, Birmingham.)*

# In the Rain

By ROSE GARDNER

STORM and stress. Tossing tree-tops and whining wind. The intermittent hiss of rain that falls, not in drops, but almost in continuous tiny streams.

The light through the open door silhouetted the shape of a man in a long cassock. The door shut, and the porch became once more a cavern of utter blackness. The great, flat, white front of the house reached up only a little less black. It was possible to tell that a sweep of laurel bushes flanked the doorway on either side by the rattle of rain on their leaves and the drip, drip of great drops to the soaked earth beneath. Over the porch shone the yellow patches of two lighted windows.

As the priest came to the opening of the porch the wind caught him with so rude a buffet as to drive him against the side. It irreverently lifted his cassock and wound it about his knees when he stepped out on to the gravel.

He stood looking up at the windows. The light from them showed dimly his face. His look was that of a man deeply troubled. There was at the same time a slight, puzzled frown.

A whisper came from the darkness behind him.

"Father. . . ."

It might have been the moan of the tormented shrubs. He stood still to listen. It came again, louder and more definitely human.

"Father!"

He turned. Quite close to him he could feel rather than see a heavier density in the darkness. Then a figure moved into the patch of light thrown from above. All that could be made out was that it was a woman, dressed in something dark and wearing a veil. The wind and the rain together had moulded her clothes almost to her form, and had turned the long ends of her scarf into whips that lashed about her. She had a voice from which acute distress had not been able to take all the sweetness.

"Is it over, Father?"

"No," he gravely answered; "it is not quite over yet."

Her breath was drawn sharply in. Her next words were in a low voice and hesitating.

"Have you . . . have you given him . . . the sacrament?"

He did not reply at once. His eyes went up to the window, and the look of trouble deepened on his face.

"No," he presently said.

She gasped.

"Has he confessed, Father?"

"Yes."

Her cry was sharp.

"Then why, in the name of God, don't you give him the sacrament. He may be dying now—at this minute."

"Hush, hush," he murmured gently, and she bowed her head.

He took a few steps away from her, and stood considering. She still waited. Between them and all round them the rain splashed. After a moment or two he came back.

"I cannot give him the blessed body of our Lord." He spoke with deliberation. "There is one thing he will not confess. There is one sin of which he says he cannot repent."

Her breath came in short pants. After a little she spoke again.

"Cannot you give him absolution from his other sins, Father?"

He passed his hand over his hair to squeeze off the wet.

"It is useless."

"Useless?"

"The Church demands a full confession. You may take no pet sins with you through the gate of death."

She came close to him, and put out a trembling hand to his arm.

"Perhaps it was only a little sin—just a tiny sin that wouldn't matter. Can't you do something, Father?"

He shook his head.

"Not if he will not repent."

She suddenly raised clenched hands above her head. Her voice rang shrill.

"You call yourself a priest of God and you stand there and let a man die with all that weight of sin upon his soul. You can watch a man go down to hell without lifting a finger to help him. And all in the name of the Church! Oh, the Church, the Church! What authority——" A sob caught in her throat. She seized his arm and sank down, reckless of the sopping gravel. "No, no; I—I didn't mean that, Father. But, oh! it is awful. Is there no way out? Can't you make him repent—make him repent?" Her tears were warm on his hand where the rain had been cold.

He laid his other hand on her shoulder. His own voice was shaking when he spoke.

"My child, I cannot understand. We do not know what will happen after death. We can only do what the Church teaches and what we believe. It may be that the good Father of all has seen and will understand." He bent over her and very tenderly raised her.

"Don't kneel there in the wet, child," he said. "How comes it that you are so much interested in the welfare of his soul? Who are you?"

She turned up her veil. He had his back towards the house, and the light from the windows shone on her. The rain that streamed over her wet skin gave it almost the look of polished marble.

"I am the sin of which he will not repent."

He peered into her face.

"Dear God!" he said. "I almost understand."

ROSE GARDNER.

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# The Literary Log

## Rolled by Robert Ross

**Christmas Carols; Wicked Wenceslas; Literary Origin of Modern Christmas; Artists and Christmas; The Christmas Supplement; The Snow Legend**

**"Yuling"**

One day someone must write the history of the modern Christmas. The Christmas of antiquity can be discovered in almost any encyclopædia. We are rather tired of being told about its Pagan origin, and that the feast of Yule—the turn of the year at the winter solstice—goes back to the Druids and Stonehenge. The word "Yule" has been derived, according to Miss Rickert, from various roots, including the Germanic *jehwela*=Latin *joculus*=mirth, or the Germanic *jeula*=snowstorm. If that information does not spoil anyone's Christmas, I don't know what will. It cannot, however, spoil our pleasure in Miss Rickert's fascinating volume, *Ancient English Christmas Carols* (Chatto and Windus), by far the best collection I know. The text, even of carols to be found elsewhere, is far the best. Here taste and scholarship continue to remind us that Christmas ought to be a spiritual festival which has inspired painters and poets besides suggesting opportunities for over-eating. The most beautiful in this collection, to my mind, is taken from the Townley Plays, "Hail Comely and Clean," in which the Shepherds each address the Child and describe their presents—"a bob of cherries," "a bird," and "a tennis ball." Painters have done more for Christmas on the whole than poets, but in the Townley carol you get the essence of pictorial mediæval beauty, devotion, and simplicity. My next favourite, I rejoice to say included by Miss Rickert, is Swinburne's "Three Damsels in the Queen's Chamber," written for a picture by Rossetti.

**A Dethroned King**

I fear "Good King Wenceslas" does not appear; perhaps out of respect for his descendant, Mr. St. Loe Strachey (*c.f.*, BYSTANDER, November 2). I regret the omission. Of course, the adherents of the Minority Poor Law Report (I am one myself) would hardly approve of the rather indiscriminate charity shown by the monarch on Boxing Day. He should have sent for his Home Secretary instead of an inefficient page (obviously not a Boy Scout), and asked

"THE FORBIDDEN BOOK": BY PHYLLIS VERE CAMPBELL

# Lemco MIXED WITH MILK FOR GROWING CHILDREN

Mothers often experience difficulty with young children's food. They try one change after another, but nothing seems to agree for long. This is usually a sign of deficient digestion, and in nine cases out of ten the difficulty can be overcome by adding a little Lemco to hot milk.

The Lemco assists the digestion of the milk, and consequently Lemco and milk can be assimilated when milk alone cannot. Delicate children who dislike meat can take it readily in the form of Lemco.

**Doctors recommend one-eighth to one-quarter teaspoonful of Lemco being added to half-pint of hot milk.**

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# GRANDE CHARTREUSE

*(GREEN and YELLOW.)*

As a result of the decision of the House of Lords,

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## Chartreux Monks

are now having their

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Shipped in their Old Shape Bottles and under the Labels here shown.

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him to advise either the Urban District Council or the Department of Woods and Forests "that a destitute tramp belonging to the parish of St. Agnes was wandering about without visible means of subsistence." Or the case ought to have been thoroughly investigated by the Charity Organisation Society. Had the man a family? If so, how many? Did they attend the Church School, or were they Board? Were there any circumstances in his past career vitiating his claims to an Old Age Pension? Since when did he exercise his vote, and for which party? Was there any evidence of his receiving outdoor relief on previous occasions? Was the fuel he was detected collecting Crown property? And ought it to have been included in Form IV. when King Wenceslas was making his return to the Chancellor of the Exchequer? Mrs. Sidney Webb and Mr. Bernard Shaw could, perhaps, answer these important questions. I realise too deeply that "King Wenceslas" is an *immoral* carol. It ought not to be sung by young children, Boy Scouts, or future members of the Agenda Club. The temptations to repeat history, even in Hyde Park, are too many. Mudie should withdraw it from circulation.

**A True Ghost Story**

Among the "old" Christmas customs I am glad to see abandoned is that of singing carols on a wet doorstep, particularly when they are rendered by little females with squeaky voices from a Nonconformist chapel, and aged dotards who ring the bell in peremptory manner after rehearsing the eleemosynary weaknesses of Wenceslas. In the country, where the voices have been trained, the performance is pleasing enough. Then I regret the decline of the time-honoured ghost story. I must inflict my only one on "Bystanders." Its truth is vouched for by my friend, Mr. Harry Melville. It occurred in 1909. Mr. Melville, who is of dauntless courage, was spending Christmas with friends, who warned him, with true old English hospitality, that he would have to occupy the haunted room. All went well, as they say in railway accidents, until Mr. Melville was asleep. He was woken by the door opening and becoming conscious that a figure had entered the room. Suddenly he felt a small, light-weighted object put on his legs. He held his breath, thinking a practical joke was being played. The figure retired an instant, then returned. Another weight was deposited on the coverlet. This operation was repeated for half an hour, until he was covered with various unknown objects of unknown specific gravity. From presence of mind or from frozen terror, he is unable to say which, he never stirred, though he remained awake for the rest of the night. His phantom visitor had done his dread work, whatever it might be. When dawn broke he found that the butler, walking in his sleep, had laid the four-posted bed with a dinner-service of twenty-four *couverts!*

**Result of the Snow Legend**

Modern Christmas was, of course, invented by Charles Dickens, and he secularised the feast, introducing a sentiment into Christmas journalism that you cannot find in our earlier literature. The Prince Albert introduced Christmas-trees from Germany. And Washington Irving, the American writer, did a good deal towards building up a legend about what hardly existed in fact with his "delightful Old Christmas" and "Bracebridge Hall." Looking back on a series of rather muggy days I have often wondered what was the origin of the legendary snow on December 25. How often can my readers remember any on that day. If snow falls before the end of December, it always melts on the 24th. The Christmas-card seemed to me a terrible pictorial lie. In the ninth year of my life I began to lose my faith in the supernatural, simply because there was no frost or snow on December 25. Robins, fairly plentiful some days before, invariably disappeared with the thaw. Fearful lest my brothers and sisters should also begin to disbelieve, I resorted to what I think was a pardonable piece of clerical thaumaturgy. I tamed a robin in the early spring, and taught it to come every morning to the schoolroom window for food. On Christmas Eve, I prepared a log of wood, sprinkling it with mica and salt to simulate frost. Next morning, everyone thought or pretended to think, the thermometer had fallen below zero in the night, and the robin duly turned up for his crumbs. It was most impressive; the only Christmas-card Christmas of my life. It ended in tragedy. The robin, who obviously entered into the spirit of the thing, became rather reckless, and while we were at church (there was the wound) made to the cat some sort of Christmas overtures, which were misunderstood. I never said prayers for at least six months afterwards.

**Æsthetic Christmas**

In the eighties the robin and frosted log of wood almost disappeared from "Christmas Greetings." It was the full tide of the æsthetic movement when Marcus Ward produced the prettiest cards I ever remember. All attempts at snow scenes were abandoned, and ladies of the Burne-Jones type were depicted wandering about charming gardens playing on dulcimers, shawms, and other mediæval instruments. I suppose these were a development of Mr. Walter Crane's toy books. Those were the greatest joy of my childhood. I have preserved them to this day. No children's picture-books ever come up to their standard. The more expensive, more elaborate gift-books of to-day appear too sophisticated. The artists think more of their drawings, and how they will look at exhibitions, than whether they will please children. "King Lucky Boy," "Blue Beard," "The Yellow Dwarf," "The Baby's Opera," "Pan Pipes," and a host of others can never be surpassed, at least, in my affections. Child literature has, however, developed, and under the scholarly guidance of Mr. Andrew Lang, every child can become a potential member of the folk-lore society.

**Snow and Sentiment**

But who invented the Christmas Supplement? What genius of Fleet Street first saw the possibilities of a Christmas number? Any picture of more than usually revolting sentimentality at the Spring Exhibition of the Academy was sure to appear "come Christmas," as they used to say, though I never heard anyone say it. Summer scenes were reserved for soap advertisements. Winter motives for Christmas

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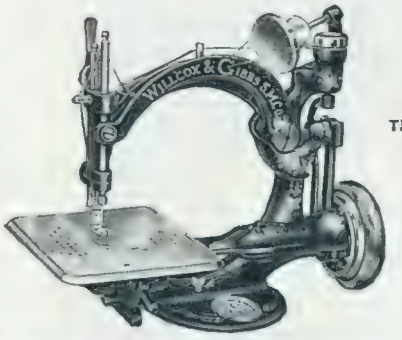


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Supplements. These generally represented rich people in Kate Greenaway costumes, giving away what they didn't want themselves to the poor; or a runaway couple snowed up, or highwaymen robbing the mail. How gay the schoolroom and nursery looked with these bright chromolithographic lies nailed on to the walls. For years I puzzled over the origin of the snow legend at Christmas. The solution dawned on me only the other day.

**A Solution**

It was due to the adoption of the Gregorian calendar in 1751. Before then, Christmas Day fell, as it does still in Russia, on what is now January 6, the Epiphany, when there is a fair chance of snow in some parts of England. The change was regarded with hostility as a Popish innovation by country people, I believe; the inhabitants of Glastonbury being particularly agitated. I suppose everyone knows the beautiful legend about St. Joseph of Aramathea, though less familiar than that of Arthur; how he is said to have brought Christianity to England before St. Augustine, and planted a thorn tree, which still grows among the exquisite but scanty ruins of the Abbey. About Christmas-time the thorn tree really blossoms; that is not a legend. The people of Glastonbury refused to give up the Julian Calendar until they found the tree blooming on December 25. I often wonder why the arrival of St. Joseph in England has not been painted. Blake's engraving is the only picture of the subject I know. Before the Reformation it must have been fairly common, at least in Somerset churches. The old gardener of a school where I successfully evaded education used to repeat a rhyme about the story. I only remember a few stanzas:—

> The Christmas night that Christ was born
> They say the Shepherds piped till morn;
> For Jews who danced upon the corn.
>
> In Palestine the tender wheat
> Can bend no more to the Hebrew feet;
> A stranger sits in David's seat.
>
> At Glastonbury, St. Joseph thorn
> Blooms the night that Christ was born;
> For Jews are dancing in the corn.

The original was, of course, in dialect; but I have not the art of Mr. Hardy to reproduce it faithfully.

**Youthful Sceptics**

In writing about this sacred festival, you must always say that Christmas is not what it was, that children have lost their simple faith in Santa Claus. What has really happened is that children have given up pretending to believe in an old gentleman of suspiciously German origin in order to please their parents. All good children now reject toys that are not made in England, or from which the foreign labels have been removed. I sent one of my god-children last Christmas a toy Dreadnought, which I purchased in Nuremberg. I learnt he would not play with it, and, after breaking it carefully, sent it to the Children's Hospital for Incurable Diseases. This imperialism in the nursery shows what a great influence Mr. Rudyard Kipling is exercising on the coming generation.

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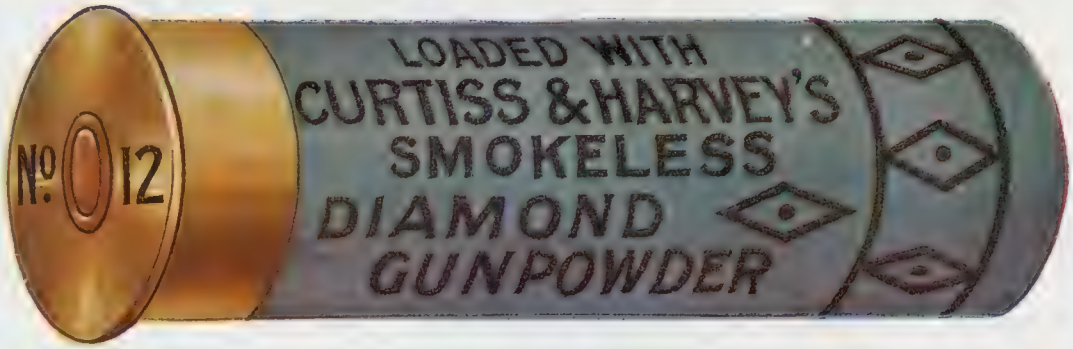


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# Some Christmas Books

PUBLISHERS are once again busy over their Christmas books, and the usual influx of all sorts and sizes of volumes is filling the reviewer's room. Every year these productions are becoming more marvellous, and many of them are ridiculously cheap. Take, for instance, *The King Who Never Died* (A. and C. Black: 3*s.* 6*d.*). This is a volume of tales of King Arthur, by Dorothy Senior. Boys and girls, and, indeed, many grown-ups, will follow his adventures with breathless interest, so racily told are they. There are eight illustrations by Frank Watkins, beautifully reproduced in colour. Altogether a sumptuous volume for three-and-six.

One of the illustrations, in colours, by Christopher Clark, R.I., from "Under the Red Rose," by Escott Lynn (Cassell: 5*s.*). This is a splendid story for boys of the Wars of the Roses

### Adventure Books

Messrs. Henry Frowde and Hodder and Stoughton's name stands for rattling good adventure books at Christmas-time. They always seem to know just what will appeal to young folk. *The Spy* (6*s.*) is a tale of the Peninsular War told in Captain Charles Gilson's best style, with illustrations in colour by Cyrus Cuneo. Herbert Strang is responsible for two excellent volumes, published by this firm, entitled *Round the World in Seven Days* (3*s.* 6*d.*), an aeroplaning story, and *The Adventures of Dick Trevanion*, a rattling yarn of the smuggling days. Both volumes are illustrated in colour.

### A Sequel to "Mike"

P. G. Wodehouse has regaled us with a sequel to his fine Public School story, *Mike*. It is entitled *Penrith in the City* (A. and C. Black: 3*s.* 6*d.*), and is told with all the author's accustomed humour. *The Boy's Life of Greatheart Lincoln, the Martyr President*, by W. Francis Aitken (Partridge: 2*s.* 6*d.*), should find a place on every boy's bookshelf. It is the life story of the courageous President Lincoln, and will appeal directly to the heart of the British lad. The volume is well illustrated.

### Herbert Strang's Annual

This year's edition of *Herbert Strang's Annual* is more elaborate than ever. It is well worth double the five shillings charged. Here are a few notable names of authors and artists taken at random from the index: Desmond Coke, Captain Gilson, D. H. Barry, C. E. Brock, Cyrus Cuneo, and T. H. Robinson. There are many illustrations finely reproduced in colours and in black-and-white. The publishers are Henry Frowde and Hodder and Stoughton. Raphael Tuck and Sons are responsible for a charming edition of *Alice in Wonderland* (3*s.* 6*d.* net). It is beautifully illustrated in colour and black-and-white by Mabel Lucie Attwell, who has done her work extremely

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Every copy costs more than 6d. to produce, enormous as the edition is, but it pays us in other ways—that is, by popularising the name.

This year's Stories are by Geo. R. Sims, Max Pemberton, W. Pett Ridge, "Dick Donovan," and Barry Pain, and are of absorbing interest and great variety, while the artistic contributions are of supreme excellence. An entirely new feature is also introduced, giving the words and music of the old Hunting Song, "JOHN PEEL," comprising four pages with coloured humorous pictures of the highest merit.

PEARS' ANNUAL for 1910, indeed, will be acknowledged to be of greater all-round attraction than any of its 19 predecessors. It is pre-eminently

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# A Pick-me-up for "Pickwick"

## VICTORIAN ARTISTS SUPERSEDED BY MR. FRANK REYNOLDS

DICKENS has been rediscovered, and by Mr. Frank Reynolds, R.I. Too long has the master laboured under the disadvantage of being poorly illustrated. Seymour, Phiz, and Cruickshank, always overrated, have now been finally and completely smothered. Let us hope that no further editions of Dickens illustrated by these uninspired draughtsmen will be published.

What would Dickens have said had he been privileged to see these illustrations to *The Pickwick Papers* by Frank Reynolds, issued by that most ambitious and successful firm, Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton? Only the real Dickens-lover can estimate the amount of satisfaction that the immortal novelist would have derived from the perusal of this gorgeous volume. Never till now have the characters of the most entertaining humorous novel ever written been properly depicted by the brush. Mr. Reynolds's paintings bring to the eye the characters that Charles Dickens presented to the mind.

As a rule, the student of classic books resents their illustration. He sees the well-loved characters in his mind's eye. He has formulated his own pictures, and those put on canvas by another man rarely chime with his. Only once in a decade is an artist found who can do justice to the creations of a literary genius. Artists are rarely literary men in the real sense, and are more inclined to recreate than loyally to present the creations of their collaborators.

Mr. Reynolds has long been known as one of our finest artists in black-and-white, and excellent though some of his colour-work has also been, one hardly anticipated so complete a triumph as he has secured with these illustrations to *Pickwick*. Not a single picture in the volume but has outstanding merit. One's ideas of the characters must, of course, occasionally clash with those of Mr. Reynolds, but the Dickens lover who can refrain from a gasp of admiration before such drawings as those of Mr. Wardle, Jingle, Sergeant Buzfuz, and Mr. Weller, sen., has not read his *Pickwick* aright.

Arabella Allen: One of Mr. Frank Reynolds's Illustrations to a New Edition of "Pickwick"

"One black-eyed young lady, in a very nice little pair of boots with fur round the top, was observed to scream very loudly when Mr. Winkle offered to help her over." (Reproduced by kind permission from *The Pickwick Papers*, by Frank Reynolds, R.I. Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton: 15s. net)

Mr. Wardle is painted as he was, a fine old English gentleman a typical John Bull, the picture of healthy manliness. Into the portrait of Jingle the artist has introduced all that staccato worthy's humour and impudence. Buzfuz is the outrageous caricatur of a counsel that Dickens himself drew, and Mr. Weller is the jolly stage coachman of the story to the life.

One might write in detail of every one of these fine pictures, but sufficient has been said to show that Mr. Reynolds's work is worthy of the great story he has illustrated, and there can be no higher praise than that.

# Serving a Double Purpose

"Christmas Dinner? Yus, 'ere y'are. And yer can warm yer 'ands on it fust"

*BY PHILIP BAYNES*

well. Here we see pictured our old friends, from Alice down to the White Rabbit, just as we have always imagined them.

### A Good Selection

*A Book of Nimble Beasts*, by Douglas English, plentifully illustrated with photographs taken by the author (published by Mr. Eveleigh Nash at 6s.), is one of the successes of the Christmas book season. The stories are delightfully told, and the pictures are beyond praise. Nothing better in the way of illustrating animal stories has been seen for years. *Little Plays for Little People*, pictured by Millicent Sowerby, and written by Githa Sowerby (Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton), is an ideal gift for a little girl of six to twelve years of age. The plays are very prettily written, and the illustrations uncommonly clever. The "get-up" of the book is most dainty. *Picnic Fairy Tales*, by E. Tattersall, with original illustrations by Bertha Greatbach (Elliot Stock: 2s. 6d.), is a charming gift-book. These fairy stories for the children are written in a fresh, interesting, and pleasing style, and will be welcomed by both young and old alike. They will prove especially useful in carrying with them some pure and direct lessons. *Teddy and Trots in Wonderland* (Messrs. Ward, Lock: 3s. 6d.) is by Agnes Grozier Herbertson. Last year this story came out in the Wonder Book, and was so much appreciated by the children that this year it has come out in a book by itself. The twenty-seven clever illustrations in black and white are by Thomas Maybank.

**"All the ladies were Blue-China ladies, and they were drinking tea in the most natural way in the world"**

One of Mr. Maybank's delightful illustrations to *Teddy and Trots in Wonderland*, by Agnes Grozier Herbertson. (Ward, Lock: 3s. 6d.)

### For the Very Young

Messrs. Longmans, Green and Co. are publishing a cheaper re-issue of their well-known "Golliwogg" Series of books for children, by Florence K. and Bertha Upton. I have received one of these, the first of the series, *The Adventures of Two Dutch Dolls and a Golliwogg*, and which originally appeared in 1895. The verses and quaint pictures in colour will appeal to all young folk, and the price is now but 2s. 6d. Dean's Real Life Series comprise volumes of coloured representations of animals, and are issued at 1s. each.

### For Boys and Girls

*Pepper and Co.*, by Esther E. Enock (Partridge: 2s.), comes into this category. It is a brightly written story, with just that touch of bathos which, somehow, always seems to appeal to young people. The book is well illustrated in black and white by Gertrude A. Steel. Mention must be made of two other books published by the same firm. *The Probationer*, by A. M. Irvine (2s. 6d.), is a story that will make very many girl friends, and *The Secret Man*, by Tom Bevan (2s. 6d.), will thrill every boy who reads it, such a racily told narrative is it. Both volumes are illustrated. *The Raft in the Bush*, by Ethel Turner (Ward, Lock), is a story of quite another kind. But the adventures of King Billy and his animal acquaintances will delight both


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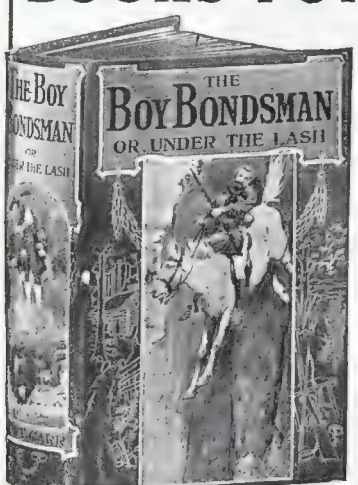


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young and old, in spite of the fact that the book is intended for children. *The Chronicles of the Court* is also contained in this volume. The illustrations are delightful, many of them being by H. C. Sandys, sure evidence of their value.

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Many new volumes of these excellent indestructible "Rag Books" have been published. They make ideal presents for the very young, if only for the reasons that the colours used are fast and the books are washable. They are therefore hygienic and free from possibility of conveying infection. Another recommendation is that they are entirely of British manufacture. They can be obtained at prices ranging from *6d.* to *6s.*, and they may truly be termed the Child's Friends. Illustrations taken from two of these books will be found on this page.

**Beautiful Books**

We are glad to see that Messrs. A. and C. Black have at length given us *Australia* (*20s.* net) in their "Beautiful Books" series. The illustrations in colour have been painted by Percy F. S. Spence, and the letterpress is by Frank Fox. Australia lends itself well to a volume of this description, there is so much that is picturesque for the painter's brush to feast on. To use the publishers' words, Mr. Spence has given a fine series of characteristic pictures, steeped in the bright sunshine of Australia, and full of vivid suggestions of its curious life; while Mr. Frank Fox, well known as a writer on Imperial subjects, has written a thoughtful and at the same time piquant study of Australian social, political, and industrial conditions. Altogether a volume to possess, and one that would make an ideal Christmas gift. *Malta* is another recently issued book in the series. The price is *7s. 6d.* net. Signor Vittorio Boron has painted some delightful

*(Continued on page 546)*

The poor little baby began to cry
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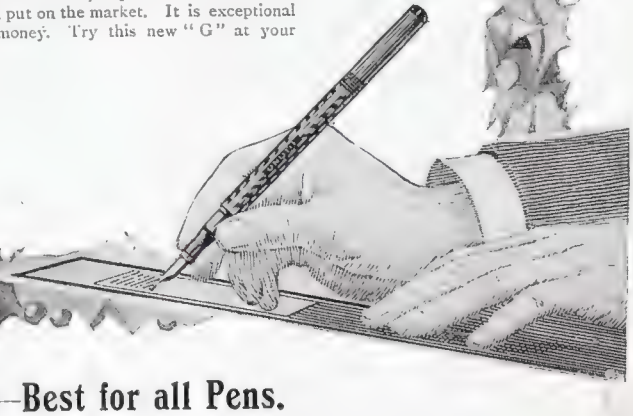

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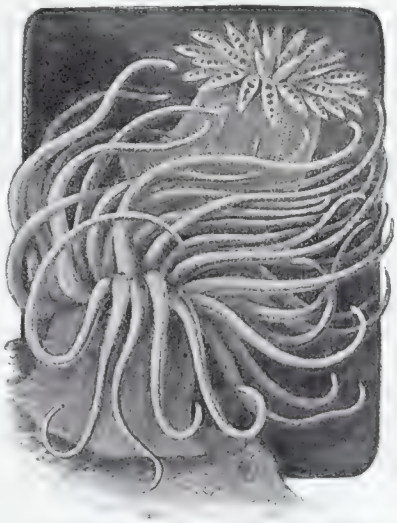
pictures, especially interesting being those entitled "Fort Ricasoli," "A Corner of the Church of San Francesco in Valetta," "Sliema," "The Procession of the Festa di San Giovanni," and "A Solitary Valley, Gozo." The letterpress is by Frederick W. Ryan. The same publishers are responsible for the "Peoples of Many Lands" series. The first of these, *The People of Egyyt*, by Lance Thackeray (5*s.* net), is to hand, and contains thirty-two illustrations in colour and thirty-two drawings in black and white.

### "Chums" for 1910

*Chums* for 1910 (Messrs. Cassell: 8*s.*), now the official organ of the Boy Scouts, is filled from cover to cover with rattling yarns, thrilling adventures, heroic deeds, by Boy Scouts and others. The pictures alone provide a source of excitement only equalled by the stories themselves. There are adventures in the air, on land and sea, stories of fearful fights, mysterious adventures, and amusing school yarns—in fact, everything that delights the heart of any boy. The youngster who gets *Chums* for a Christmas present should think himself more than lucky. *The Girl's Realm*, published by the same firm, is also a splendid gift-book for girls.



**Gem Pimplet, upper figure. Opelet, lower figure**

A reproduction of one of the many interesting illustrations from *By Summer Seas and Flowery Fie'ds*, by T. Carreras (Partridge: 2*s.* 6*d.*)—a delightful nature book

### A Sumptuous Volume

*The Wild Beasts of the World*, by Frank Finn, B.A. (Oxon), F.Z.S., is illustrated with 100 drawings in colour by Louis Sargent, Cuthbert E. Swan, and Winifred Austin (Messrs. T. C. and E. C. Jack: 7*s.* 6*d.* net). Mr. Finn's treatment of the different animals dealt with is scientific as well as popular, and the information supplied is quite abreast of the latest discoveries concerning their character and habits. The illustrations are excellent, and of an altogether different character from those generally attached to popular works on natural history.

### "T.P.'s Magazine" Christmas No.

The price of the Christmas Number of *T.P.'s Magazine* remains at 6*d.* Among the numerous and interesting features which it contains is a magnificent art supplement, fully illustrating the Turner Collection at the Tate Gallery. Never before has so fine an array of Turner's masterpieces been presented in a popular magazine. Special art paper and carefully selected art brown ink have been used, and useful notes on the thirteen masterpieces of Turner reproduced are given.

### Old Dutch Masters

A really splendid series of old pictures, in the shape of reproductions of Dutch masters in the original colours, is now being offered for subscription in monthly parts by the Anglo-Dutch Fine Art Company, of 7-8, Railway Approach, London Bridge. It comprises exact copies of many of the finest examples of Dutch art, and this is very important, each part is accompanied by a descriptive text by W. Steenhoff, of the Rijksmuseum, at Amsterdam. To all lovers of art this is a quite exceptional opportunity. The advertisement appears on another page.

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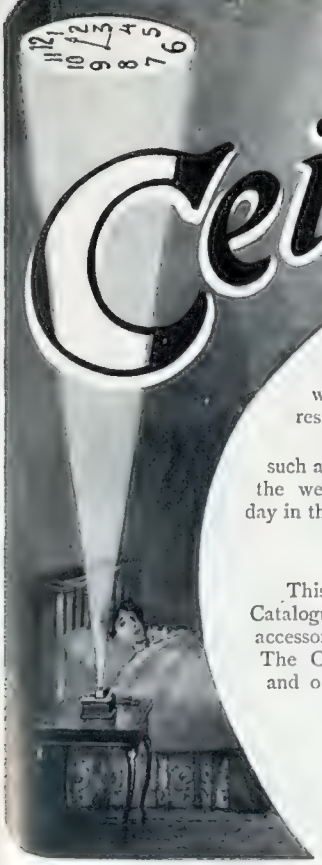

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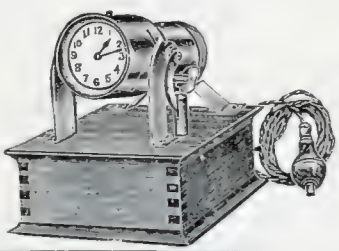

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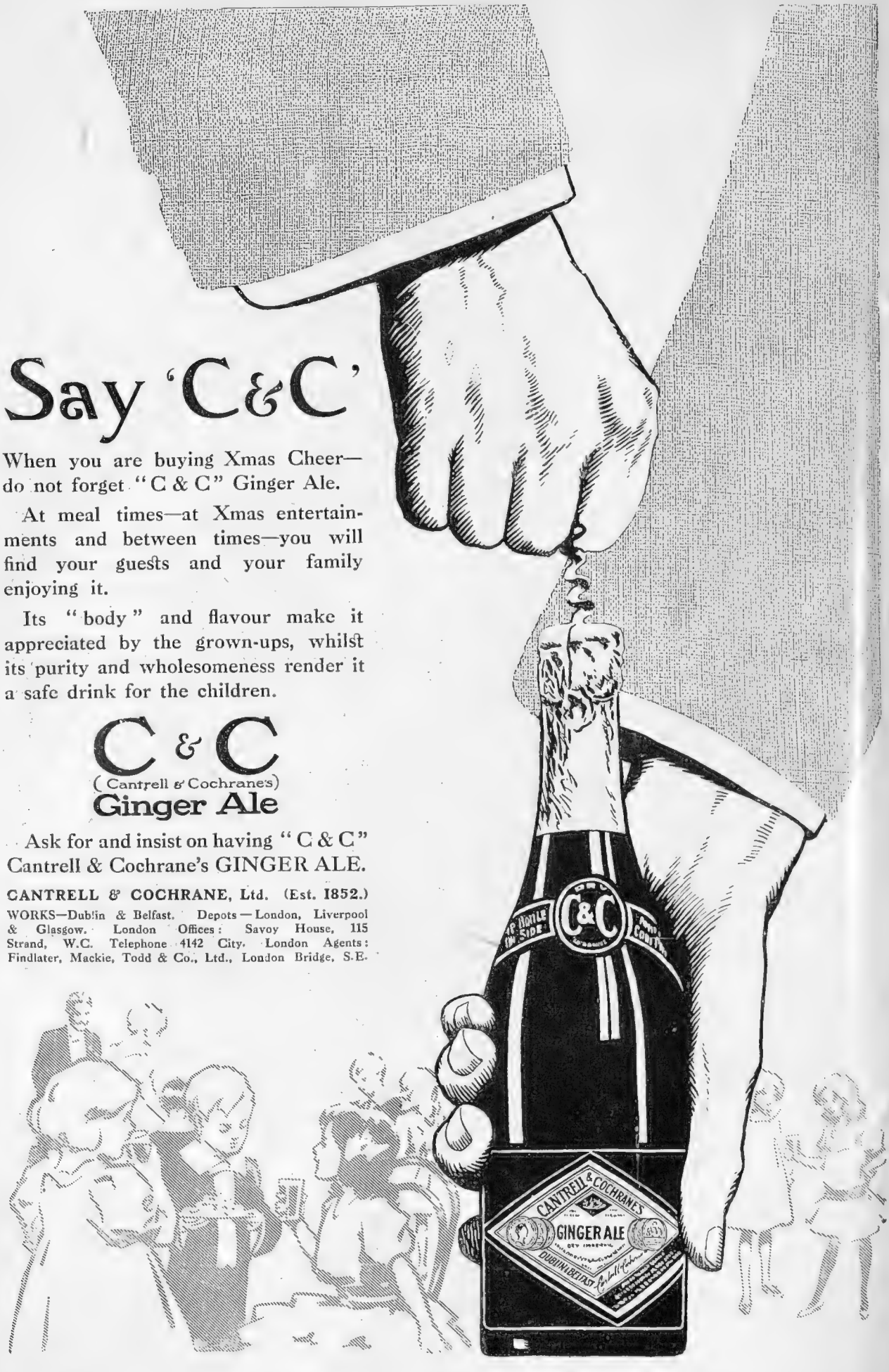

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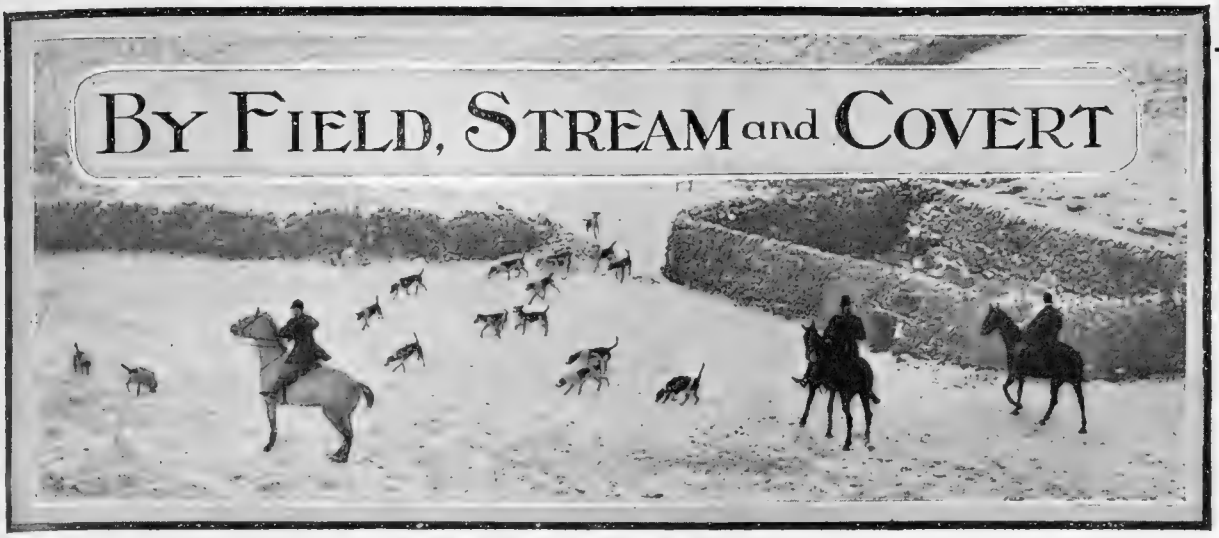

**A Seasonable Picture : Hounds Hunting in the Snow**

Usually hunting is abandoned when snow is on the ground, but M.F.H.'s sometimes take their hounds out for hunting in the woodlands under these wintry conditions

**Hunting at Christmas-Time**

Disregarding the old saying that a green Yule makes a fat churchyard, a theory which has long since been refuted, hunting people will be devoutly hoping for open weather at Christmas-time. Many who get only a few chances of hunting look forward eagerly to a day or two with the hounds at this time of the year. Undergrads from the 'Varsities, boys home from school, men from the Services on leave, business people spending a happy holiday with their country cousins—all these help to swell the hunting field at Christmas-time. Every available hunter and pony is pressed into service for the use of Christmas guests, and let us hope that there will be a seasonable relaxation of horrid regulations in hunts where the grim capping system is usually enforced. Let us hope, too, that the Scrooges of the hunting field will be tolerant of the boys and girls, even if they do happen now and again to choke the gaps with their nippy ponies or cause confusion at the gates. Old misanthropes have been heard to say that the air "reeks with the smell of buns" at the meet of hounds at Christmas-time, but surely that is the wrong spirit. For the boys of to-day are the men of to-morrow, and we must encourage the young blood if we want the fine old sport of fox-hunting to continue in prosperity.

*Photograph L. Willoughby*

**The Marquis of Zetland**

Who has resigned the Mastership of the famous pack of foxhounds which bear his name. A great effort is being made to induce the popular M.F.H. to withdraw his resignation

**Other Country Sports**

Shooting people, for their part, want bright, crisp weather—not too cold, for frozen fingers mean bad marksmanship, nor yet too warm or muggy, for the birds hardly ever fly well on dull, cloudy days. When there is a touch of frost in the air the old cock pheasant will sail superbly over the guns, and nothing is better for Christmas covert-shooting than a bright sun following a cold snap. When Yuletide is accompanied in the old-fashioned way by heavy snow and severe weather there is still good sport to be derived from rough shooting.

A. W. C.

**Selections for Sandown**

"Carbine" writes: "During the present week there promises to be some interesting steeplechasing at several meetings. No doubt the fierce strife now going on in the political world will affect the attendances, but, providing the weather is fairly favourable, there should be a good muster at Sandown Park at the end of the week. Although the fences are necessarily a little artificial, you can usually see better chasing at Sandown than at any other meeting save Liverpool. I do not think that the programme this time is quite of its usual attractiveness, but if the going is on the soft side, there are sure to be large fields for the various events, and I do not suppose that winners will be very easy to find. On the opening day I think **Abelard** may win the Grand Annual Hurdle Handicap, while **Counterpoise**—a smart young horse belonging to Mr. Dermot McCalmont—may prove worth following for the Three-Year-Old Hurdle Race. On the second day **Rory o'Moore** has plenty of weight to carry in the Sandown Handicap Steeplechase, but he seems to represent the best class in the race, and I shall expect him to win. **Eey Falo** is my selection for the December Hurdle Handicap."

# GOLF.

**The Lessons of the Frost**

The Metropolitan golfer is not a favoured mortal during the winter. Either he has to contend with the difficulties of a course which persistent rain has converted into a morass, or he finds it in an iron, frost-bound condition, which makes him think he is playing on a vast and very rough billiard table. One day he has to pitch all his approaches close up to the hole, while the next he must land them forty or fifty yards short of the green if he does not want to see his ball rolling away into the rough yards and yards beyond the further edge of the green. Of the two, the lesser, and at the same time more amusing, evil is the frozen surface. Vast distances can be compassed from the tee, while the judgment required in the short game is very great. At each approach the player has to calculate how short he must pitch his ball to give it a chance of staying on the green. Then, too, the antics of the ball are extremely amusing, more especially if it happens to alight on a frozen worm-cast. The amusement is, as a rule, meted out with an impartial hand by the goddess of luck between two players in a match, so that each party can enjoy in his turn the discomfiture of the other. Again, the value of having to play off frozen tees is very great in teaching a player the immense importance of keeping his body, his legs, and his swing as steady as possible. Furthermore, he will learn fruitful lessons in methods of approaching. He will perforce have to learn how to pick up the ball without taking turf. The mashie must just graze the ground and no more. To attempt to cut out divots in the usual way will only entail disaster. The mashie, or jigger, or iron, as the case may be, will only spring from, or slip on, the frozen surface, and the shot will either be very crooked or horribly topped. On the putting-green, too, the player will learn the valuable lesson of firm, yet controlled, putting. Neither delicacy nor stabbing will be of any use. Unless the ball is hit with a firm swing and a resolute follow through nothing but exasperation and loss of temper will result.

**Better Frost than Mud**

Thus, though the frost may entirely revolutionise the game and make it bear but little resemblance to the real article, yet the player may extract extremely useful lessons from the untoward conditions which confront him. If, therefore, he looks at a hard winter in this light, he will add considerably to such pleasure and interest as the game affords when others desert it for skating and curling. Mud, on the other hand, is a veritable abomination, and brings in its train no counterbalancing virtue of this description. To play on a muddy course is good neither for the player, nor his clubs, nor his golf balls, nor for the course itself. Therefore, as is consonant with the traditional and ideal Christmas, I vote for keen and frosty weather rather than damp and sodden conditions for that undaunted sportsman, the Metropolitan golfer.

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**A Valuable Plant for Late Flowers**

There are so few that will flower late in the year in the open air in this country that any which will do so are especially valuable, and one of the very best is Schizostylis Coccinea. Those who object to this name may call it the Crimson Flag, or the Kaffir Lily, both of which are, at any rate, easier to remember. It is not new, for it was introduced nearly fifty years ago, but it is still far from common. Yet there is no difficulty in its cultivation, for in a fairly warm position and in light, rich, well-drained soil it will grow well without any trouble beyond keeping it free from weeds. A native of the Cape, it is sometimes described as half-hardy, but it will stand an English winter without protection, except in very cold positions, where a little straw or bracken may be laid over the roots. It flowers, according to the locality, in October, November, and sometimes even December, not infrequently when snow is lying on the ground. The schizostylis belongs to the iris family, and the flowers are crimson in colour. It also makes an excellent pot-plant, and by growing it in this way any risk of injury to the flowers by severe weather may be avoided.

H. C. DAVIDSON.


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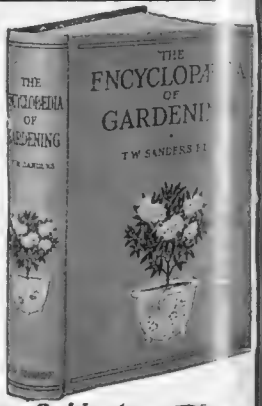


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The most scientific and practical suspender made and by far the most economical.

1. The broad elastic band is tailored to fit the leg quite evenly all round; no drag, no sag.
2. A satin pad just over the supporting clasp removes all pressure and strain.
3. **No Metal Can Touch You.**
4. The "Paris" cannot tear the socks.
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6. See "Paris" inside the Pad.

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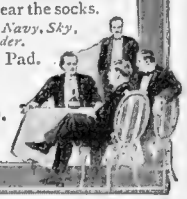

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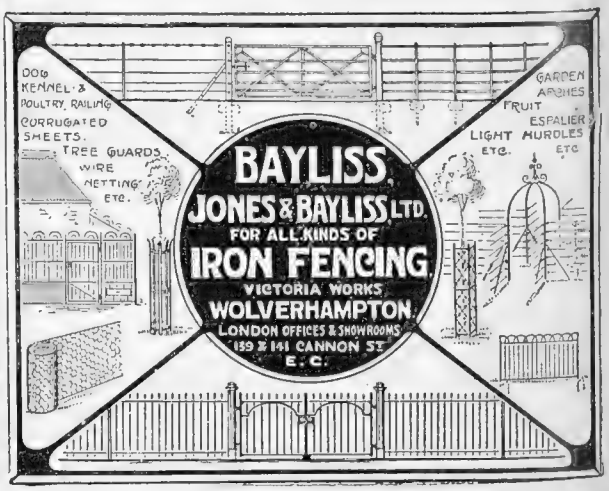

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Perfectly made from the choicest growths of old Virginia Tobacco.

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**Gold Leaf**
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SMALLER SIZES OF PACKING AT PROPORTIONATE PRICES OBTAINABLE FROM ALL TOBACCO DEALERS.

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## XMAS GIFTS

Equally efficient for indoor target practice or for shooting rabbits and feathered pests on farm or orchard.

## B.S.A. Air Rifle

A serious weapon, kills at 50 yards. Prices from 40s. "Adder" pellets 1s. 2d. per 1,000 (1½d. per 100). Perfectly accurate.

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Kills up to 40 yards. Essentially the gun for teaching the young idea. Gun light, recoil light, choked barrel, ejector. Price, 42s. 6d. Model de luxe, 63s.

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**HARBUTT'S PLASTICINE**

Get a Box for Xmas, it will give more interesting amusement and fun to the youngsters than any other toy you can buy. . . . . .

**THE BUILDER BOX.** Ideal Gift for a Boy. With 5 Colours, Brickmaker, Trowel, Tile Cutters, Roller, Too's. etc., etc., and Directions. *Post Free*, 5/6

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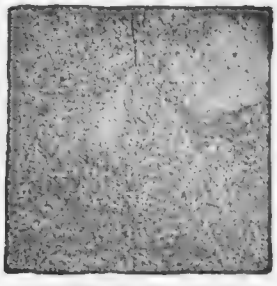
This is

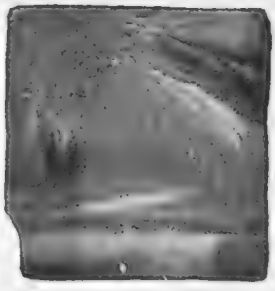
# Material

## to every motor car owner

**and an examination of what we have to tell you on this subject is well worth the time you will employ in its consideration.**



Example 1.



Example 2.

Example 1 is fracture of a forging of crucible chrome-nickel steel not heat treated. Example 2 is a similar forging which has been heat treated.

¶ To show the refinement of the grain in a chrome-nickel steel forging through heat treatment, note these illustrations. It must be remembered that this refinement of grain in the steel through heat treatment means an increase in tensile strength of from 50 to 150 per cent. The fractures here shown are full size—not exaggerated. The finer the grain of steel, the tougher and more reliable the steel.

¶ Note carefully the illustrations. The difference in the toughness, elasticity, and reliabilities of the non-heat treated and heat treated steel is not less marked than the difference in the fineness of the grain shown.

¶ There are few automobile manufacturers equipped to treat their own steel, and none better equipped than The White Company.

## White Cars are Made Right.

Send for our 1911 Catalogues, and learn more about the material from which we manufacture our goods.

**The White Company,**

**Carlow Street, Camden Town, London, N.W.**

(A few yards from the Mornington Crescent Station of the Hampstead-Charing Cross Tube.)

# MOTORING: BY LAND, SEA, and SKY

**Navigating a Paris Boulevard**

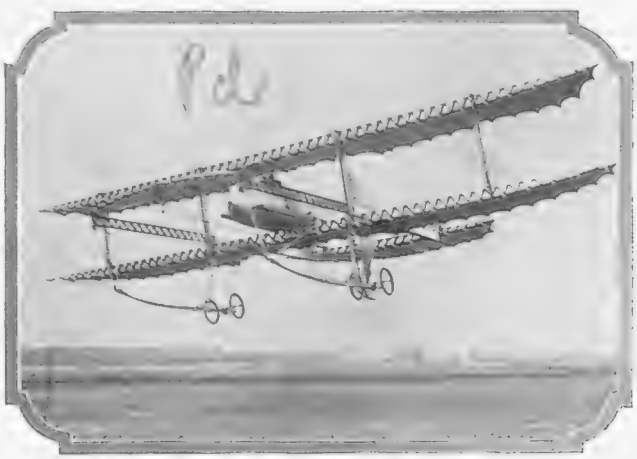
A Daimler passing through Paris during the last floods. The Seine is again rising ominously

**The Season's Salutations**

All to whom these presents shall come, Greek or Hebrew, Christian or Pagan, so that they be motorists—greeting! This number is the harbinger of a festival in which, doubtless, the flow of soul (and other things) is more certain than the feast of reason. But what matters? We have the common interest of the car and the fellowship of the road; these, and if no more, then the secular atmosphere of the season's goodwill, are enough. A plague upon unregenerate Scrooges everywhere. A merry Christmas to all motorists, say I; a merry Christmas and all the luck of the run. Marry and amen!

**'Ware Frost**

But if this should reach the eye of the motoring neophyte whose first winter it is, then take heed how the car is left cold, either during the round of social visits or in the garage at night. Cracked cylinders wait upon frozen water-jackets; and in that is no joy at all, but only a lugubriously long bill. Safety garage stoves cost little, and will keep the temperature of the place well above zero, while if a prolonged stay is made when on a social round, and the car must stand without in the frost, then the engine throttled down to slowest running will keep the water warm at an insignificant cost in petrol. If the engine is stopped, see that it is started up again and run for a few minutes every little while. Only so may the merriness of Christmas be maintained.



**The Paulhan Biplane in Flight**

This new machine is at present under test at St. Cyr. Its performances are being closely followed by the British War Office

**A Yuletide Memory**

May I continue to be seasonable (in anticipation) for yet another paragraph? Then would I eulogise the car as a means to appetite for the groaning board of Yule, and again as an antidote for the physical groanings which may result from Yule. I back it both ways on form—form being the results I have personally secured. (This may properly be labelled a tip from the table.) I remember a Christmas-time when we ran out through the mists of the Thames Valley by an iron-bound road that brought us presently to Ripley and some meteorological clarity. A great red sun just served to light the hoar on tree-limb and scrub, and jewel the frozen fields. On about a three-mile distant horizon the mist still lay low, and through it ghostly poplars flung up frightened arms to heaven.

**With Open Throttle**

It was a day of days. We could see the lonely road wriggling away ahead for—for as far as safety required. Police traps? Tut! Was this not the season of goodwill towards men and Christmas-boxes—particularly Christmas-boxes? Besides, the policeman who sat behind a hedge that day hatched out nothing more certain than misery. It was before the tax, and we were prodigal of power—a "forty." It was not the age of luxury, and we were screenless. "She" never ran better than that day, the road was deserted, the Fates propitious. The old Adam stirred

within me—and the throttle gaped wide! Sirs, even now I fear to tell the tale of the speedometer. Perhaps if I confess we exceeded the speed limit it will suffice. A "forty" and an open throttle. Yes, we certainly went more than twenty an hour

**The Car for Christmas**

But the great glad tonic rush of it was fine—fine! The wind that lurked beyond the open heath gathered its icy forces and came rushing to meet us. If we had been clad as scantily as the soul of Kipling's Tomlinson, it would have cut us like a knife even as the wind which blew between the worlds cut him. Instead, it roared a hoarse diapason about our ears and froze up the muscles of our jaws. So that when we came to our journey's end and the feast we must first thaw our faces. And the appetite that followed was disgracefully insatiable. It took a whole Boxing Day run to burn up the waste! Which only shows what a car will do when it has the chance. So let the faint-heart stay sluggish by the fire, but let those who may, take the road in test of the Christmas car. It will brighten the eye, and lighten the heart, and set the blood coursing. Nor need the conditions be Spartan as ours. These are days of screens, and saloon bodies, and warmed foot-plates, and other forms of protection. Add ample clothing, and non-skids for likely grease, and—rest ye merry gentlemen, let nothing (in the weather line) you dismay!

**60 m.p.h. by Motor Sledge**

Constructed for the Grand Duke Cyril of Russia, this sledge, which is built upon a turbine propeller system patented by M. Coanda, is expected to reach a speed of 60 m.p.h. over snow. It is constructed for two persons, and driven by a 6 cylinder thirty h.-p. Gregoire engine

**In Compression**

"Why a White?" The White Company's catalogues, one descriptive of the White steam car and the other of the White petrol car, explain. These brochures, like the cars themselves, are excellent work. Beautifully produced and amply informative, they are a credit alike to designer, compiler, and printer. The case for the White is set out lucidly, and moderately and interestingly. Before deciding upon the new car, send for these publications.

The reference last week to the motor-bicycle as pioneer among road vehicles propelled by internal combustion engines may be misunderstood. I hasten to anticipate the objection of the historian, from whom, to my surprise, I have not yet heard. The motor-bicycle was certainly of the pioneers, but the first vehicle was, of course, a motor-tricycle. A small amendment, but necessary.

The Automobile Association and the Motor Union have joined forces. This is splendid. The political posters are just now informing us that Unionism is safety. It is—in

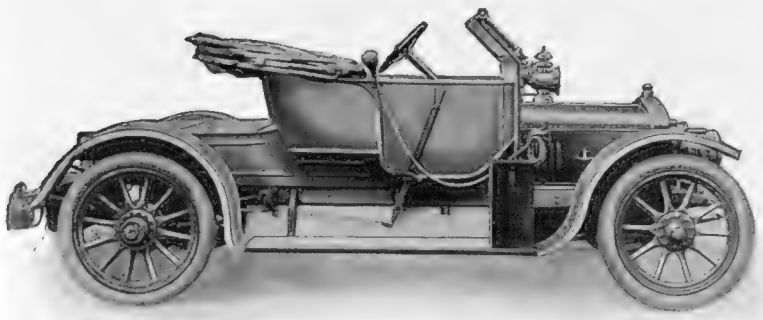
*Dunlop tyres with Pfleumatic filling supplied on demand*

# STRAKER-SQUIRE

BRITISH THROUGHOUT

BRITISH THROUGHOUT

"The Leading FIFTEEN of the year."—*Daily Telegraph.*



Two-seater, complete, ready for road, £395.

STRAKER-SQUIRE (Pleasure Car Dept.) 75, SHAFTESBURY AVENUE, LONDON, W.

## ONE MODEL ONLY

Various Types of Bodies.

## 15 H.P. (Four Cyls.)

Chassis with tyres £325.

Having confined our *entire* efforts during the past FOUR years to the production of the ONE MODEL ONLY, WE NOW CLAIM to have reached THE STAGE OF PERFECTION aimed at in adopting this policy.

## "On the Road's the Proof"

The best reply to all adverse criticism is the simple fact that over 3,500 New Daimlers are now on the road. The owners of these cars are thoroughly satisfied—as proved by the hundreds of voluntary testimonials we have received.

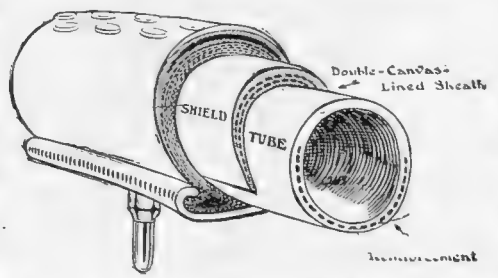
Daimler

THE DAIMLER COMPANY, LIMITED, COVENTRY.

## *The Victor* COMBINATION TUBE

*(Tube and Detachable Shield.)*

Reinforced on rim side, and entirely protected by shield on tread side. Easy to fit, does not creep, and will *outlast many* covers.




As 75% of covers sent for retreading are quite useless for the purpose, we will undertake to substitute a sound cover for the unsound cover sent in FREE—with sender's knowledge and consent, of course. No other firm could offer that advantage. Our system and our retreads will save you 33% as compared with the cost of new tyres.

## The CHALLENGE RUBBER MILLS

Eagle Wharf Road, City Road, LONDON, N.

automobilism. Safety and strength! Long live the new organisation.

Rolls-Royce, Ltd., have invaded France in person. (The car invaded France long ago.) Premises have been taken in the Avenue Hoche (No. 56), close to the Arc de Triomphe, Paris. The car is on exhibition at the Salon, which opened on the 3rd inst. Visitors to this classic Continental motor show are being splendidly catered for by the South Eastern and Chatham Railway. Fast through services at reduced rates have been arranged for the 9th and 10th, either by the short sea route (Dover-Calais), or by way of Folkestone and Boulogne.

An electioneering insurance policy for the car is *very* urgent just now. Members of the Automobile Association have an advantage once again. All A.A. policies have been extended to cover, without addition to present premium, cars used for electioneering purposes. The "accidental damage" section of the policy will also cover wilful and malicious damage over and above £5. Good. Messrs. Morris Crawford and Co., 4, Sackville Street, W., offer to advise any other motorist doubtful of the extent to which protection is afforded by any policy already in existence; or the firm will issue a special electioneering policy at Lloyd's.

**An Olympian Hit**

The 20 h.-p. White Petrol Car which, with a finely designed and finished body, formed one of the attractions of the Motor Show

### Where to Spend Christmas—In Town and Out

If you are spending your Christmas in town, the Hyde Park Hotel is just the place. There is a delightful view of the Park—in fact, there is a balcony overlooking it. Then the hotel contains the finest suites of rooms for balls imaginable, while the catering is excellent. The hotel is a popular resort with fashionable people in London. If, on the other hand, you desire to Christmas by the sea, why not stay at the Hôtel Métropole, Folkestone? The management have made elaborate arrangements for the comfort and amusement of their patrons. On Friday, December 23, there will be a vocal and instrumental concert; on Christmas Eve a Cinderella dance; on Christmas Day a Sacred Concert in the Grand Lounge; and on Boxing Day an entertainment and ball.

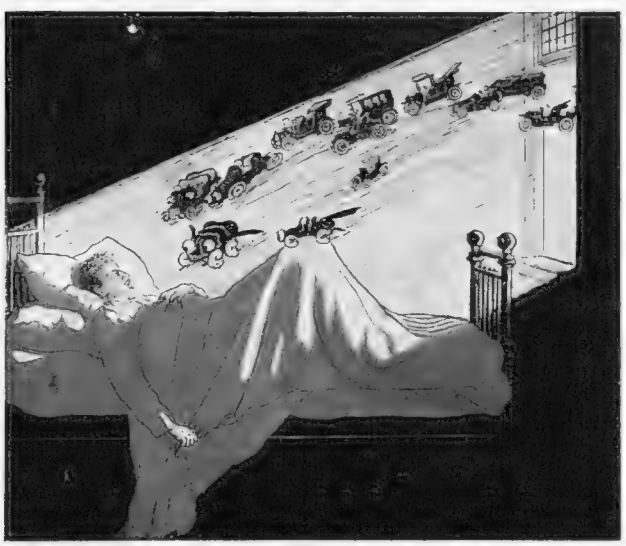

## GLENBURN HYDROPATHIC,
ROTHESAY.

Climate mild and equable. Marine Scenery unsurpassed. Modern House, most Comfortably Furnished, and Beautiful Grounds. First-class Catering. Electric Light. Elevator. Sea water, Turkish and other Baths. 18-Hole Golf Course.
Terms, including Turkish and other Baths, from £2 2s.
For Illustrated Prospectuses apply to Manager.

## DUNBLANE HYDROPATHIC
(PHILP'S), PERTHSHIRE.

A Noted Health Resort, sheltered from East Winds. Most Comfortable Modern House and Lovely Grounds. First-class Catering. Electric Light and Elevator. Excellent Entertainments. Golf Free.
Terms, including Turkish and other Baths, from £2 2s.
Electrical Treatment by Fully Qualified Physician.
For Illustrated Prospectuses apply to Manager.

**The great number of cars now on the market make it almost impossible for the prospective buyer to know which is best suited to his requirements.**



## A NIGHTMARE.

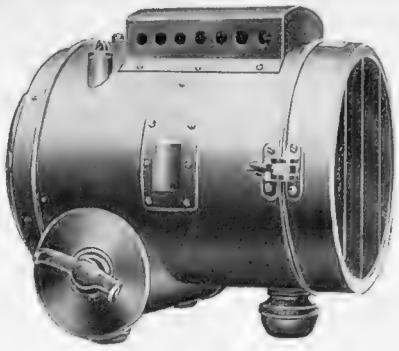
**The awful result of worrying too much about the comparative merits of various cars.**

We have specialised in motors and everything connected with motoring for five years, and have had the pleasure of supplying over 400 cars, including every well-known make. Our reputation has been built up by supplying the make of car our clients prefer—**provided that we know that it is really good value for money and suitable to their particular requirements.** We test every chassis and "tune it up" to perfection, supervise the body-building, and take the greatest pains to see that every detail is exactly as required.

If you will let us know what kind of work your car will be called upon to do we shall be pleased to send specifications of the makes and types of car which we know will be suitable, together with copies of letters from many satisfied clients.

## THE BROMPTON MOTOR Co., Ltd., 78, Brompton Road, S.W.

Telephone—Kensington 3280 (4 lines). Showrooms—BASIL STREET, S.W. Works—CHEVAL PLACE, S.W.



# Dunhill's Baby "Dreadnought."

**A small edition of the famous "DREADNOUGHT" Headlight.**

This, the smallest of the "DREADNOUGHTS," is a headlight of exceptional power, with a range of 120 feet. The construction is of the simplest, the working parts being readily accessible and cleaned at once with a wire.

***PRICE 5 GUINEAS.***

## DUNHILL'S

359-361, EUSTON ROAD, LONDON, N.W.
2, CONDUIT STREET, LONDON, W.

MANCHESTER: 88, Cross Street. GLASGOW: 72, St. Vincent Street.

**All that is best in Motor Clothing and Accessories.**
WRITE FOR CATALOGUES.

Telephone: 327 MAYFAIR. ESTAB. 1886. Telegraphic Address: "EVANOPLIS, LONDON."

## W. EVANS & Co. 287, REGENT ST., (A few doors from Oxford Circus) LONDON, W.

The "Regent" Morning Coat Suit
From 5 Guineas.

The "Regent" Club or Theatre Suit.
From 4½ Guineas.

The Jodpore Breeches-Trousers.
From £2 5 0

Breeches.
From £1 15 0

The *Field*, Aug. 13, 1910, states: "We have already drawn attention to the breeches made by Messrs. Evans & Co., which combine tightness at the knee with general comfort all over. During the last few days we have been riding on alternate afternoons in a pair of the Jodpore riding trousers made by Messrs. Evans & Co., which were made for us in fine elastic whipcord. They certainly answer every purpose which they claim, and should be most serviceable to men who are on and off a horse all day with jobs of other kinds in between of a kind which would make high boots inconvenient. The problem of the cut must be extraordinarily difficult, but it has been very cleverly solved, and the garment is as loose above the knee as it is close fitting beneath it. The shape will be well known to Anglo-Indians, and should be appreciated by a wider public."

**Large Stock of Fleece and Friezes for Motoring; also large Stock of Irish and Scotch Tweeds, Serges, Cheviots, Homespuns, Whipcords, Trouserings, Drills, Flannels, &c., always in Stock, for Home, Colonial, and Foreign wear.**

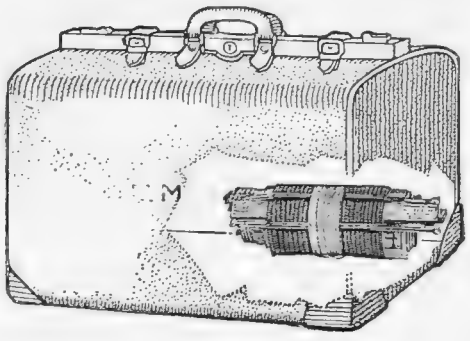
Patterns post free to those who are unable to call, and a good fit is guaranteed either from our easy self-measurement form, or by sending garments as a guide for size.

**287, REGENT ST., W.**

# A Really Useful Xmas Present—for a Man.

"At Christmas there is always much agitation in the family circle as to what present is likely to be acceptable to the male members of the family. We can imagine no more practical gift than a 'Traveller,' nor one that will bring more satisfaction in use to the fortunate recipient."

—*The Strand Magazine*, December, 1908.



## THE 'TRAVELLER'

### Trousers Stretcher & Press.

Patent No. 22640 .....And in U.S.A.

**Weighs but 1½lbs., and takes no more room in a bag than a pair of boots.**

## 10/6

Carriage Paid in United Kingdom.

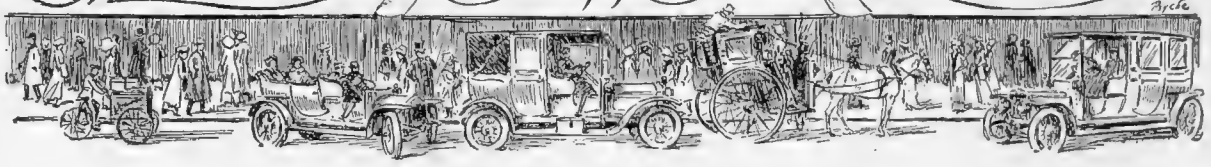
This press will keep trousers in perfect shape just as well as the cumbrous Wooden Press—and when a man Travels, on Business or on Holiday, he can slip it in his bag to ensure his good appearance whilst away from home. Even if three Pairs of Trousers be inserted the result is perfectly satisfactory. It is the only press properly fitted for All-round use—Home or Travel.

**Full particulars on application.**

T. M. Lewin, 18 Jermyn St. LONDON, W.

W.E.S.

# Christmas Shopping Notes.

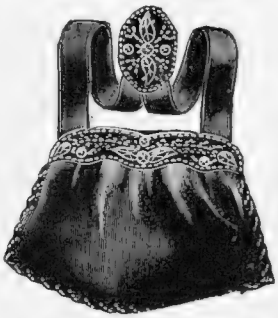


By MRS. JACK MAY

**Shoolbred, Tottenham Court Road**

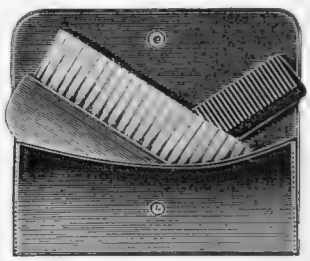
It would take a very tome to exhaust the Yuletide gift possibilities at Shoolbred's. Indeed, the catalogue the firm have issued in connection with this festive season's show may, in a mild degree, be termed a tome. It is full to repletion with suggestions both original and serviceable, many old friends with fresh faces arresting the eye, as, for example, an artistic little timepiece. This is of polished mahogany, effectively inlaid, and has an eight-day cylinder movement, a thoroughly reliable piece of mechanism, and only 17*s.* 6*d.*

The furniture department, always prolific at this moment in tempting needs, is responsible for that two-fold fire-screen. This may be had in mahogany, oak, or walnut, fitted with plate-glass panels and reversible hinges, and presents itself as an unusually handsome gift at the accessible outlay of 37*s.* 6*d.* It is very rarely that a small coffee-table is a misplaced gift, these handy little pieces meeting, additionally to the initial service, the latter-day fancy for scattering about a drawing-room rare editions and the papers of the week. More ambitious is the two-tier table with movable tea-tray, fitted with a plate-glass bottom, a strikingly elegant drawing-room adjunct, and most moderately priced. And at Shoolbred's there is an abundance of choice in similar useful offerings.

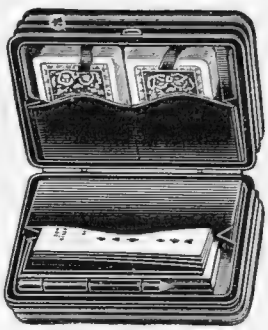


Black Satin Bag, with Bead Framework, at 3s.

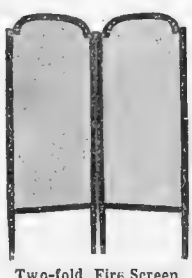
CHRISTMA'S NOVELTIES AT SHOOLBRED'S



A Flat Travelling Hair Brush and Comb, in Morocco Case. A bargain at 3s. 3d.



Poker Patience Case, in straight-grain Roan, containing two packs of cards, scoring blocks, and rules. Price 8s. 6d.



Two-fold Fire Screen, fitted with plate-glass panels and revers 2ft. 9in. high by 14in. wide, in Mahogany, Oak, or Walnut. Price 37s. 6d.

A Carved Damascus Coffee Table. Prices from 10s. to 25s.

A present assured of popularity, both by reason of its price and usefulness, is the neat telephone directory and message book, of polished roan leather, fitted with a flat steel spring for pencil, a remarkable production for 6*s.* Anyone short of time, and there are likely to be many in that predicament, owing to the General Election, might go further and fare very much worse than by laying in a stock of these telephone adjuncts and distributing them right and left.

Poker Patience, perhaps one, if not the most popular games of the moment—apart from bridge—finds illustrative suggestion among the groups, two packs of cards, scoring-blocks, and rules being handsomely and compactly encased in roan leather for 8*s.* 6*d.* Bridge-boxes of every size, dimension, and price are legion, a capital gift also being the "Lady Decies" travelling card-table, fully equipped for bridge, and weighing only 4lb. This is a capital gift at 1 gn. Another most comprehensive display is provided in bags, practical and fanciful, evidence of the latter being afforded in a tasteful little black satin bag, mounted in a handsome bead frame, and hook for catching it into the waist-band. These hook bags are quite a departure, and Shoolbred, realising their splendid practicability, are making a speciality of the fancy.

An unrivalled place always is Tottenham House for gifts for men, to which are attached prices of a character to appeal to the thrifty spirit of the other sex. An attaché-shaped leather case, containing four hollow-back ebony brushes and comb, may be mentioned as a case in point, together with that handy roll-up dressing-case in grain leather, while the very latest conception of nattiness is afforded in the flat morocco case depicted, fitted with flat brush and comb, the whole costing the exceedingly moderate sum of 3*s.* 3*d.*

As to that El Dorado of Delight, the children's bazaar, Messrs Shoolbred may be said to have surpassed all previous efforts, the fun and merriment waxing fast and furious here every day.

**Briggs and Sons, 23, St. James's Street** claim early attention. Among the many advantages of dealing with the firm is the equal distribution of choice for both sexes. Those of us who are women, and in distraction over gifts for our menkind, can safely shift the weight of selection to the shoulders of this premier firm, who, as specialists in umbrellas and *en tout cas*, and everything pertaining thereto, together with sticks and whips, are able to act directly on the merest thread of a suggestion, while they are equally adept where the fair sex is concerned when the potential gift takes the guise of *le dernier cri* in *en cas* or some chaste and beautiful handle.

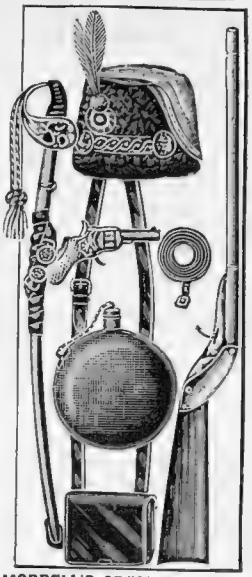
Those of us who follow closely the course of events here are interested to remark how each successive season the fresh departure of the preceding year has settled down into a steady acceptance. Thus is it with the striped bordered silk for *en tout cas*, and certainly will be with the rock crystal ball handle, set within a collar of enamel that picks up the colours of the fancy woven stripe in the silk cover. Each season, also, the firm contrives to add to their selection of really moderately priced offerings, and are running, at the moment, a range of fascinating carved wood mechanical handles, such as a bulldog, who puts out

# Morrell's

## GREAT XMAS DISPLAY

### 368 & 370, OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W.

**MORRELL'S NEW CÆSAR RATTLE.** A unique baby rattle, consisting of 3 miniature plush models of King Edward's favourite dog, attached to ribbons, with bells and bone ring. Price **2/6**; postage 3*d*.



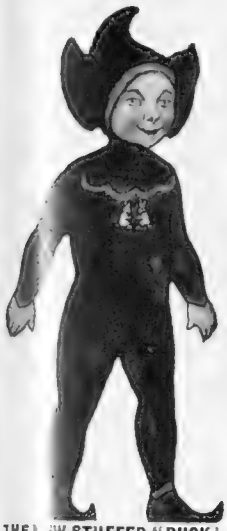
**MORRELL'S SPECIAL SOLDIER SETS.**

Hussar Sets ..**5/6**, **8/6**, and **10/6**
Lancer Set .....**7/9**
Boy Scout Set ....**12/-** complete
Dragoon Sets..**5/6**, **8/6**, and **10/6**
Territorial Set, **8/6** complete

**MORRELL'S GREAT NOVELTY, "THE GOBLIN GOBBLERS."**

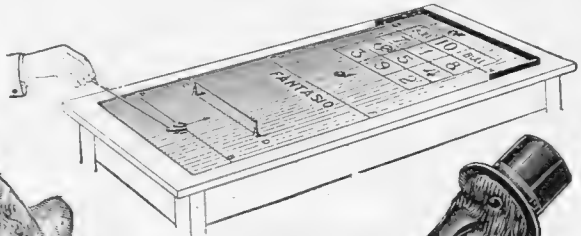
**HUNGRY GILES. BUNKAWALA. GREEDY CHUGGY. DADOOWALA. FESTIVE FROGGY.**

These are the quaintest of all quaint Toys. They actually eat, and are immortalised in the funny **1/-** book, "The Goblin Gobblers," written by J. H. Lockyer Sherratt, and illustrated by the famous humorous artist, Charles Crombie, which is dedicated by the gracious permission of their Serene Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of Teck to their children. By an ingenious device at the back of the head, a child is enabled to make the mouths open and pick up biscuits, fruit, etc., by simply pressing upon the connecting cord. This affords endless pleasure and amusement, and with a little practice the Gobblers can be made to appear grotesquely human. Price **5/9** each.



**THE NEW STUFFED "PUCK" DOLL. CERTIFIED HYGIENIC PUCK.** Price **2/3½**
Master Puck **1/9**
Baby Puck **10½***d*.
Postage 6*d*., 4*d*., and 3*d*.

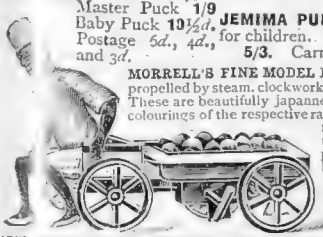
**JEMIMA PUDDLE DUCK.** Toy for children. Prices, **2/3**, **3/6**, and **5/3**. Carriage 3*d*., 4*d*., 6*d*.




**"FANTASIO," THE NEW POPULAR GAME,** which is being played so extensively on board the large Transatlantic liners. A most fascinating and skilful game. Price **30/-**.

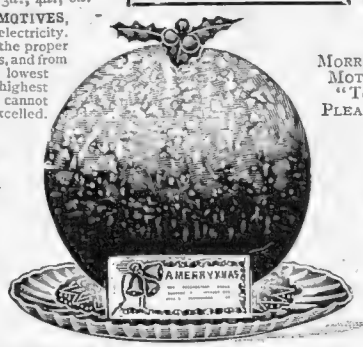
**ALL ORDERS MUST BE ACCOMPANIED BY A REMITTANCE**

**THE NEW ACROBATIC CHIMPANZEE AND BEAR.** The most lifelike toys ever made. By a little manipulation of the handle, as shown in the illustration, the animals can be made to do almost everything, except eat and talk. Prices, chimpanzees, **10/6** and **8/9**; bears, **10/6** and **8/6**



**MORRELL'S FINE MODEL LOCOMOTIVES,** propelled by steam, clockwork, and electricity. These are beautifully japanned in the proper colourings of the respective railways, and from the lowest to highest price cannot be excelled.

**NEW CLOCKWORK FRUITSELLER.** Very funny action. Price **10½d.**; postage 3*d*.




**MORRELL'S SURPRISE XMAS PUDDING.** In appearance, this looks most appetising, but immediately the fork penetrates the inflated rubber skin, the surprise is great. Price **1/-**; postage 2*d*.

MORRELL'S MOTTO "TO PLEASE."

**"JONNIE PENGUIN."** Morrell's Unique Registered Toy, introduced in the famous book, "The Goblin Gobblers." Jonnie is made of nice soft plush, with movable arms and head, and will (in conjunction with the eating dolls, "The Goblin Gobblers") be a nursery favourite for a very long time to come. By simply pressing him he utters a very natural squeak, and with his comical appearance should also find a prominent place amongst

**MOTOR MASCOTS.**
Made in two sizes. Prices **5/9** and **10/6**

**THE NEW ANIMATED BLENHEIM SPANIEL.** To fit over the hand, and made to appear alive by the movement of the fingers. Prices, **1/-**, **1/6**, & **2/6**; postage 2*d*. and 3*d*.

Write for MORRELL'S Grand Illustrated CATALOGUE Sent Post Free to any part of the world.

**MORRELL'S FINE CLOTH ANIMALS.** The strongest soft toys made. Elephants, Camels, Zebras, Giraffes, Lions, Bears, Monkeys, Squirrels, Seals, etc., etc. Chimpanzee, *as illustrated*, **5/11** and **9/6**; postage 6*d*. and 9*d*.

**MORRELL'S MINIATURE CLOCKWORK RABBIT AND CART.** A pretty toy, containing two miniature Teddy Bears. Price **2/9**; postage 5*d*. Smaller size, with one Bear, **1/9**; postage 9*d*.

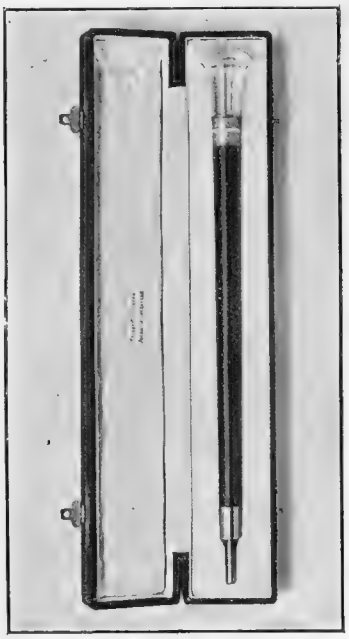
**THE NEW CLOCKWORK HOPPING BIRD.** Price **7½d.**; postage 2*d*.

a vivid little red tongue and wags the head, when a small disc is pushed in the handle.

Messrs. Briggs are just ready with an important development of the sporting seat sticks and umbrellas. During the past two or three years the demand for these has grown so excessive it has taken this firm all their time to keep the supply on an equal level, and after a year's close study an improvement has been made and patented, in which both quality and comfort are immeasurably increased.

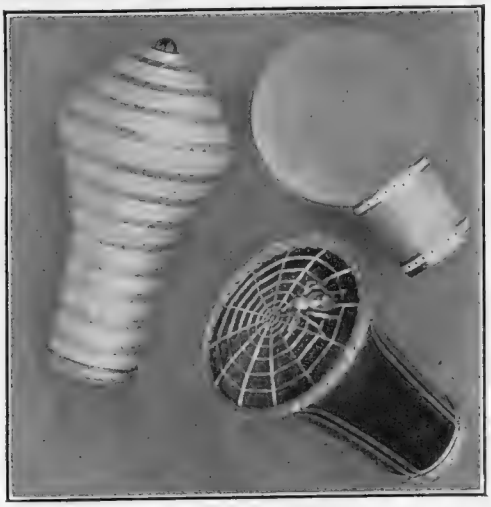
It will be recalled that Messrs. Briggs have establishments in Paris, Nice, Buenos Ayres, etc., and they have recently opened in Johannesburg.

GIFTS AT MESSRS. BRIGGS AND SONS, 23, ST. JAMES'S STREET



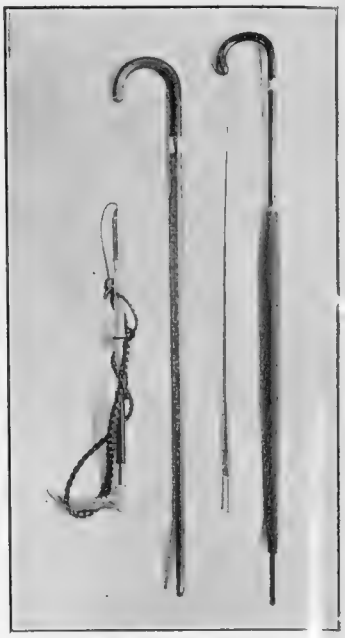
**A Graceful Handle in Case**

One of Messrs. Briggs's beautifully presented screw handles, which can be removed from umbrella to *en tout cas* as circumstances demand. This eminently graceful thing is a faceted crystal, mounted on a snake-wood stem, while the dainty little collar is of peacock-blue enamel. And the cost is but a trifle over 3 gns.



**Three Beautiful Handles**

Three costly suggestions that have recently emanated from the fertile brain here that never ceases evolving fresh and more distracting attractions. A wondrously chaste and delicate piece of workmanship is offered in the trumpet-shaped top of mottled tortoiseshell, worked over with a spider-web of gold wire, in the meshes of which there is held a fly of sapphires and diamonds. An effective crystal handle, in the shape of a ball, fitted into a collar of green enamel, that is worked round the edges with the most infinite delicacy in black and white. Of enamel, in alternate stripes of pale grey and *eau de Nil*, is the curious pear-shaped fancy, a handsome *cabochon* ruby set in the top standing out in flashing contrast to its tender green and grey surroundings



**For Men and Women**

A handsome Hunting Crop, a singularly fine Walking-Stick of mottled malacca, a Ladies' Riding Switch, in connection with which a rhinoceros horn is requisitioned, enhanced by a silver cap, and a ladies' dark blue silk *en cas*, fitted with real rhinoceros horn handle, which is mounted with a tasteful blue enamel collar


A . . .

# XMAS "SWAN"

—the best of all fountain pens—is a gift which is always appropriate.

To intimate friends and one's family it conveys a delightful sense of intimacy — to others it may be friendly or formal. It is valuable, but not too pretentious; neat and practical — and its quality and standing render the gift a thoughtful and neatly expressed compliment.

**Give "Swan" Pens This Xmas!**

The prices are

**£20 down to 10/6**

Made in solid gold mounted with gems, plain gold, rolled gold, silver, vulcanite with gold bands, or simply plain vulcanite. Designs by the dozen to select from. However, every "Swan" is of the "Swan" standard quality and guaranteed.

*SOLD BY STATIONERS AND JEWELLERS.*

**MABIE, TODD & CO., 79 & 80, High Holborn, W.C.**

BRANCHES: 93, Cheapside, E.C.; 95A, Regent Street, W.; 3, Exchange Street, MANCHESTER; 10, Rue Neuve, BRUSSELS; Brentano's, 37, Ave de l'Opera, PARIS; and at NEW YORK and CHICAGO.

**MAY WE SEND OUR XMAS BOOKLET?**

THE
# BYSTANDER
ILLUSTRATED

No. 366.—Vol. XXVIII. Wednesday, December 7, 1910

Telephone: ESTATE AGENTS — **HAMPTON & SONS** — AUCTIONEERS — 37 GERRARD, VALUERS

**ILLUSTRATED LIST** OF COUNTRY ESTATES, RESIDENCES, AND SPORTINGS FOR SALE AND TO BE LET.

*Published in three parts, post free, three stamps each, viz.:—*

(1) LANDED ESTATES. (2) UNFURNISHED HOUSES FOR SALE OR LETTING. (3) FURNISHED HOUSES AND SHOOTINGS.

AN UNDOUBTED BARGAIN.

*Plans of this exceptional House were exhibited in Royal Academy.*

UNSOLD AUCTION LOT AT HALF COST.

Close to 18-hole Golf Course.

**HALF AN HOUR'S RAIL G.N. RY. AND G.E. RY.** (high position in open country, a mile from station and town).—This excellent RESIDENCE, built 10 years ago under the architect's supervision, stands in 6 acres of attractive grounds, orchard, and pasture-land. Expensively fitted throughout, radiators, gas. A most comfortable house to live in. Carriage drive; entrance lodge. Oak-panelled hall, 3 reception rooms, sunny verandah, conservatory, 11 bed, 2 fitted baths, strong room, and capital offices. Stabling.—Strongly recommended by the Agents, HAMPTON and SONS, 2 and 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

COTSWOLD HUNT.

**£150 PER ANNUM, OR FOR SALE, FREEHOLD.**—Beautiful old ELIZABETHAN HOUSE, modernised and enlarged, in excellent taste. Most picturesquely placed on lower slopes of the Cotswolds, with

LOVELY VIEWS.

Near favourite town. Lounge hall, 3 reception, 11 bed and dressing, fitted bathroom. Stabling for 8. Cottage. Lovely old garden, paddock, orchard, etc. Close to small village and church. Exceptionally convenient for hunting. — Recommended by Sole Agents, HAMPTON and SONS, 2 and 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

BERKSHIRE.

Within easy reach of the

FAMOUS SUNNINGDALE GOLF COURSE.

**£130 PER ANNUM,** or £2,600 (or offer), will be accepted from immediate tenant or purchaser for this extremely picturesque old-fashioned RESIDENCE, containing

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| *Square hall,* | *conservatory,* | *2 staircases,* |
| *drawing room,* | *7 bedrooms,* | *capital* |
| *dining room,* | *fitted bathroom,* | *domestic offices.* |

Stabling for 3, coach-houses, groom's room, etc. 2 cottages. Outbuildings.

BEAUTIFUL OLD-WORLD GARDENS,

tennis and other lawns, shrubberies, and pasture-land, in all about 12 acres.—Details of the Agents, HAMPTON and SONS, 2 and 3, Cockspur St., S.W.

RENT ONLY £100 PER ANNUM.

In the heart of a good hunting centre.

**BICESTER** (2 miles from the N.W. Ry. station and within a drive of the county town).—For SALE, or to be LET, Furnished or Unfurnished, interesting old stone-built HOUSE, with well-stocked gardens of about 3 acres, including tennis and croquet lawns, ornamental lake and islands.

GRAVEL SOIL. SOUTH ASPECT.

Large hall (22ft. by 20ft.), double drawing room, dining room, BILLIARD ROOM (28ft. 6in. by 20ft. 4in.), morning room, 8 bed and dressing rooms, bath, and well-arranged offices. Stabling for 2, and outbuildings. Shooting in the district.—Agents, HAMPTON and SONS, 2 and 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

TO RACING MEN AND OTHERS.

*Freehold, £1,950, or would Let on Lease.*

**NEWMARKET HEATH** (6 miles from).—Picturesque old-fashioned RESIDENCE, standing high, with pretty views. 3 reception, 8 bedrooms (1 large enough for billiard room), bathroom, etc. Stabling for 5; 2 cottages. Good gardens, tennis lawn, and meadow.

IN ALL 7 ACRES.

—Details of the Solicitors, Messrs. SEWELL and MAUGHAM, 54, Faubourg St. Honore, Paris; or of the Agents, Messrs. POWELL and Co., Lewes, Sussex; and HAMPTON and SONS, 2 and 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

**Offices: 2 & 3, COCKSPUR STREET, PALL MALL, S.W.** *Branch Office at Wimbledon.*

TELEGRAMS: "Galleries, London."

# KNIGHT, FRANK & RUTLEY

Offices: 20, HANOVER SQUARE, LONDON, W.

TELEPHONES: 1942 Gerrard (3 lines)

CORNWALL. WITHIN A DRIVE OF TAVISTOCK.
WITH GROUNDS OF 10 ACRES OR UP TO 230 ACRES.

**TO BE SOLD,** the above substantial RESIDENCE, delightfully situated amongst some of the most beautiful scenery in the South-West of England. It stands in well-timbered grounds of 8 to 10 acres and extensive parklands, etc.; in all 230 acres. The accommodation comprises: large hall and vestibule, 3 reception rooms, about 17 bedrooms, bathroom, etc.; good fishing included, and salmon fishing within easy reach; farmery and cottages, etc.—Full particulars of KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, W.

IN A DEER PARK OF 100 ACRES.

**WESTERN MIDLANDS.**—To be LET, partly Furnished, for a term of years, a GEORGIAN MANSION, occupying a magnificent position, commanding almost limitless views of hill and dale, and approached by 2 carriage drives with entrance lodges. Accommodation: fine lounge hall, billiard, 5 reception, 23 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, and ample domestic offices; private Roman Catholic Chapel and priest's house; stabling for 11; the grounds are nicely timbered and quite inexpensive to keep up. There are about 3 MILES OF TROUT FISHING. 3,000 acres (or more) of shooting surrounding the Property could be rented.—Full particulars, photos, etc., of the Agents, Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, W. (F 1,575)

THE GROVE, TURNER'S HILL, SUSSEX.
NEARLY 600FT. ABOVE SEA LEVEL, OVERLOOKING SOME OF THE FINEST SCENERY IN THE COUNTY.

**TO BE SOLD,** the above stone-built RESIDENCE, standing in park and woodlands of about 88 acres, magnificently timbered. The House contains: hall and ante-room, 3 reception rooms, 11 bed and dressing rooms, etc.; stabling and buildings, 2 cottages, 2 lodges, and farmery.—Full particulars of the Sole Agents, KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, W.

A GENUINE SIXTEENTH-CENTURY HOUSE.
LEASE TO BE ASSIGNED OR THE FREEHOLD MIGHT BE SOLD.

**30 MINUTES FROM TOWN.**—The above beautiful old ELIZABETHAN RESIDENCE, dated 1590, and containing some exceptionally fine old panelling. The accommodation includes very large lounge hall, with magnificently carved chimneypiece and wide open fireplace, 4 reception rooms (3 completely panelled), 10 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, etc.; electric light throughout; Company's water, telephone, and main drainage; old-world pleasure grounds with lawns, orchard, and meadows, in all about 10 acres.—Particulars of KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Sq., W. (F 1,665)

**HERTFORDSHIRE.**—To be SOLD, a FREEHOLD RESIDENTIAL PROPERTY.

comprising the above charming old-world Residence, containing: 9 bed and dressing rooms, 3 reception rooms and hall, good offices; stabling for 3 horses; delightful pleasure gardens, conservatory, summer-house, kitchen garden, and paddock; gardener's cottage; coachman's cottages; the whole occupying an area of about 4 ACRES.—Illustrated particulars, with plans, of Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, W.

ABOUT 20 MILES NORTH OF LONDON.
QUITE IN THE COUNTRY.
A BEAUTIFUL RESIDENTIAL ESTATE OF OVER 300 ACRES.

**TO BE SOLD,** a compact PROPERTY, with beautiful grounds, parkland, and woodlands, with a fine Residence, approached by a long drive, and containing: panelled hall and 5 reception rooms, about 14 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, etc.; practically every modern convenience is installed, including
ELECTRIC LIGHT THROUGHOUT.
First-rate stabling for 10 horses, lodge, and cottages; the grounds are very beautiful, and include
FINE FLOWER GARDENS, LAWNS, LAKE, ETC.
They are divided from the park by a ha-ha fence; model farmery.—Full particulars of KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Sq., W. (4,516)

TELEGRAMS: "Galleries, London."

KNIGHT, FRANK AND RUTLEY
Offices: 20, HANOVER SQUARE, LONDON, W.

TELEPHONES: 1942 Gerrard (3 lines)

Telephones: 1505 MAYFAIR. 3645 GERRARD.

# MESSRS. WALTON & LEE,

10, MOUNT STREET, GROSVENOR SQUARE, LONDON, W.

Telegraphic Address: "WALTONS, LONDON."

HERTS.

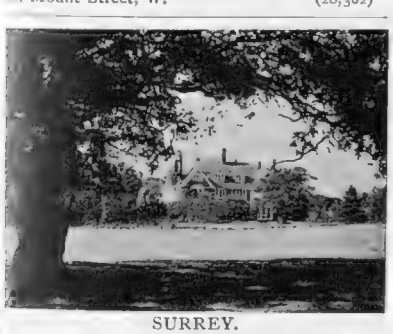
¼-HOUR BY RAIL FROM MARYLEBONE OR BAKER STREET.

**TO BE SOLD,** the above well-built RESIDENCE, occupying a secluded position, and commanding fine views over the Colne Valley. It stands high, and contains: hall, dining and drawing room, 7 bedrooms, sitting or bedroom, bath; double conservatory; well-equipped garage; complete installation of acetylene gas, telephone, modern drainage; splendid water supply; prettily timbered grounds of 1 acre; NEAR 2 GOLF LINKS.—Personally inspected by WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (24,705)

ABOUT 1 HOUR FROM TOWN.

2½ miles from the Bishop's Stortford Golf Course.

**TO BE SOLD, OR LET,** Furnished, to the middle of April, 1911, or by the year, or Unfurnished on Lease, the above unusually charming and desirable RESIDENCE, standing on gravelly loam soil, 300ft. above sea level, most conveniently arranged, and completely fitted with every modern convenience. It contains: very fine hall (about 44ft. by 22ft.), 4 reception rooms, 19 bed, dressing and bathrooms, and complete offices; there is stabling for 5, coach or motor-houses, coachman's and gardener's cottages; delightfully timbered, well-shaded pleasure grounds, productive kitchen gardens, and moderate amount of glass; water laid on, main drainage; hunting with 2 packs. A very moderate Price or Rent would be accepted for this choice Property.—Full particulars, WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (20,382)



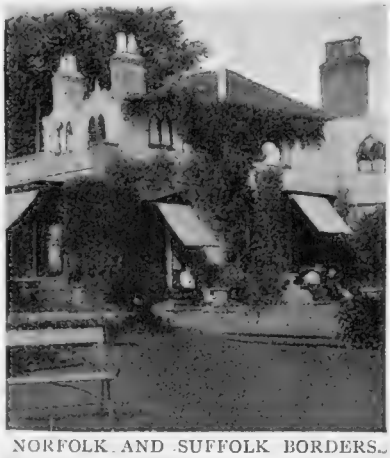
SURREY.

40 MINUTES FROM TOWN.

IN A BEAUTIFUL DISTRICT, about 600ft. above sea level.

**TO BE SOLD,** the above well-built RESIDENCE, situated amidst well-timbered surroundings; it is approached by a long carriage drive, through a beautiful wood, with lodge entrance; it contains: outer and inner halls, 4 spacious reception rooms, boudoir, 14 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, and usual domestic offices; the well-timbered grounds include full-sized tennis and croquet lawns, walled kitchen garden, glasshouses, and small bungalow; stabling for 4, with coach-house; 3 rooms for men.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (21,364)

**BEAUTIFUL RURAL DISTRICT** (although only about 12 miles from London, 1 mile from station with excellent service of trains to the City and West End).—To be SOLD or LET, Unfurnished, a charming RESIDENCE, unusually well appointed throughout, and surrounded by beautiful grounds, gardens, woods, and grass lands of about 15 acres. Contains: handsome suite of reception rooms, billiard room, about 14 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms, and offices; water laid on, modern drainage; good stabling and outbuildings. UNDOUBTEDLY ONE OF THE CHOICEST PLACES OF ITS KIND NOW AVAILABLE.—Inspected and recommended by WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (20,772)



NORFOLK AND SUFFOLK BORDERS.

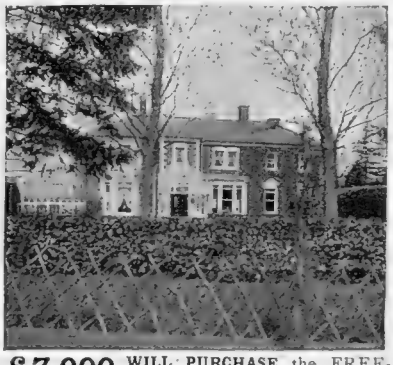
WITHIN EASY REACH OF THE BROADS.

**£1,600** will PURCHASE the above charming RESIDENCE and about 5 acres of inexpensive pleasure grounds, productive kitchen garden, and paddocks; approached by carriage drive with lodge, and containing: 3 reception rooms, 8 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, etc.; stabling, cottage, etc.; exceptional boating and golfing facilities.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (24,167)

**BURY ST. EDMUNDS** (4 miles from).—The above genuine old GEORGIAN COUNTRY HOUSE and about 100 ACRES for SALE at a reduced price, or would be LET, Unfurnished; grandly timbered surroundings, miniature park; stabling for 7, cottages, farm-buildings; old lawns and pleasure grounds, kitchen and fruit gardens: 15 bed and dressing rooms, large reception rooms, billiard hall; near station; first-class hunting, shooting, and social district.—Inspected and recommended by WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (24,735)

EXCEPTIONAL GOLFING FACILITIES AND EASY DISTANCE OF SANDWICH LINKS.

**THE ABOVE VERY ATTRACTIVE RESIDENCE,** standing high, amidst pretty grounds and gardens of about 2 acres; bracing situation, fine views: 3 reception rooms, 11 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, and offices; modern drainage; good water supply; small stabling, motor-house. Low price.—Inspected and recommended by WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (19,263)



**£7,000 WILL PURCHASE** the FREEHOLD of a choice RESIDENTIAL ESTATE of over 70 acres, within ¾ of an hour by rail from Town. The Property comprises the above medium-sized Mansion, reached by a carriage drive, with 5-roomed lodge at entrance. It faces South, and contains: noble hall rising to the roof with dome light, suite of good reception rooms, about 13 bed and dressing rooms, 3 bathrooms, and capital domestic offices, including servants' hall; stabling for 5, coach-house with coachman's quarters, and garage; well-planned pleasure grounds, with tennis and croquet lawns, inexpensive of maintenance, walled kitchen garden and orchard, and sound meadow-land, about 73 acres in all; hunting with 2 packs.—Inspected and recommended by WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (20,301)

SURREY HILLS.

700FT. ABOVE SEA LEVEL.

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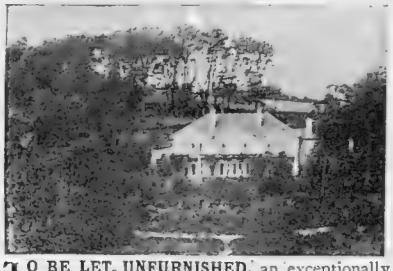

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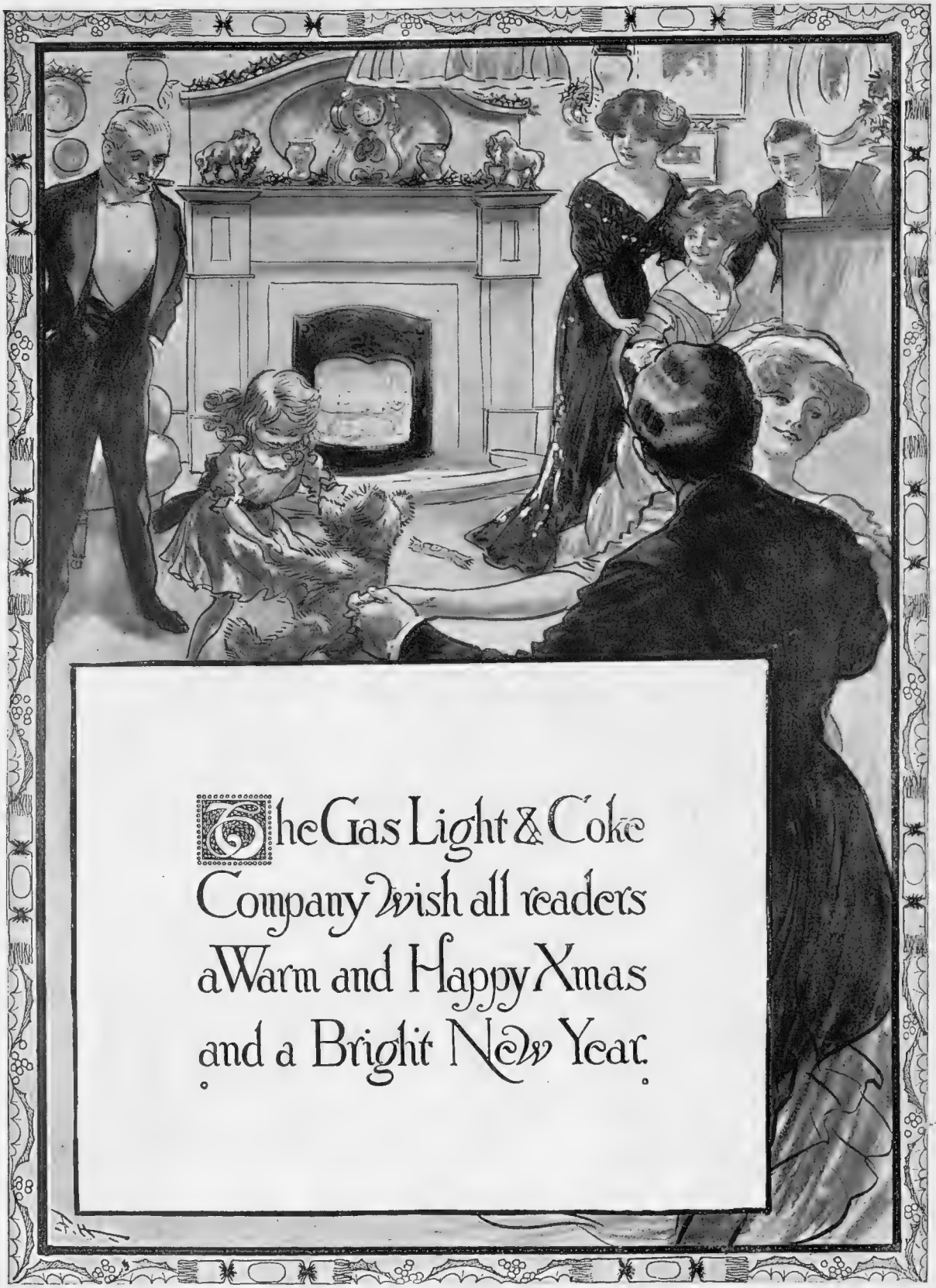
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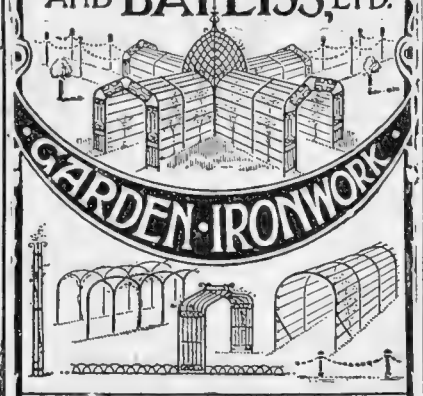


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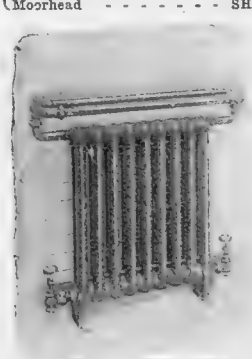

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The **Thermos Table Jug** keeps liquids hot for hours, no matter how cold the day.

In a **Thermos Table Jug** hot Coffee, Milk, Tea, or Water remain absolutely hot without additional heating of any kind.

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The **THERMOS JUG** pours well, and does not drip on the cloth.

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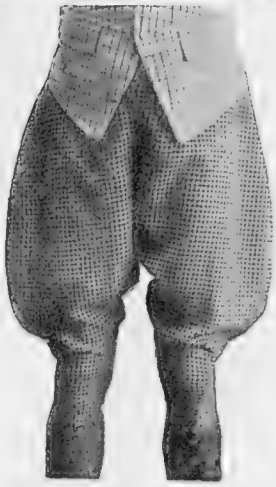

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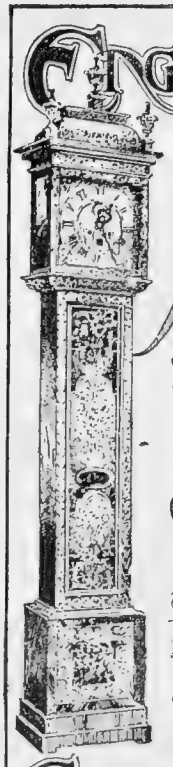

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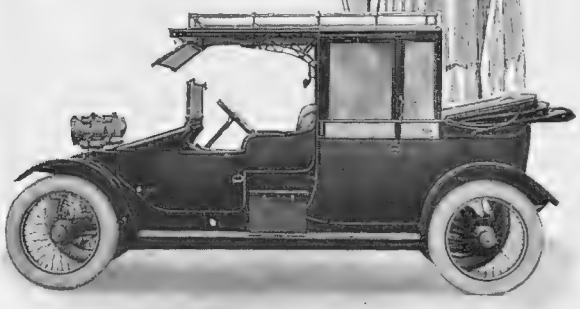

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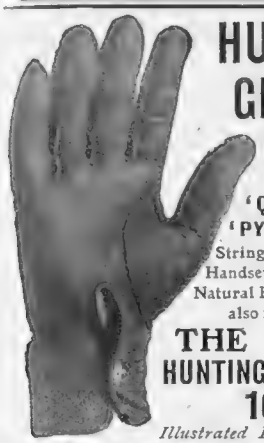

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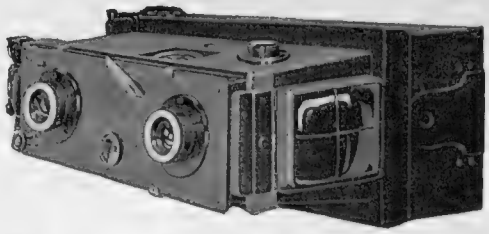

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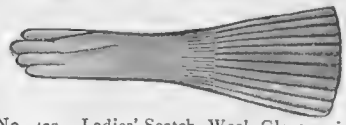

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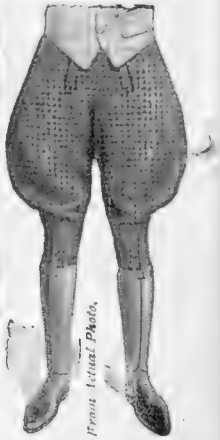

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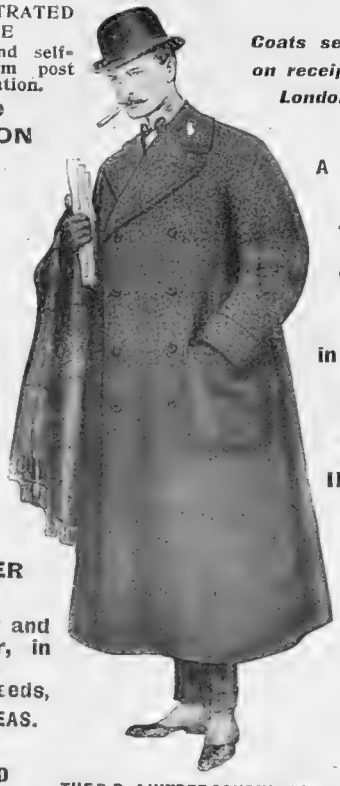

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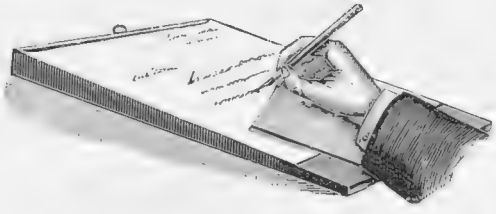

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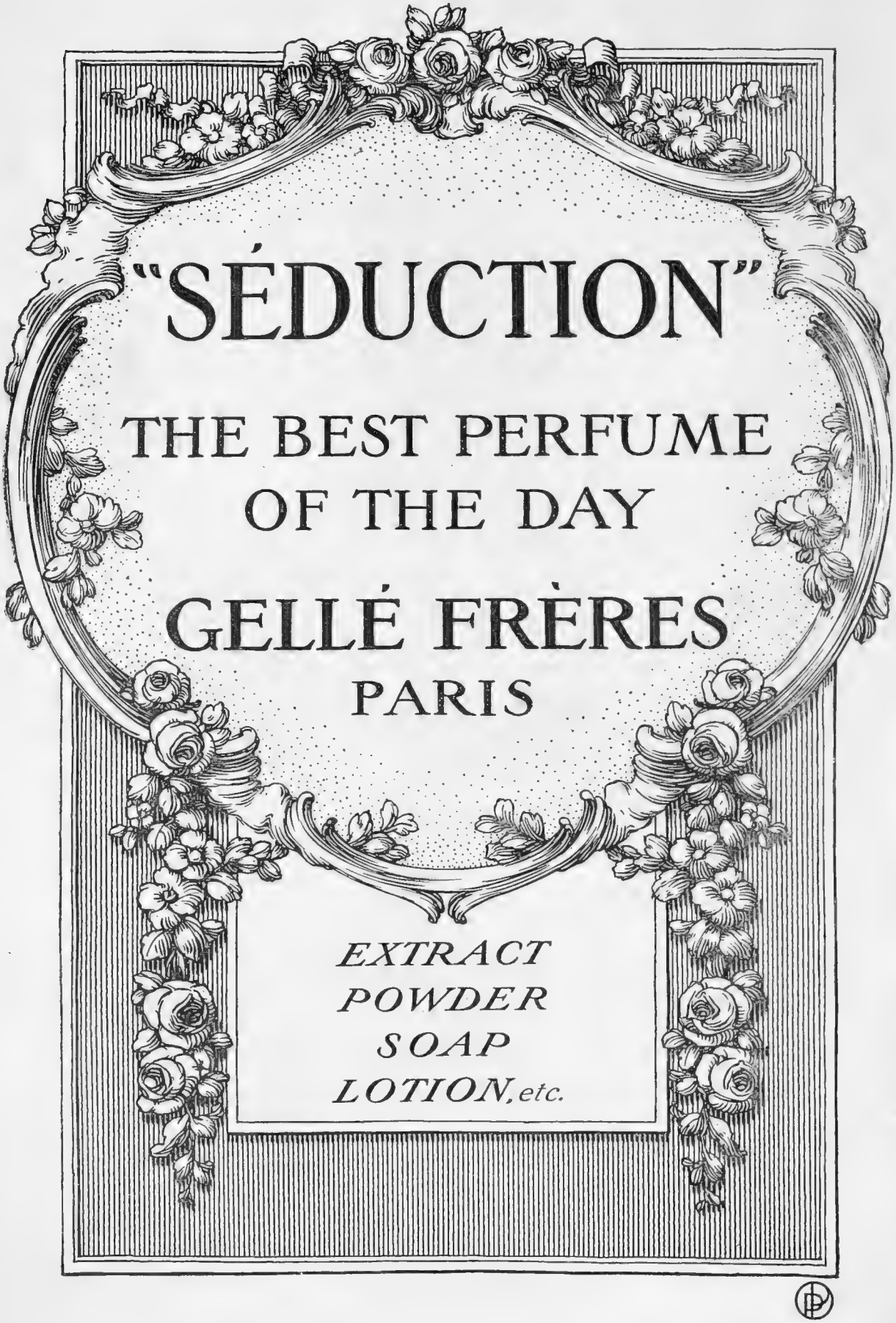
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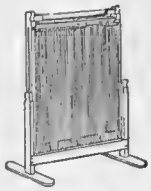

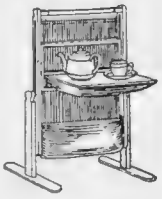

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PRICES.

Oak frame, with fine silk screen and tapestried upholstered pads 25/-
Also in Walnut or Mahogany, with leather covered pads ... 30/-

Sent carriage paid to any address.

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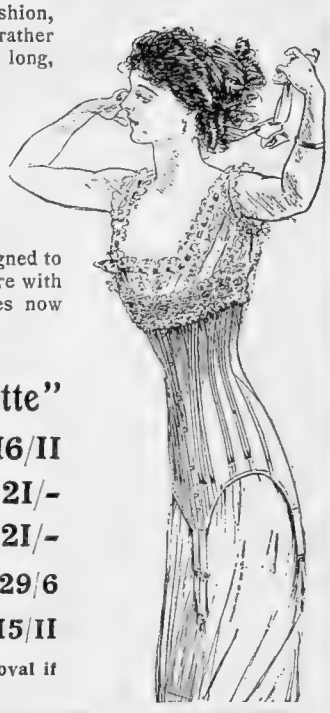

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White Coutil .. .. 16/11
White Sky Broché .. 21/-
White, embroidered self, 21/-
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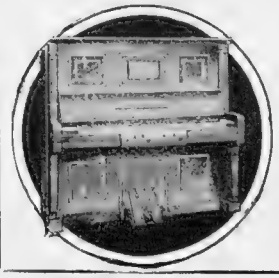

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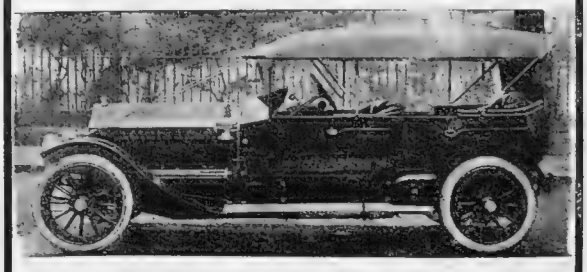

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THE CHRISTMAS

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## THE PIXIES' WONDERFUL MECHANICAL TOY CAVE

whence Parcels are delivered to the Purchasers by attendant Pixies, is a place of enchantment for Children, while there are thousands of TOYS, DOLLS, and beautiful Goods for Presents in all Departments

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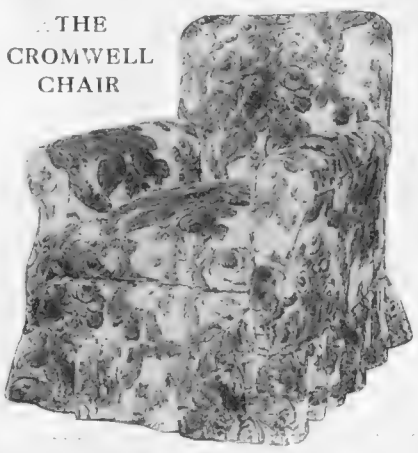

Part hair stuffed with loose down cushion with loose cover of rose tree tissue, complete, **£5 10 0**

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OAK
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INTERIOR DECORATION.

## 25, 26, 27, BERNERS STREET, LONDON, W.

FACTORIES: CLEVELAND WORKS.

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(*Embellished with Borders Designed by Thomas Maybank*)

IT is quite possible that a number of readers may be annoyed on opening this issue (after having paid for the same) to discover that it is a Christmas Number. They will have expected, perhaps, from the extreme nearness to Christmas of the present date (December 6), that the danger of finding any number to be a Christmas Number should have long passed. The presence of actual elections will also have put the idea of the season of peace and goodwill well out of their heads. I am very sorry. But, as has been annually insisted upon in these columns, a Christmas Number is not to be laid at the door of any Editor. The Supermen of the other departments lay down the rule that an illustrated weekly, no matter how high in class, how handy in size, or how inferior to twopenny-halfpenny rivals, shall have a Christmas Number, and there it is. This year the Editor made a valiant fight to obscure the issue and to prevent a Christmas Number by adopting a clever device suggested to him by acquaintances in the political world. When telling them, some time last July, of the grave differences of opinion which existed between him and his overlords, whose veto over him on this question of Christmas Numbers was a menace to his freedom, a well-known statesman said, "My dear fellow, why not do as we're doing—have a Conference?" No sooner said than done.

* * *

I GRIEVE, however, to announce that the Conference, after sitting for three and a half months, completely failed to attain its object—*i.e.*, to prevent the issue of a Christmas Number, and I owe it to my readers to explain exactly how this happened. The Conference sat, and sat, and sat. It was composed of great artists, great writers, great engravers, great printers, great typefounders, of everybody, in fact, that could be raked into it. The discussion took place outside office hours, and resulted in exchanges of ideas not only on Christmas Numbers, but on Christmas itself, on the origins of the festival, quaint old customs of the past, the probable future of Christmas, Christmas after the German Conquest, Christmas under Devolution, Federated Christmas, Tariff Reform Christmas, Socialistic Christmas. We discussed Christmas literature, the origins of the Christmas joke, and so on, until we found ourselves well in the middle of October. The printer and typefounder seemed, in the new atmosphere of Peace and Goodwill, to have forgotten all about their "formes." In fact, a frown passed over their faces whenever the word "form" (if only in conjunction with "four") was pronounced.

* * *

ANOTHER curious aspect. The artists and writers ceased pressing for dates and commissions, and did as much as anybody to raise the discussions above the level of mere sordid business. The art editor and literary editor also (though outside the Whitefriars Eight) were strangely quiet and deferential, though I am bound to say there was, about their demeanour, something suspiciously secretive; they seemed a great deal busier than their actual work ought to require. Once, by the way, I noticed the literary editor wink most solemnly at one of the authors engaged in the Conference, and on another occasion I caught the art editor holding up what looked suspiciously like a coloured drawing and

making some forcible comments upon it to the colour-printer (also in the Conference). But I made it my business not to inquire too closely into the matter. . . . The weather was pleasant during October, and the country is often at its best at that time of year.

* * *

NOVEMBER being well in sight, and several Christmas Numbers being actually on the bookstalls, the Whitefriars Eight, pretending they couldn't agree on a solution of the questions at issue, broke up with every appearance of riot, and as the members made their way to their various departments, expressions such as "mongrel," "stick-in-the-mud," "mouldy cheese," etc., were thrown out for whoever might hear.

* * *

ONE day the Editor happened, in conversation with the assistant-editor, to make some use of the words "Christmas Number," with an idea of boasting of the successful way THE BYSTANDER was, this year, about to avoid producing one, when he was rudely interrupted: "Oh! The Christmas Number is all right. Would it interest you to see the advance sheets?" And before the Editor's amazement could be expressed, the assistant-editor had left the room. When he returned, he was unrolling in front of him, like a strange patchwork quilt, a large sheet of coloured pictures.

"All ready, you see, while you were messing about with your silly old Conference."

"But—who authorised you——"

"Oh, come, come. Don't be silly, you know. Somebody had to do it; so it's been done. Now all you've got to do is to get to work to find six or seven brilliant short stories, the same number of brilliant seasonable articles, poems, jokes, and that blithering balderdash you usually write yourself in the opening pages, and the thing will be ready. They want to begin printing to-morrow week."

* * *

I NEED not harrow you with details as to the scene that ensued. Suffice it to say, here and now, that a valiant effort was made, by means of Conference, to save THE BYSTANDER public from the painful necessity of purchasing a Christmas Number, but that the forces against success proved too strong. So here we are. THE BYSTANDER Christmas Number, at your service. But don't blame me.

* * *

THE reader, if satisfied with the above explanation of the fact that we *are* a Christmas Number, may at the same time ask angrily, "Why didn't you get it out at the same time as the other Christmas Numbers, and have done with it? Why d'you want to bring it out just as we're all trying to think about *Christmas?*"

* * *

MAY I assure these critics that the nearness to Christmas of THE BYSTANDER'S Christmas Number is not mere pigheadedness on our part, but an accident of birth. We were born a belated Christmas Number, seven years ago, at about this date, and, therefore, dangerously near Christmas. To become a real Christmas Number, and get out some time in the late summer holidays, would be a temperamental impossibility. We have been reasoned with about it. Readers in New Caledonia, Hawaii, Tristan d'Acunha, and other distant sea-girt isles, have implored us to get out in time to get into their shanties and cheer them up somewhere about Christmas Day, and to remind them of the legendary British Yuletide of snow, ice, mistletoe, holly, and plum-pudding at the date those things are historically alleged to have happened, and not a month or more after. But the question is, should we allow the interests of Great Britain to be dominated by alien, and possibly hostile, islanders living on foreign—even American—dollars? I think BYSTANDER readers in England will say "No." If they have to put up with a Christmas Number at all, let the interests of Great Britain at all events take first place.

* * *

THIS is the seventh Christmas Number of THE BYSTANDER, but it is positively our first Election Christmas Number. An Election Christmas! Peace and Party Politics; Goodwill and the Veto; Holly and Home Rule; Turkeys and Tariff Reform. The intellect boggles at the task of trying to reconcile such things, but what more Christmassy occupation for an intellect than boggling? To "boggle" is to "hesitate," to "start with fright"—it shares its origin with the word "bogey." A General Election is made up of bogeys. Bogeys are of the stuff of which Christmas is made. Therefore, a General Election is, if looked at properly, not a wrong thing, but just the right thing, for a well-ordered Christmas.

* * *

IN many other respects, too, Christmas is just the very time to hold an Election. The things we do at an Election are practically the same things as we do at Christmas. We cheer; we sing songs; we send cards; we give presents; we wear sprigs and blooms; we hold noisy meetings. I can't think of a single thing we do at one that we don't do, more or less, at the other. If the present Government really intends, at the command of the Dollar Prince, to hold annual Elections, by all means let's have 'em not just before, but *at* Christmas, and let us see whether the two events can't be made to dovetail, as it were, into one. Let's Christmasise the Crisis, and Crisisise Christmas — or — excellent d a—let's call it Crisis-mas!

* * *

FOR instance, take poll-cards. What simpler than t Christmasise *them*? You've

got your cartoon—whatever it is—and all you've got to do is to give it a Christmas setting: sprinkle snowflakes and holly-berries, insert robin redbreasts, and serve. On the back, simply "Wishing you a Merry Christmas. Tariff Reform This Time!"

* * *

AT Election times, no murderer was ever so "wanted" as the canvasser. Under the *régime* of One Christmas, One Poll, he lies ready to every agent's hand. Who is he? Why Santa Claus, of course. Could a better canvasser than he, one more likely to influence votes, exist? On his canvass-card would be written, after your name, etc., the number and ages of your children, your wife's taste in scent, sweets, or soap, and your own in cigars and cigarettes. Canvasser Claus would call at the usual time of night, and do his duty. His arguments? These would go hang—in each respective stocking. And why should not the Christmas cracker be turned to electioneering use? It contains mottoes, and often much less valuable ones than, say, "Your food will cost you more," "The will of the people must prevail," or such epigrams as "An aristocracy is like cheese; the older it is the higher it becomes," and others which could be provided from the Mile End and other literary mints.

* * *

AS to Election songs, what's easier than to adapt them to the beautiful tunes of Christmas carols? At four in the morning, the words of the awakening song are rarely audible. So what matter if the Radical waits did sing:

No £, no £,
No £ *s.* *d.*,
Have the Tories for Pensions
So Ure doth decree.

Or, if these tiresome people will disturb your slumbers, why not do it to sound party purpose:

God rest you merry working-men,
Let nothing you dismay,
And fear not taxes on your food,
The foreigner will pay.

* * *

MORE useful still, and of real public service, would it be if, instead of having to wait for polling declarations outside screens in the snow or rain, one could lie abed and hear (to the well-known strains of "When Shepherds Watched"):

Election: Full results to night
Show twenty Tory gains,
So go to sleep, be glad and bright,
The House of Lords remains.

We've gained a seat in Manchester,
And Wolverhampton, too,
We've kept the good Cathedral towns,
And Birmingham is true.

THE argument that an Election is bad for Christmas trade is not borne out, at all events, from inquiries I made in the high street of the small country town near which I have a modest cottage—a town which, not having a cathedral within miles of it, is fairly evenly divided in its political colour, and keen as a razor on the fight. The various tradesmen I interviewed report that Christmas trade is as brisk as ever. For instance, the greengrocer: "Apples, sir? Oranges? No, we're doing as well as ever—better. You'd be surprised, sir, the people are so anxious to get 'em that they don't even look to see whether they're good or rotten. . . . Yes, the meetings have been very lively. Thank you. Good day."

* * *

A SIMILAR story was told by the dairyman. Eggs were going off wonderfully, and again the purchasers seemed little concerned as to their age and quality. He (a Radical) seemed equally pleased with the Conservative meetings, on the platform of one of which a peer had made himself heard once or twice. Our hatter rubbed his hands delightedly. The demand for new hats was as brisk as ever—brisker, he said. People who had new ones only a month or two ago had found it necessary, for some reason or another, to replace theirs. He, also, seemed satisfied with the meetings, particularly the street-corner ones.

* * *

AS to the poulterer, grocer, confectioner, and other purveyors of Christmas fare, none of them were pessimistic. Not only, it seemed, had the normal customers been making purchases, but so also had a number of strange gentlemen and ladies—people from London, he thought, who talked quite a lot about politics and wore party colours, and sometimes came in two or three times a day for new purchases of the same articles.

* * *

OF course, this is only an isolated case; but I am bound to say it does look as though the cry of an Election being bad for Christmas trade was an exaggerated one.

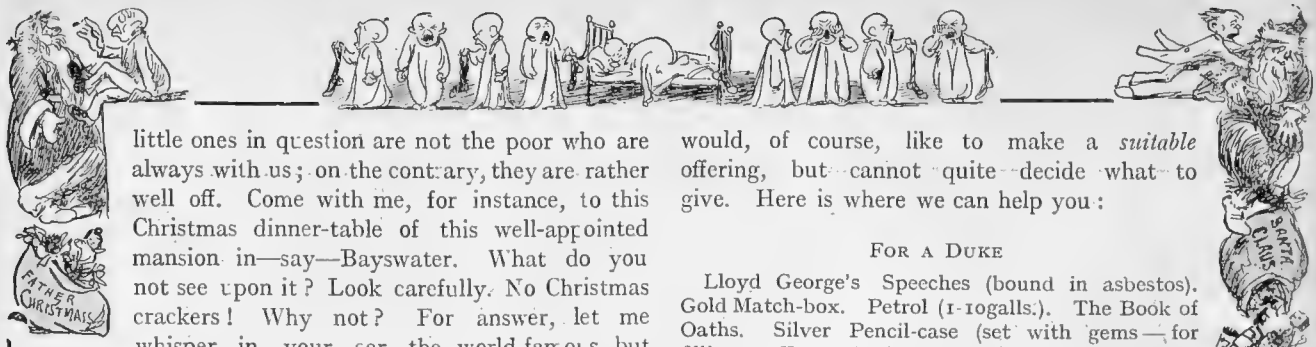
* * *

CASTING my eye over what I have written above, I find I have omitted one sentiment which should be inseparable from a Christmas causerie, *i.e.*, that Christmas is the Children's Season. Mr. Lewis Baumer suggests, on page xxix, that the whole thing is a deception. The children only pretend to enjoy Christmas in order not to deprive the old people of the pleasure of pretending that they enjoy it themselves. That may be. But, thinking over this question, I have to bring to the knowledge of BYSTANDER readers the case of certain classes of children to whom Christmas certainly can never have quite the complete charm. Do not be nervous. I have not suddenly succumbed to a fit of slum-sentimentality. The

# On Referendum Day

Will the Referendum be conducted, as Mr. Lloyd George suggests, on similar lines to a General Election? If so, "The Bystander," for one, will find it anything but a welcome substitute for the same

BY NORMAN MORROW




little ones in question are not the poor who are always with us; on the contrary, they are rather well off. Come with me, for instance, to this Christmas dinner-table of this well-appointed mansion in—say—Bayswater. What do you not see upon it? Look carefully. No Christmas crackers! Why not? For answer, let me whisper in your ear the world-famous but homely name of paterfamilias. He is the *maker of Christmas crackers*, and for him and his family, Christmas crackers at Christmastide are long since exploded joys. Other people enjoy them; not the sad, sceptical, surfeited Jack Browns:

A cracker on the damask's hem,
Pater's business is to them,
And it is nothing more.

* * *

CONSIDER, again, the position of the family of this world-famed Christmas-card designer and manufacturer. What are Christmas cards to them? If they send them out, their friends receive them probably with the biting comment, "Oh, the So-and-So's have worked *this* off, one of their job lots, on us. If they were sending us anything at all, they might have sent something better—it costs *them* nothing, anyway."

While their own gift-horses are looked in the mouth the unfortunate senders receive no Christmas cards themselves. Not even their closest friends would commit the *gaucherie*—and senseless extravagance—of sending them fabrics from their own factory, of which they know the exact price and quality, also, probably, how, when, and where made, and, no doubt, something about the private lives of both poet and artist. Cardless, therefore, are the chimney-pieces and tables of the gilded apartments of this splendid mansion at the festive season.

* * *

AND the same applies to the children of the Christmas toy-king. Nobody is likely to send toys to them—toys they have seen in the making, toys which are to them nothing new, in which they merely see a repetition, with slight variation, of the same fundamental idea as has inspired all previous toys.

Identical is the case of the children of the great chocolate houses, the progeny of the almond and raisin importer, the young of the Christmas tree-planter (if he, whoever he is, has any children). It is a sad thought, but Christmas should not be allowed to be an undiluted joy to anybody.

* * *

SUGGESTIONS FOR THE YULETIDE PRESENT-GIVING
(*With acknowledgments to Mr. Peter Robinson*)

To give just the right thing—in every instance—is *the* problem of Yuletide present-giving. You would, of course, like to make a *suitable* offering, but cannot quite decide what to give. Here is where we can help you:

FOR A DUKE

Lloyd George's Speeches (bound in asbestos). Gold Match-box. Petrol (1-10galls.). The Book of Oaths. Silver Pencil-case (set with gems—for filling up Form 4). Sal Volatile. Coronetted Hair-Restorer—and other "Dukeries." We also recommend: "That Voice in the Crowd," a little work specially prepared for what we may call "platform Dukes." It anticipates 1,000 interruptions likely to occur at a meeting addressed by a Duke, and gives suitable answers, repartees, etc., to meet each case.

FOR A LADY

A Dog-whip. (No lady can be considered complete without this, whether she desires a vote or not. It is not necessary to use the whip upon a Cabinet Minister, or a dog. But it gives that touch of smartness without which no real lady cares to be nowadays.) A Silver-Handled Crutch. (Wonderfully useful for those who have given up the somewhat *passé* "hobble-skirt," but are still lame.) Manicure Sets (Suffragettes should be particularly careful about their nails). Furs. (Even cooks will insist on their sable coat nowadays.) Motor Cases. (Invaluable on a motor omnibus.) Splints—for roller-skaters—and other Vanities.

FOR A LABOUR MEMBER

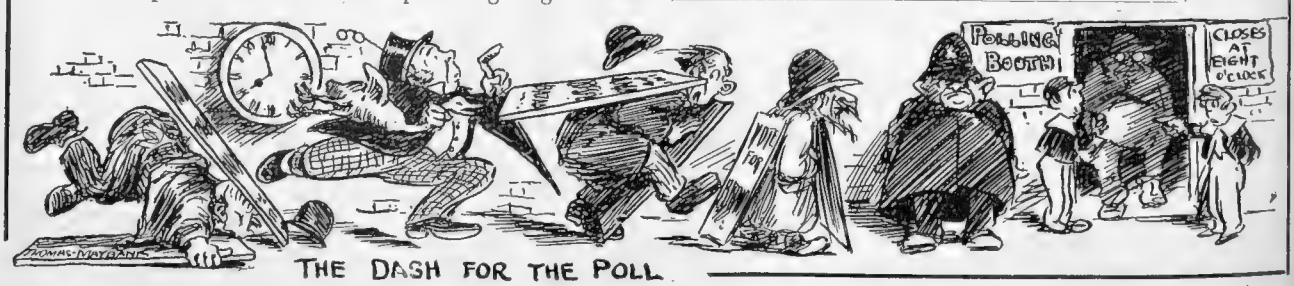
A Copy of the Osborne Judgment (beautifully framed). A Victor Grayson Hat. The Head of Mr. F. E. Smith upon a charger. We can supply beautiful replicas of this and other works of art.

May we send you our Gift Catalogue post free?

"UTOPIA"

Or the Socialist's Paradise. Don't forget to bring the little ones to see this beautiful scene. State-run railways. Single-chamber revolutions. Peers in tumbrils. West Ham Guardians in Cabinets, and other fascinating pictures. Remember, they will have to get used to it sooner or later.

BEAUTIFUL
PRESENTATION PLATE
"Night in the Casino at Monte Carlo."
From the Picture by R LELONG. Size, 21in. by 12¼in.
PRESENTED WITH THIS NUMBER.




THE DASH FOR THE POLL

# The Twentieth-Century Child

Cora (aged 10) to Reggie (aged 11): "Yes. The games *are* a wretched bore. But, then, it's Christmas, you know, and the old people do so expect to enjoy themselves"

*BY LEWIS BAUMER*

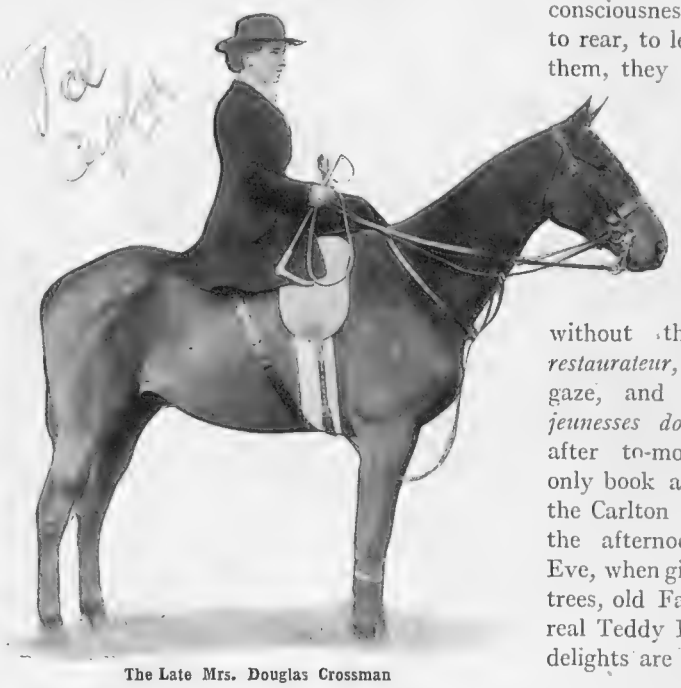
# The World's Pageant

### Christmas at Court

IN the most youthful, as well as the most domesticated, Court that England has owned for many a long day, Christmas and its festivities are, of course, taken seriously—especially as the German strain (which simply *revels* in its *Weinachtszeit!*) is not very far removed. It has become the custom to spend Christmas at Sandringham, the most private of the Royal residences—and also most beloved, for here, removed from the world, all that is irksome in the trappings of Sovereignty may be doffed, and life lived simply in the fashion that present-day Royalty loves.

### A Gift Pudding

To the very last of her Christmases the custom of sending (by special Queen's Messenger) a real, home-made plum-pudding to all friendly European Courts was an abiding joy, as well as a sort of solemn duty, to Queen Victoria. And it was all up with the popularity of the recipients if they, so to speak, failed to look the gift-horse in the mouth, and, in acknowledging the offering, to describe in detail their appreciation of its flavour, quality, and consistency. It was left to King Edward to discontinue the pudding practice, and it is very improbable that his son will revert to it.



**The Late Mrs. Douglas Crossman**

The news of whose death, caused by an accident in the hunting-field, created such a painful sensation last week. She was the wife of the Master of the Cambridgeshire Hunt. This photograph was taken for THE BYSTANDER by Mr. Leonard Willoughby shortly before her death

### The Shadow of the Polls

Last year Christmas was dull, we said, because an Election loomed ahead. This year it promises an equal dulness from the fact that we shall hardly have emerged from the shadows and depressions (not to speak of the chills) of an Election just over. In any circumstances, of course, Christmas in town is very much of a failure. In the country one can at least be out of doors all day, taking violent exercise in order to get up steam for the vast gastronomic efforts expected of us. But in town, save, perhaps, at Princes', or Queen's, or Olympia, appetite-getting, liver-dissipating functions are few and far between, while the streets, with their shut shops, present a picture of concentrated gloom only visible on a London "holiday."

### A Christmas Equation

I often think, in fact, that the X in Xmas stands for the unknown quantity—what to do? Adding to the formula+y—and why?—the whole situation can frequently be expressed by the equation x+y=o.

### The Junior Carlton

Fashionable Londoners stranded in town at Christmas usually seek solace at one or other of the smart restaurants, where, to the strains of the "Chocolate Soldier" waltz, and the comforting consciousness of food to front, to rear, to left, and to right of them, they may feel, at any rate, in the movement. Even infant Mayfairites are now said to be unable to support existence at this period without the help of the *restaurateur*, and to see, and gaze, and wonder at the *jeunesses dorées* of the day after to-morrow, one need only book a table for tea at the Carlton or the Savoy for the afternoon of Christmas Eve, when gigantic Christmas trees, old Father Christmases real Teddy Bears, and similar delights are provided.

### The Social Round

There isn't, of course, any social round at all, worse luck, just now. But it gives a faint air of festivity only to write it down—and so I'll leave it! Elections (there is no getting away from them) and the giddy whirl never do mix, somehow. Generally, at this gloomy time of the year, we make merry within four walls, and often there are almost as many dances as in June. Last week, however, there was only one, and that at the house of Lady Brassey, a member of the noble army of Suffragettes, who are bound by the rules of their game not to aid, or abet (however much they may obstruct), either political party till they themselves receive political aid and abetment.

### Votes v. Birds

Everywhere else the tale is not of balls or parties or dinners or frolics of any kind whatsoever. Only and

# Royalties in Unusual Poses

SOME NEW AND INTERESTING PHOTOGRAPHS

**The Hussar Princess**
H.I.H. Princess Victoria Louise of Prussia, the Kaiser's daughter, in the uniform of the "Death's Head" Hussars

**A Masculine Queen-Mother**
The Queen-Mother of Siam in rational dress

**Praying for Her Mother's Recovery**
Little Princess Marie-José of Belgium, daughter of the Queen of hte Belgians

**A Royal Four-in-Hand: The Queen of Sweden, who is President of the Stockholm Four-in-Hand Club, Drivng in the Park of the Royal Palace of Tullgarn**

**Prussia's Mammoth Prince**
Prince Eitel Frederick (with the Princess), who weighs no less than 16 stone, though only twenty-seven years of age

**Princeling and Pony**
Little Prince Wilhelm, son and heir of the German Crown Prince the future German Emperor

always politics, politics, politics! But in the open country the Neros of the Upper Chamber shoot while the electorate burns (with patriotic fervour, of course).

Let wealth and commerce, laws and learning die,
But leave us still our woodcock and our eye.

Or, to express it in terms of Omar:

*Photo Rita Martin*
**Lady Mabel Anson**
Second daughter of Lord and Lady Lichfield, engaged to Sir Victor Mackenzie, Scots Guards

**Captain Quintin Dick's Shooting-Party: Out with the Guns at Walcot Park, North Shropshire**
*Left to right:* Countess Zia Torby, Grand Duke Michael, Mrs. Quintin Dick, Mr. Quintin Dick, the Marquis of Bristol, Miss Lockwood, Sir Hugo de Bathe, Sir Ralph Payne-Gallwey, Marquis Douro

Come, fill your flask, and in the fire of spring,
The Liberal gibes about "repentance" fling.
The driven bird has but a little while
To fly; and lo! the bird is on the wing.

**Distinguished Invalids**

A long list of distinguished invalids seems the invariable concomitant of a General Election. I suppose the mere thought of the horrid thing makes them ill, for last week no fewer than three Ministers—Mr. McKenna, Mr. Lewis Harcourt, and Mr. Birrell—were prevented from taking an active part in the campaign owing to indisposition. Two other well-known people laid low last week by operations were the Duke of Manchester, cheeriest of good *raconteurs*, and Lord Onslow, who underwent an operation on his throat on the day after he had addressed the Women's Tariff Reform meeting at Lady Alington's.

**A New Peeress**

The late Lord Churston had been seriously ill for some time, so his death, which took place last week, was not unexpected. His successor's wife, known as Miss Denise Orme, was, however, doing her turn at the Coliseum only a few hours before he died. Lady Churston is, of course, now out of the bill, a substitute having been found. The new Lord Churston is chiefly known to fame as one of the finest punters on that river where he met and "loved and left" the beautiful Mrs. Atherton, who afterwards sued him for breach of promise of marriage.

**The Late Mrs. Douglas Crossman**

THE BYSTANDER tenders its deep sympathy with Mr. Douglas Crossman, Master of the Cambridgeshire, on the death, through a fall in the hunting field, of his wife, a portrait of whom was taken only a few weeks ago by the author and photographer of "Famous Hunts at Home," and published in his article on the Cambridgeshire, who has the most kindly recollections of the hospitality shown him by the deceased lady.

**An American Peeress**

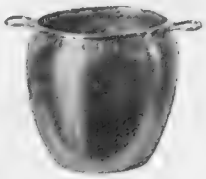
Yet another peeress who is contemplating a stage début is Lady Dufferin and Ava, who sings and plays as charmingly as she dresses. She is an American, and, of course, correspondingly be-dollared, and is a friend of Madame Donalda, with whom she is to give a concert at the Bechstein Hall next week. We wish her ladyship every success.

*Photograph* *Lafayette*
**Miss Olive Dawnay**
Youngest daughter of Lady Adelaide Dawnay and the late Hon. W. F. Dawnay, of Brampton House, Northampton, marrying Captain G. E. Byng Stephens, younger son of the late Captain F. Stephens, of Bentworth, Alton, Hants, on December 15

# XMAS, WEDDING, AND BIRTHDAY GIFTS

## SOLID SILVER TEA & COFFEE SERVICE

Teapot, 1¾ pints, £5 5 0



Sugar, £2 2 0

Milk, £2 7 6

Coffee Pot, 2 pints, £6 6 0

THE DOUBLE SERVICE
(4 pieces) as shown
**£15 0 0 Nett Cash.**

THE DOUBLE SERVICE (4 pieces)
as shown
**£15 0 0 Nett Cash.**

Complete List of Tableware in Silver, Electro-plate, and Orichalcum Post Free.

*FROM THE MAKERS,* **ORICHALCUM**

(W. A. S. BENSON & Co., Ltd.),

WORKSHOPS: HAMMERSMITH.

**82 and 83, NEW BOND STREET, LONDON, W.**

# SHOOLBRED'S

Charming Styles
IN
# FURS

A splendid collection of the SEASON'S NEW MODELS in Muffs, Stoles, Necklets, and Fur, and Fur-lined

# COATS

We illustrate, from stock, a fine quality Seal Coney and Kid Caracul Stole and Muff,

**£7:7:0**
**the Set.**

Tottenham House,
**TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD, LONDON, W.**
*Warren Street Station—Tube Railways.*

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(Carrying Mails under Contract with H.M. Government.)

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## EGYPT ALL EASTERN PORTS. EGYPT

India
Ceylon
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Japan
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**P & O Egyptian Passenger Sailings, 1910-11.**

| Steamer. | Tons. | Leave London. | Leave Marseilles. | Arrive Port Said. |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| CHINA ... ... | 8,000 | Nov. 18 | Nov. 25 | Nov. 29 |
| EGYPT ... ... | 8,000 | ,, 25 | Dec. 2 | Dec. 6 |
| MANTUA ... | 11,500 | Dec. 2 | ,, 9 | ,, 13 |
| DELHI ... ... | 8,000 | ,, 9 | ,, 16 | ,, 20 |
| MALWA ... | 11,500 | ,, 16 | ,, 23 | ,, 27 |
| MARMORA ... | 10,500 | ,, 23 | ,, 30 | Jan. 3 |
| MACEDONIA | 10,500 | ,, 30 | Jan. 6 | ,, 10 |
| PERSIA... ... | 8,000 | Jan. 6 | ,, 13 | ,, 17 |
| INDIA ... ... | 8,000 | ,, 13 | ,, 20 | ,, 24 |
| ARABIA ... | 8,000 | ,, 20 | ,, 27 | ,, 31 |
| MOLDAVIA ... | 10,000 | ,, 27 | Feb. 3 | Feb. 7 |
| EGYPT ... ... | 8,000 | Feb. 3 | ,, 10 | ,, 14 |
| MONGOLIA ... | 10,000 | ,, 10 | ,, 17 | ,, 21 |
| HIMALAYA ... | 7,000 | ,, 17 | ,, 24 | ,, 28 |
| MOREA ... | 11,500 | ,, 24 | Mar. 3 | Mar. 7 |

**P & O Express Service *via* Brindisi.** From Charing Cross at 9 p.m. every Friday.

## P&O. A WINTER TOUR.

WEEKLY FROM LONDON, MARSEILLES OR BRINDISI.

**INDIA, CEYLON, EGYPT,** Including rail through India, via Bombay, Delhi, Agra, Cawnpore, Lucknow, Benares and Calcutta, thence by P & O to Colombo, Egypt and London.

**£80 net. First-class throughout.**

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Sicily
Palestine
Corfu
Algiers
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***From MARSEILLES by the "VECTIS."***

*(Rail and Steamship connections from London.)*

| | |
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| EGYPT, THE HOLY LAND, etc. | No. 1. Feb. 9 to Mar. 8. |
| CONSTANTINOPLE, GREECE, etc. | No. 2. Mar. 11 to Apl. 7. |
| DALMATIA, VENICE, CORFU, etc. | No. 3. Apl. 13 to May 11. |
| ALGIERS, LISBON and LONDON. | No. 4. May 12 to May 29. |

**Fares for Cruises 1, 2 or 3 from 30 Guineas; 4 from 15 Guineas.**

***From LONDON by the New S.S. "MANTUA"***

*(*Calling at Leith.)* *11,500 tons.*

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| MADEIRA, THE AZORES, etc. | Cr. A. May 20 to June 12. |
| *THE NORWEGIAN FJORDS. | Cr. B. June 15 to June 29. |
| *THE NORTHERN CAPITALS. | Cr. C. July 11 to July 29. |
| SWEDEN, DENMARK, RUSSIA, etc. | Cr. D. Aug. 4 to Aug. 28. |

**Fares for Cruises A or D from 20 Guineas; Cruise B from 12 Guineas; Cruise C from 15 Guineas.**

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Morocco
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THROUGH BOOKINGS FROM NEW YORK.

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INTERNATIONAL SLEEPING CAR COMPANY, 3, Place de l'Opéra.
CUNARD S.S. COMPANY, 2 bis, Rue Scribe.
CAPT. A. W. CHURCHWARD, 30, Boulevard des Italiens.

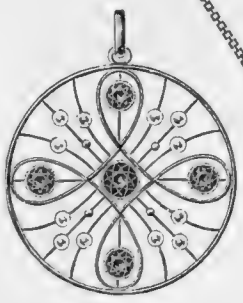
**NEW YORK**—L. J. GARCEY, 281, Fifth Avenue.
**MARSEILLES**—ESTRINE & CO., 18, Rue Colbert.
**BRINDISI**—A. D. ULOTH.

*Or at any of the Company's Provincial or Foreign Agencies.*

### At John Barker's, Kensington

There are some delightful and original little silver goods to be found here in the department devoted to silver and jewellery, which, by the way, is a highly important section of this great emporium. A silver-mounted rubber date stand is quite one of the most practical things of the season, and should be found on every perfectly appointed writing-table. It is a *multum in parvo*, and saves a multitude of clips and bands, etc., the rubber lettering, with the handy ink-pad beneath, impressing dates and remarks *ad lib* on one's correspondence. And the head of the rubber lettering implement, which is mounted in silver, serves as a seal. There is, too, a new perpetual calendar here, arranged on an entirely new and simplified method, the mount being of plain solid silver and in the most excellent taste, albeit the cost is 15*s.* 6*d.*

Periwinkle jewellery is the latest *bijouterie* fancy of inexpensive character, the homely little shell-fish being faithfully reproduced in gold set with small pearls. There are bracelets, brooches, and pendants, and charms of periwinkle persuasion, to which, as goes without saying, a certain modicum of luck is attached.



A Solid Gold Pendant, Set Peridot and Pearls, at £2 5s.

Inexpensive examples of more legitimate jewellery are offered in the accompanying illustrations, Messrs. John Barker securing a special display in view of Christmas gifts. Of supremely graceful and elegant design is that solid gold necklet pendant, which can be procured, set with amethyst and pearls, from £2 12*s.* 6*d.*, or with peridot and pearls for an added 6*s.*, similar prices ranging round the other two pendants of the fashionable plaque order, the one with the tasteful leaf design and fine-haired centre being set with amethyst and pearls and the other with peridot and pearls; while a fine gold bracelet, a most ambitious offering, is jewelled either with aquamarine, pink tourmaline, or peridot.

A Solid Gold Necklet Pendant, Set Amethyst and Pearls, at £2 12s. 6d., or Set Peridot and Pearls at £2 18s. 6d.

JEWELLERY AT JOHN BARKER'S, HIGH ST., KENSINGTON

A fascinating trifle is a new long motor brooch of silver ornamented with a device of enamel or paste, designed to hold or control the floating ends of a veil. An extraordinary choice obtains in sets of hatpins and blouse studs, one of the most popular innovations ever produced by the enterprising community who are chiefly responsible for such dainty decorative elegancies.

A Solid Gold Pendant, Set Amethyst and Pearls, at £2 7s. 6d.

### A Christmas Gift Indeed!

What a pleasure it is to give something which you know will rid the recipient of much annoyance, and permanently add to his (or her) comfort. And that is exactly what Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen does. The day Waterman's Ideal enters the life of any writer, pen troubles depart for ever. It would not be easy to imagine a more useful Christmas gift than this ever-ready, always-right fountain pen. Waterman's Ideal is sold at 10*s.* 6*d.* and upwards. It is made in three styles, standard, safety, and pump-filling. For presentation purposes they can be obtained exquisitely mounted in silver and gold.


# D. H. EVANS & Co Ltd

No. 551 B.

OUR SPECIALITY.

**Serviceable Cardigan Jackets.**

In Black and Brown.

3/6 each. 6 for 20/-
4/6 ,, 6 ,, 25/6
5/6 ,, 6 ,, 31/6
6/11 ,, 6 ,, 39/6
8/11 ,, 6 ,, 51/-
10/6 ,, 6 ,, 60/-
12/6 and 15/6 each.

No. 564 B.

**Wool Half-Hose**

with Mending to match.

Price 1/- per pair; 11/6 dozen pairs.

No. 918 B.

**Gent's Shetland Wool Jacket.**

A real comfort when travelling and motoring. This Garment is also specially suitable for wearing over Evening Dress, when the wearer is so liable to take colds and chills. Made from Shetland Wool and edged with Silk. Grey, White, or Brown. Price 8/11

**Book of Xmas Gifts, containing 1,000 Illustrations; also Book of Furs, beautifully Illustrated, both sent Free on application.**

**D. H. EVANS & CO. PAY CARRIAGE.**

OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W.

# DRYAD CRAFTSMEN

set out to make better cane work

than had hitherto been known in this country, and the above chair, with its dignified style, sound construction, ample dimensions, and luxurious comfort, is an instance of what they have achieved.

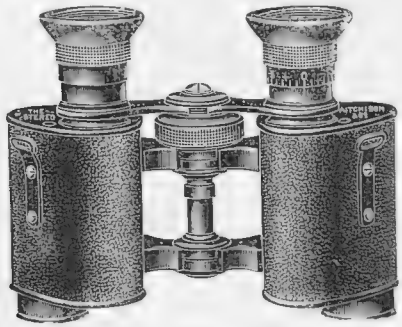
Dryad Furniture last summer did extensive business at the Brussels Exhibition, where it was awarded a Silver Medal.

Imitations always lack the substantial dignity of the original, though often offered at higher prices.

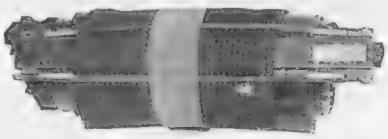
The Dryad book of original designs will be sent post free from H. H. Peach, Y Dept. Dryad Works, Leicester.

**At T. M. Lewin's, 18, Jermyn St., W.**

Once again I insist that it would be hard to find a more useful present than the "Traveller" trouser stretcher and press. It is only necessary to repeat my words of last year, viz., that by a truly ingenious arrangement of steels the trousers are rolled up in a large spring, which is fastened by a strap and buckle. It is in the efforts of this rolled spring to uncurl itself that the trousers are stretched and pressed. The whole contrivance only weighs a pound and a half, and its size is so convenient that it may be packed away in an ordinary kit-bag when travelling. The price is only half a guinea. As regards hunting-stocks, for which Mr. Lewin is famous, the "Nimrod" will make many new friends among both men and women. The "Nimrod" is made in any collar size, which should be mentioned when ordering, so that one is quite certain of obtaining a scarf to fit. It is hand-made, in one piece, and can be obtained with bow, open or Ascot ends.



The Aitchison "Stereo" Prism Binocular Field Glass



T. M. Lewin's "Traveller" Trouser Stretcher and Press

**Always Useful**

The most suitable present for a gentleman is something which will be useful and lasting. The new Aitchison "Stereo" Prism Binocular Field Glass, with British Government certificate, meets the case exactly. The magnification is eight diameters, the most useful power for general purposes of sporting, racing, and theatre. There are glasses good, bad, and indifferent, and, as the shops where they are sold are in towns, it is difficult to know the good from the bad. Messrs. Aitchison, of 428, Strand, and branches in London, Manchester, and Leeds, meet the case by having their glasses tested at the British Government Laboratory at Kew, and the certificate verifying the power, definition, adjustment, etc., is given with each glass to the purchaser.

**Lotil Toilet Soap**

It is the ambition of every woman to possess a smooth, white skin, and we have no hesitation in saying that the regular use of Lotil Soap produces "a skin like velvet and white as milk." The skin becomes supple, while wrinkles, blemishes, and roughness fade away under its influence. Lotil Soap removes all ingrained dirt, cleansing the pores without leaving the faintest suggestion of shininess. The Lotil lather should be well rubbed in to get the best results. It is delightfully refreshing in the bath, and it possesses another great advantage in that it does not make the sponge slimy. For the nursery it is unrivalled. In districts where the water is very hard, Lotil Soap is of the greatest value in counteracting the effect of the dissolved lime. To the theatrical profession it is an inestimable boon, as it not only washes off all kinds of grease paints, but its soothing action neutralises their irritating effect on the skin. For this purpose the creamy lather must be worked in for some time before

A Box of Lotil Toilet Soap

"ALWAYS DELICIOUS."

"U.K." TEAS

For XMAS GIFTS, packed in Charming Caddies of various sizes and designs. Send for an Illustrated List.

The most Delicious Teas in the World.

Carriage Paid to any address.

In Canisters holding respectively 5, 7, 10, 14 and 20 pounds.

Price List and Samples Free on Application.

Large Stocks of choicest selected China Teas of delicate flavour.

Large or small quantities forwarded to any part of the world.

Customers abroad receive these Teas Free of English Duty, the Blending and Packing being done in the Company's own Bonded Warehouse in London.

TRADE MARK.

UNITED KINGDOM TEA Co. LTD.

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# PRINCES'

Theatre Dinner

6/6

THE LARGEST AND MOST BEAUTIFUL SALONS IN LONDON FOR BALLS, BANQUETS, WEDDING AND OTHER RECEPTIONS.

Grill Room — Hotel

**Piccadilly & Jermyn St., W.**

Telephone: 5558 Gerrard.

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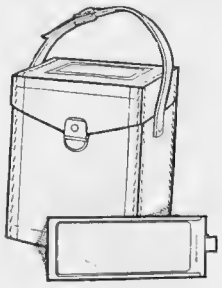
E. C. COLEGRAVE, General Manager.

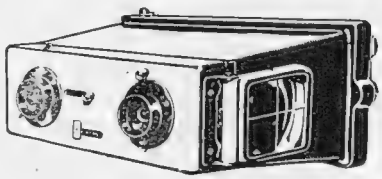
# Restaurant

rinsing off. A box of three tablets only costs 1*s.* 6*d.* Lotil Shaving Soap forms a thick, persistent lather, which softens the beard in a wonderful manner. After rinsing there is no suggestion of that unpleasant feeling of tension and dryness which accompanies the use of ordinary shaving soaps. The price is 1*s.* per stick.

### The Glyphoscope Outfit

There are hundreds of young people who are now on the look-out for a camera as a Christmas gift. Unfortunately, many of the cheap cameras offered for sale are merely toys, which take poor pictures, and which endure for no long period. Not so, however, with the Glyphoscope, which is a moderate-priced, scientifically made stereoscopic camera. This instrument comes from the same workshop as the Verascope, which is admittedly the most perfect of the higher-priced cameras in the market to-day. This, in itself, is a sufficient guarantee as to the quality and finish of the Glyphoscope. The price is 35*s.*, which includes six slides, and the pictures taken with this instrument can vie even with those taken with an expensive outfit. Stereoscopic photography is the ideal form of picture-making, as it shows each object standing out in relief from the foreground. There is a no more desirable gift for a young and ambitious photographer than a 35*s.* Glyphoscope outfit, which can be obtained only from Jules Richard, 23a, Albemarle Street, W.





The 35s. Glyphoscope Outfit Complete

### Cane Furniture

The Dryad Cane Furniture business, commenced in February, 1907, now employs sixty people. This year its work was awarded a gold medal at the Anglo-Japanese Exhibition and a silver medal at the International Exhibition in Brussels, where its stand was among those which were destroyed by the terrible fire. The Dryad business not only developed a new style of design in cane work, but new methods of construction also. The use of wood for framework, close weaving, careful finish, and the avoidance of all tacked-on work now provides cane furniture which can be used with pleasure by any discriminating householder, and which should provide many a popular gift this Christmas. Instead of the cumbersome, and often clumsily designed, stuffed chairs, Dryad workers set out to combine comfort with beauty, lightness with strength, durability with moderate price. The awards given to their work this year testify to the fact that they lead in these things. They intend to keep this lead. The works, Thornton Lane, Leicester, are always open for visitors interested in this handicraft, and a full catalogue can be obtained from the maker, Harry H. Peach, Thornton Lane, Leicester.

### Yuletide at Princes'

Special arrangements have been made this year for the Christmas and New Year's Eve festivities at Princes' Restaurant, Piccadilly. On Christmas night the management have arranged a seasonable entertainment. On New Year's Eve many novelties are promised in the way of introducing the New Year, etc., and the souvenir to be presented, which is naturally being kept a secret, will charm all the recipients. Tables can now be reserved for either functions.


THE

# Goldsmiths & Silversmiths Company, Ltd.

By Royal Warrant.

With which is incorporated the Goldsmiths' Alliance, Ltd. (A. B. Savory & Sons). Established 1751.

Famous the world over for

DESIGN. QUALITY. VALUE.

**CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.**

Charm Birthday Pendant. Turquoise—Love.
The Gem appropriate to each month is set in a Lucky Four-Leaf Shamrock, with Diamond Centre and Diamond Stalk.
£3 3 0

Fine quality Opal, 5-stone half hoop Ring, Diamond points.
£5 0 0

Fine quality Diamond and Pearl Ring.
£11 0 0

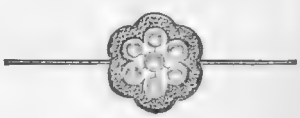
The New Initial Pendant, any Initial in fine quality Diamonds mounted in Platinum. Fine Gold finely Chased Border, 10 fine Whole Pearls.
A large variety of Beautiful Coloured Enamel Centres to select from. £4 4 0

No. 2510.
Fine quality Pearl Brooch.
£1 10 0

Fine Quality Opal and Diamond Earrings.
£7 5 0
per pair.

Fine quality Diamond, Pearl, and Enamel Pendant, with Platinum Neck Chain.
£5 10 0

Fine quality Turquoise Matrix and Diamond Earrings.
£13 0 0
per pair.



No. 2543.
Fine quality Pearl and Diamond Brooch
£3 5 0

SELECTIONS ON APPROVAL. CARRIAGE PAID.

**112, REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.**

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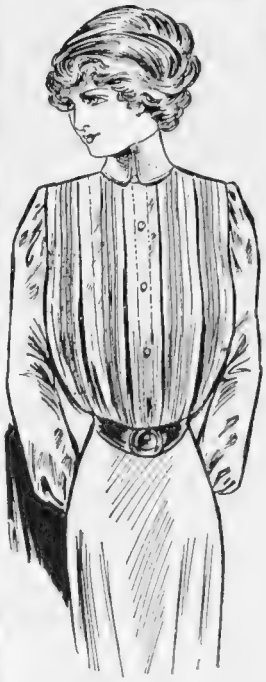
# SHOOLBRED'S

Hundreds of Charming

## BLOUSES SHIRTS and SLIPS



55. Rich Ivory Jap Silk Shirt, with American yoke, the front comprised of a series of large and small tucks.

Sale price **6/11**

In all sizes,
12½, 13, 13½, 14, 14½, 15 in.

Dainty colours and new Materials are used to make the many charming models now being shown in the BLOUSE, SHIRT, and SLIP Department

19. Smart Ivory Lace Blouse, veiled ninon. In all colours.

Sale price **18/9**

**Tottenham Court Rd., London, W.**



# PETER ROBINSON LTD.

**252 to 264,**

## REGENT STREET, W.,

are now exhibiting a beautiful collection of Handsome Fur Stoles and Muffs in all the most Fashionable Furs.

***A USEFUL CHRISTMAS GIFT***

Telephone No.: Gerrard 5835 (4 lines).

Telegrams: "Creational, London."

R.S. VERNEY.

Handsome Stole, in Blended Marten, composed of 8 beautiful Skins, exact Sable colour.

Price **24** Gns.

Large Muff to Match, with hanging Skins.

Price **9** Gns.

***We have just issued a Catalogue of Artistic and Inexpensive Novelties, Suitable for Christmas Presents. A copy will be sent post free on application.***

**Regent St. Establishment.**

### Williamson and Cole, Clapham

Now that they have made their name of world-wide renown, this extraordinarily organised establishment at Clapham is always well prepared for an influx of business just prior to Christmas. They have always a host of temptations in the guise of draperies, cushions, chairs, etc., a perusal of their catalogue lending full substance to this assertion.

During the present season there has been taken up with particular zest a range of mohair cloths suitable alike to curtains and upholstery, in which the most perfect selection of colourings is to be found.

Of surpassingly excellent character, in its way, is the "Cyprus" cloth, ideal for curtains of almost every description. This has a ribbed appearance similar to corduroy, while the weight is that of Bolton sheeting. In this instance, again, Messrs. Williamson and Cole have exhibited supreme taste in the choice of colours, which have been arranged exclusively for the firm, who by their culture and intelligence are always *au fait* with the prevailing demands of the moment.

The firm claim to have the monopoly, at present, of the "Cyprus" cloth, and also the "Smyrna" damask, at the prices their large trading enables them to accept. Their tapestries are exceptionally varied in kind and quality; in fact, there is choice for all, the prices ranging from 1*s.* 9½*d.* to 12*s.* 6*d.* per yard. And it is seldom there is lacking here some armchair speciality, the comfortable club shape, which forms the subject of one of our illustrations, standing evidence of that fact. The loose cushion seat gives the keynote of up-to-date value, which is always observable in all these furnishing pieces turned out by Messrs. Williamson and Cole.

The Last Thing in Comfort: An Armchair at Messrs. Williamson and Cole's, Clapham

### Mabie, Todd and Co., 79-80, High Holborn

Of all useful and acceptable Yuletide gifts, the "Swan" Fountain Pen stands out a conspicuous favourite. Not only does it represent an ideal possession, but, also, it is offered in so long a range of choice as ably to meet the case of a wide or limited exchequer. The prices run from 10*s.* 6*d.* to £20, and whether the lowest or highest sum is disbursed, the same excellence of quality prevails, the larger figures being accounted for by gold and solid silver being used in place of the engraved black vulcanite of the first size and makes.

Messrs. Mabie, Todd and Co. are issuing a capital little booklet, specially devised for Christmas, that gives ample information of the various pens supplied by them. This can be had for the asking, and after a careful perusal of its illustrated pages no doubt whatever will be left as to the advisability of securing a "Swan" Fountain Pen as offering for man, woman, boy, or girl. And such a gift, moreover, is a perpetual reminder of the giver, since it would inevitably be in constant and ever-ready use.


Allen & Daws'
Extra Pin Money

SENT
throughout the British Isles and to all parts of the Empire in exchange for Old Gold, Jewellery, Precious Stones, Sterling Silver and Sheffield Plate, Platinum, Teeth, Snuff Boxes, &c.
Send anything you have to
119 London St., Norwich.
Immediate Cash sent or Offer Made.

ESTABLISHED OVER HALF A CENTURY

Tooth Insurance

"Pebeco" offers you the best that Science *can* offer you towards the hygiene of the mouth and preservation of the teeth.

As a cleaning, cooling, deodorising agent for the mouth it has no equal; as a strengthener and preserver of the teeth it has a record endorsed by medical men and dentists over a period of twenty years.

A sample of "Pebeco" and an interesting test by which you may prove its value, sent FREE.

PEBECO
TOOTH PASTE

"Pebeco" is sold in 1/- tubes—
Of Stores and Chemists everywhere.
For the Free Sample and Test apply to
P. BEIERSDORF & CO.,
7/8, Idol Lane, London, E.C.

# OLD ENGLISH CURTAIN FABRICS

Reproduced from Existing Originals
**By Mr. F. W. PHILLIPS**

OVER 1,500 PATTERNS
TO SELECT FROM.

FOUR SAMPLES OF PRIVATE DESIGNS.

Reproduction of an English Queen Anne printed cott n. Width 52 in... .. .. .. .. .. **6/9** yd.

Reproduction of an English Chintz. *Circa 1750.* Width 31 in... .. .. .. .. .. .. **1/11** yd.

Reproduction of English linen in the Chinese taste. *Circa 1750.* Width 40 in. .. .. .. .. .. **6/3** yd.

Reproduction of an English Spitalfields tapestry. *Circa 1760.* Width 52 in... .. .. .. .. .. **4/9** yd.

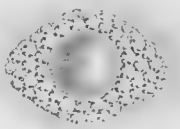
**F. W. PHILLIPS, THE MANOR HOUSE, HITCHIN.**

PATTERNS ON APPLICATION.

It is quite impossible to estimate too highly the joys of a thoroughly reliable fountain pen, such as is supplied in the well-known "Swan" makes. It renders writing easy and pleasant, the pen gliding lightly and smoothly over the paper, while it is, moreover, always handy and ready for immediate use. The ink-conductor employed is perfectly simple and absolutely reliable; in fact, the whole mechanism may be written down as perfection.

**Tecla Gems, 30, Old Bond Street**

Scientific invention has made such incursions of late into the realms of precious stones that it is, nowadays, merely a matter of sentiment whether a real, genuine gem is requisitioned or one of the clever man-made examples, which possess all the attributes of the natural production.



A Cabochon Sapphire Ring Mounted with Real Diamonds in Platinum

In regard to the wonderful gems constructed by M. Tecla, the rubie and sapphires have been much admired by connoisseurs, and stones produced in the crucibles at intense heat are shown to have been genuinely formed. Even when technically tested under the microscope they exhibit only minute differences from rubies and sapphires of rare quality. Obviously such stones are equal to natural stones in point of decorative beauty and effective ornament. Following these successes M. Tecla has produced emeralds which are of peculiar depth of tone and brilliancy, and as emeralds are now very fashionable, there has been a great demand for specimens from M. Tecla in the Rue de la Paix, in Paris, and the London branch at 30, Old Bond Street.

A Graceful Pendant with a fine Pear-Shaped Grey Pearl Mounted in Real Diamonds

BEAUTIFUL TECLA GEMS

The crowning achievement in scientific equality with Nature is the Tecla pearl, which is equal to the oyster pearl. So accurately and perfectly are these pearls constructed that they have the identical hardness, lustre, and weight of the fine examples of real pearls in collars submitted to the firm.

Happily, the artistic setting and mounting of the Tecla pearls and stones have received exceptionally effective treatment, as the *atelier* Tecla in Paris has become noteworthy for its fine conceptions in designs for jewelled ornaments. The artist-craftsmen have been trained to create orginal work, and care is taken that the designs are not duplicated, so that the term unique may be applied to the little masterpieces of dainty jewellery that are offered by Tecla.

An Emerald Ring with Centre Emerald Surrounded by Real Diamonds

The centre illustration shows a graceful pendant with a fine and lustrous pear-shaped grey pearl, mounted in real diamonds, and the *finesse* and harmony


# THE EVIAN-CACHAT WATER

***(Famous since the 18th Century)***

is strongly recommended by the highest medical authorities of France, Germany, and England because it is:

1. **Free from both natural and artificial carbonic gas.**
2. **The most aseptic water known.**
3. **The most effectively diuretic,** and
4. **The one easiest absorbed and most rapidly eliminated.**

The bottling process of this water, fully described by *The Times*, represents the maximum perfection attainable.

**Essentially the table water of the aristocracy,** the one most consumed at the Ritz, Savoy, and Carlton Restaurants, the annual sale, nevertheless, exceeds 11,000,000 bottles.

*SAMPLE CASES of EVIAN CACHAT WATER will be sent gratis and carriage paid to Members of the Medical Profession on application to—*

## THE EVIAN-CACHAT AGENCY,

**165, PICCADILLY, W., LONDON.**

***Sold by all the Principal Chemists, Druggists, Grocers, &c., in Great Britain and throughout the World.***

# Healthy Children · Happy Mothers

MOTHER AND CHILD. *Baby, 6½ months of age. Fed from birth on the "Allenburys" Foods.*

# The 'Allenburys' Foods

SAME BOY AGED 4 YEARS

## The Mother's Testimony

"I have pleasure in enclosing you a few photographs of my son, who is now just over eight years old. You will see by these how beautifully he has developed. He was fed from birth on the 'Allenburys' Foods, and his health since has never caused us a moment's anxiety."

This Testimonial, which is only one example of many received daily, fully substantiates the claim made for the "Allenburys" Foods, viz.:

**That they are based on scientific certainty, and that they supply the perfect nourishment required to ensure the steady development from infancy to robust and healthy childhood.**

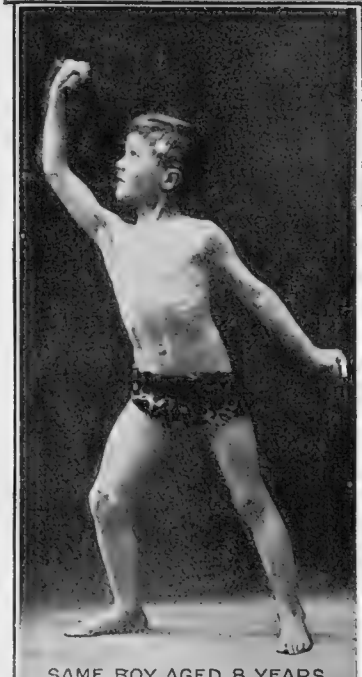
*A Progressive Dietary adapted to the growing digestive powers.*

**Milk Food No. 1** From birth to 3 months.

**Milk Food No. 2** From 3 to 6 months.

**Malted Food No. 3** From 6 months upwards.

Pamphlet on Infant Feeding and Management, Free.



SAME BOY AGED 8 YEARS

ALLEN & HANBURYS LTD., Lombard St., LONDON.

of the diamond spray and bell cup from which the pearl is suspended are not easily surpassed in modern jewellery. All Tecla pearls and stones are set in gold or in platinum and in conjunction with real diamonds, giving them a character at once removed from mere simulation or imitative art.

The individuality of the rings in infinite variety is a noticeable feature. The *cabochon* sapphire ring illustrated is mounted with real diamonds in platinum, and has a superb depth of tone and radiance which makes it difficult to believe that it is not some rare example from a collector's cabinet. Similarly the emerald ring with the centre emerald surrounded by real diamonds, and having a row of emeralds between these and the outer edge of fine diamonds, displays a quality of craftsmanship easily recognisable as the consummation of the modern jeweller's artistry.

A Quaint Oak Stool with Wicker Seat at Messrs. Heal's

**Heal and Sons, Tottenham Court Road**

And what an enthralling resort this is, again, when it so chances that furniture is the object for Christmas gifts. Apart from the purely utilitarian effects here, there presides a distinctively artistic influence, based on the best schools of thought. There is nothing of the *nouveau art* about the furniture at Heal's, the productions mainly consisting of reproductions of the best periods.

Mention should be made of a *chaise longue* of dark oak, recalling the Jacobean hour, the cushions covered in tapestry. An admirable feature of this model is the building of the stool apart from the chair, so that they can, if desired, be used separately. And for this strikingly handsome piece of furniture complete Messrs. Heal are only asking 4 gns. It would be ideal for a small flat where space is of value, or for a bedroom, where, as either lounge, easy chair, or dressing-table stool, it would assert its admirable virtues. And for what an absurdly low price there is procurable the quaint oak stool with wicker seat. This stands 14½in. high, and costs 14*s.* In such excellent taste is it, almost any room would be enhanced by its presence.

Among the first to recognise the reproduction of china of a covetable character, such as Spode, Lowestoft, etc., Messrs. Heal and Sons stand in the van of those who know. At all times, but very especially at Christmas, they provide a choice of dainty morning or boudoir tea-sets which are not to be surpassed anywhere. The one selected for our third illustration is the well-known Indian tree design, reproduced in bright chintz colourings, complete with green lacquer tray, 11*s.* 6*d.*

A Dainty Tea Set at Messrs. Heal's. The well-known Indian tree design is reproduced in bright chintz colouring. The price, with green lacquer tray, is 11s. 6d.

**D. H. Evans, Oxford Street**

To those whom it may concern, and in the present condition of affairs one can only trust it will represent a large majority, the words "English-made" occur again and again in connection with toys and fancy goods displayed here in view of Christmas. The children's bazaar, besides

By Special Appointment

# Novelties for Christmas Presents

IN THE

# LACE CURTAIN DEPARTMENT.

**Down Cushions** make **Charming Presents.**

There is a splendid collection now being shown covered in **Silks, Tapestries,** and the beautiful new **Embroideries.**

Real Lace Anti's and Cushion Cases.

A handsome wedge-shaped Cushion, filled best Down, and covered with a rich Brocade - - **25/6**

**Brussa Gauze Embroideries** are indescribably beautiful Goods, and the most effective of all Gifts.

**Richly Embroidered Squares, Centres, &c., in Silks and Metals.**

Fine Marie Antoinette Squares and Cushion Cases.

# SHOOLBRED'S,

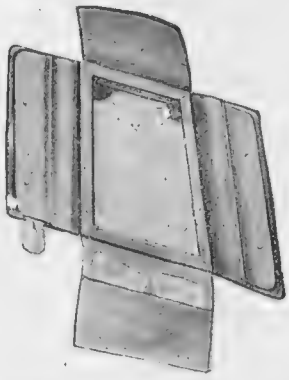
**Tottenham Court Road, London, W.**

# TURNBULL & ASSER

## Specialities for Xmas Gifts.

### The "Kollapsum" Shirt Case (Regd.)

An Ideal Christmas Present for a Gentleman.



The "**Kollapsum**" extends to hold six shirts in addition to handkerchiefs, ties, and gloves, and prevents articles from being crushed when carried in a portmanteau. Made in various colours.

PRICE

**£2 10 0 and 3 Gns.**

### "Kollapsum" Tie and Handkerchief Cases

Made on the same principle as "Kollapsum" Shirt Cases. Made in tan, pigskin, brown, and green, lined white silk.

**Tie Cases, 12/6. Handkerchief Cases, 10/6.**

### Dressing Gowns

IN SILK AND OTHER MATERIALS.

Large Variety for Selection.

**SPECIALITY.**—Real Camel Hair Dressing Gowns.

**£3 15 0 each.**

SOFT. WARM. COMFORTABLE.

## 71 & 72, JERMYN STREET, LONDON, S.W.

Telephone: GERRARD 4628. Telegrams: "PADDYWHACK, LONDON."



BY ROYAL WARRANTS TO T.R.H. THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES

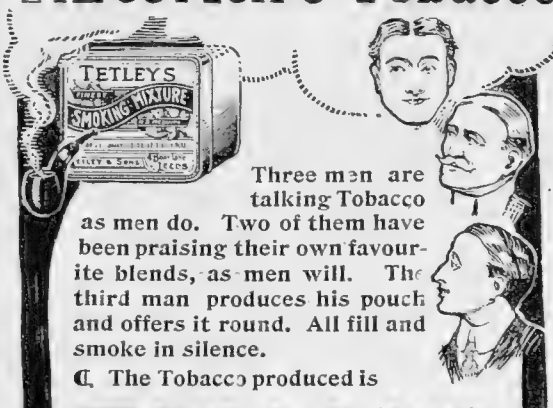
# TOM SMITH'S

# CRACKERS

CAUTION: SEE TOM SMITH'S NAME ON EVERY BOX.



# Three Men & Tobacco




Three men are talking Tobacco as men do. Two of them have been praising their own favourite blends, as men will. The third man produces his pouch and offers it round. All fill and smoke in silence.

¶ The Tobacco produced is

# TETLEY'S

**No. 2 Medium,**

and the talk ceases, because Tetley's is—well, Tetley's.

Writing the other day to an Advertising man, Tetley's said:—"We are practical Tobacco men, and rely mostly on the quality of our Tobacco for increasing its sale." That's exactly it. Tetley's No. 2 Medium cannot be described adequately in an advertisement because the merit is all in the Tobacco. Bad Tobacco can be well advertised, but TETLEY'S cannot be advertised well enough—at least, so its friends say.

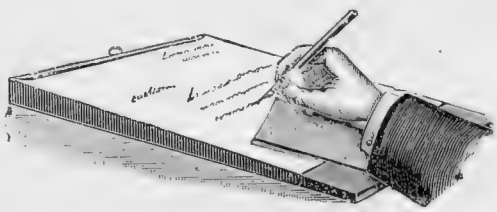
IF YOU PREFER A MILDER BLEND, ASK FOR No. 1 MILD.

**Try a packet from any Tobacconist and see what YOU think of it.** Two ounces cost 1/1. If any difficulty in obtaining supply, send fourteen penny stamps to

TETLEY & SONS, 4, Boar Lane, LEEDS.

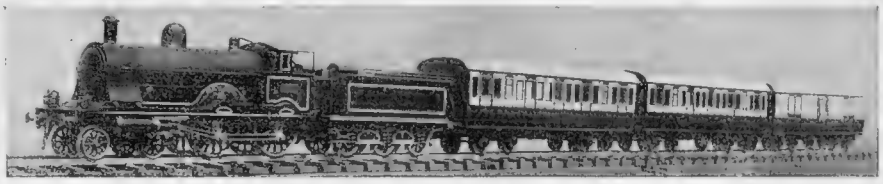
having all the toy novelties of the season, contrives to keep up such old-time and tested favourites as wooden engines, horses and carts, cranes and the like. *Dos à dos* with which are motor-cars, Dog Cæsar, character dolls, etc.

Gilded pewter, a novel and attractive ware, is responsible for a number of dainty jewel caskets, pin trays, inkstands, and the like, and there is a gilt-chain hand-purse fitted with small mirror, powder puff, sliding receptacle for sovereigns and half-sovereigns, that has been brought out at the incredibly low rate of 27*s.* 6*d.* The leather, suéde, and velvet bags are legion, a new velvet Dorothy fitted with a purse coming out at 4*s.* 6*d.* in a nice selection of colours, while many of the velvet and suéde are completed by the long silken rope destined to be slung over the shoulders.



The Ceres Writing Copier

As there is yet plenty of time, the wisest procedure would be to send for Messrs. D. H. Evans's handsomely illustrated catalogue, the wide-spreading *clientèle* possessed by the firm fully justifying this expenditure of energy and money. Those who are, for various reasons, perforce compelled to shop by post will unanimously acclaim this brochure as unrivalled. And it can be had for the asking from the establishment in Oxford Street.



A Model, from Messrs. Bassett-Lowke's Works, of a London and North-Western Train

### The Ceres Writing Copier

This apparatus has been designed to facilitate the copying of letters in the simplest possible manner, and it is certainly a vast improvement upon press-copying. It contains its own supply of writing and copying paper, transfer sheets, etc., so that everything necessary for writing letters and keeping a loose sheet copy is always at hand and in readiness for use. The papers are adjusted in a moment and held firmly, and can be taken out and returned to the same position for continuing a letter, making corrections, or merely signing. Letters are written in the usual way with ordinary pen and ink, and the copy is produced as you write, and, being dry, can be filed away at once. The original letter is never soiled or even dampened as in press-copying, and shows no evidence of having been copied, so the plan may be used in private correspondence. These are only a few of the many reasons why no one should be without one of these Copiers. They make ideal and always useful Christmas gifts.

### "Run Your Own Train Service"

This is the title of a little illustrated catalogue issued by Messrs. Bassett-Lowke of "Lowke" Works, Northampton, and 112, High Holborn, W.C. Here we have particulars of every sort and description of model locomotive. Surely a most fascinating gift would be one of these model trains. A real and instructive hobby is ensured, and one which appeals not only to youth, but to all ages. In the booklet there is an interesting article on the planning of a model railway which should not be missed.


Wolsey

PURE WOOL UNSHRINKABLE

Chosen by Captain Scott for his Expedition to the Pole!

*Practically nothing but Wolsey garments will be worn either by Captain Scott or any of his crew.*

If, after the most searching investigation and comparison, Captain Scott is trusting practically exclusively to Wolsey Underwear to safeguard him against the fearful rigours of Antarctic cold, is not this assurance enough that Wolsey will protect you against the treacheries of Winter here?

PURE WOOL, UNSHRINKABLE.

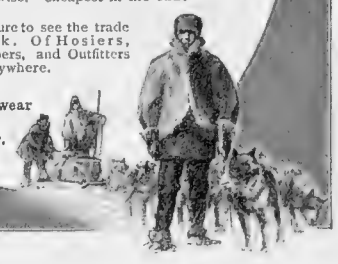
Not only is Wolsey Underwear made from what science declares to be the finest of all materials for next-the-skin wear—pure wool, but every garment is guaranteed to be absolutely unshrinkable and will be replaced free should it prove otherwise.

In addition, Wolsey garments are excellently made throughout, perfect fitting, long-wearing and economical in the highest degree. Though, perhaps, not the lowest priced at the beginning they prove by far the cheapest in the end.

THE WOLSEY

Be sure to see the trade mark. Of Hosiers, Drapers, and Outfitters everywhere.

Wolsey Underwear Co., Leicester.



FURS

We have a large stock of very fine Furs at extremely moderate prices, ranging from

12 to 60 Guineas.

MODEL No. 2616.

Loose fitting, full-length Coat, made in seal-dyed musquash, with large roll collar of pointed fox.

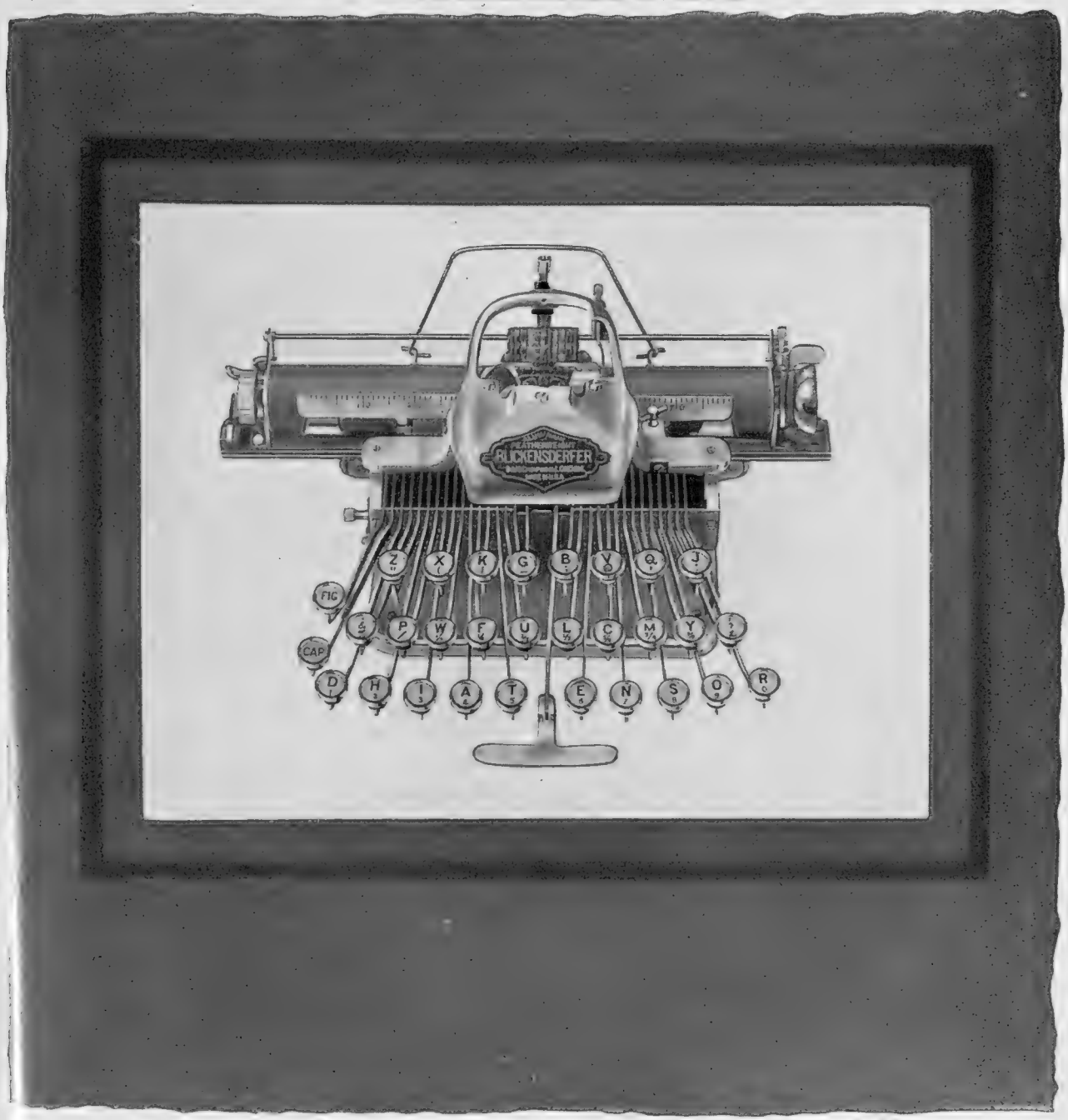
PRICE

50 Gns.

Model No. 2616

DUNHILL'S

2 CONDUIT ST., LONDON, W




**The New Aluminium Feather-Weight Typewriter, which is being lent to readers for a Free One Week's Trial on request, mentioning this paper. This wonderful Travelling or Boudoir Typewriter will be sent to your address carriage paid. "Universal" or "Scientific" Keyboard supplied as desired.**

Lately there have been appearing in our advertising columns several announcements of the new Aluminium Blickensderfer Typewriter, popularly known as "The Feather-Weight Blick," because of its extreme light weight and portability. It shines like silver. It is compact and as durable as the heavy office typewriters which cost more than twice as much. The proprietors have so devised that this little travelling secretary can be carried from place to place in its own little leather case or in an ordinary dressing or Gladstone bag. The Managing Director of the "Blickensderfer" Company informed a representative that so enormous has been the demand for this new Feather-Weight Blick-Secretary that it has been a difficult matter to keep pace with the many requests received for free trials.

If you possess a Blick you simply pack it in its case, in which there are compartments for stationery, letters to be answered, etc., and when you are comfortably seated in your carriage you take out your Feather-Weight Secretary, place it on your knee, and type your letters (making copies of important letters in the one operation), and when you have reached your destination an otherwise tedious duty is done—done with as much ease as though you were in your own private office or boudoir. Many ladies who have a confidential maid or secretary merely dictate their letters while they are plainly and neatly typed on the new Aluminium Blick, a bright, compact, and durable machine, which does not and cannot get out of order, a feature which war correspondents, journalists, authors, the clergy, the army and navy, and commercial travellers have long since learned to appreciate.

How annoying is it to have hurriedly written a letter which cannot be deciphered by the receiver. It is for this reason that Editors return manuscripts, commercial travellers lose orders—as busy men are too impatient to read hand-written letters—clergymen stumble over their notes when delivering a sermon, or public speakers falter when reading a speech that otherwise might have captivated their audience.

By special arrangement readers can now have one of the Typewriters sent to their home for a free one week's trial. Further, the Company guarantees to teach every purchaser to use the machine in less than half an hour

The address to write for a Free Week's Trial of the Feather-Weight Secretary, and booklet List 141 telling all about it, is The Blickensderfer Co., Ltd., 9 and 10, Cheapside, London, E.C. It is important that you state whether the "Scientific" or "Universal" Keyboard is required.

### United Kingdom Tea Company

The United Kingdom Tea Company, of Paul Street, E.C., make a special feature of providing handsome caddies in various sizes and designs suitable for presentation purposes at Christmastide, and I would once again impress this fact upon my readers. Any of the "U.K." teas will be packed in these caddies and delivered, carriage paid, to any address, or list of addresses, which may be furnished to the Company with the order. Samples of the teas will be submitted upon receipt of request, and I repeat the following particular qualities as deserving of special notice: The "New Century" blend, 1*s.* 8*d.* per lb.; the "Imperial" blend, 2*s.* per lb.; the "Terrace" Tea, 2*s.* 2*d.* (as supplied to the House of Commons); a choice, rare, full-flavoured tea, very strongly recommended, 2*s.* 8*d.* per lb. The Company also hold a limited supply of their unique Golden-Tipped Darjeeling, the price of which is 4*s.* 8*d.* per lb. "King's Blend" is composed of choicest pure Darjeeling teas, and is supplied in packets only. The "U.K." teas are sent abroad to any part of the world free of English duty, and where so desired every charge can be prepaid by the Company, so that the tea will be delivered quite free at destination. The Company also pack their teas, without additional charge, in small packets convenient for charitable distribution.

**A Charming Delft Canister**

To be obtained for the moderate sum of 2*s.* from the United Kingdom Tea Company, 1, Paul Street, E.C. It holds 12lb. of tea. Smaller canisters at lower prices are also stocked

### At Turnbull and Asser's

Messrs. Turnbull and Asser, the well-known outfitters, hosiers, and glovers, of 71 and 72, Jermyn Street, S.W., have, owing to the continued increase in their business, found it necessary to issue an illustrated catalogue of some of their specialities. This may be obtained upon application, and it is well worth perusal. As regards Christmas presents for men, it would be difficult to find a better or more useful selection. From their now celebrated "Quorn" hunting scarf to one of their elaborate and warm dressing-gowns—all would prove acceptable. Special mention should be made of the firm's "Soltego" flannel shirting, a material which is intended specially for wear in Indian and tropical climates. Garments composed of this would be welcomed by friends abroad when Christmas does not stand for ice and snow. But send for a catalogue and make your own choice.

**A Dressing-Gown at Turnbull and Asser's, 71 and 72, Jermyn Street**


You are specially invited to

Barings Christmas Display

Baring & Gillow Ltd.
Oxford Street. W.

*Please write for Illustrated Catalogue.*

CROWN LAVENDER SALTS

are always welcome when feeling tired or listless. Whether in the home or when travelling they form an ideal restorative, which no lady should be without.

TRADE MARK

*Sole Manufacturers:*
THE CROWN PERFUMERY CO.
LONDON AND PARIS.
*Beware of imitations. Insist on seeing the "Crown" label on the bottle. Of all Chemists and Druggists.*

**Southalls' Towels** are sold in packets of one dozen from 6d. upward (less than the cost of washing). **Southalls' Suspenders** (from 6d. each) add greatly to the comfort of the wearer. These with their other **Sanitary Specialities** may be obtained from all drapers, outfitters and chemists.

For Visiting, the **Protective Apron**, the **Compressed Towels** and **Knapkenettes** (the latter for infants) are most useful.

**An Offer**—Ladies who would like to give Southalls' Towels a trial, should send 6d. in stamps to the LadyManager, 17, Bull Street, Birmingham, for an assorted sample packet containing different qualities and different sizes.

The Lady Manager will supply a full Price List, and also a List of Agents in any neighbourhood on request.

**SOUTHALLS'**
**SANITARY TOWELS**

To be obtained from Ladies' Outfitters, Drapers and Chemists throughout the World.



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**Ladies do not use Razors, but the**

**DURHAM-DUPLEX**

**is no ordinary Razor. Ladies will find they can make the most pleasurable use of it as**

## THE GIFT OF SAFETY AND COMFORT

**to Men-folk and friends for lasting use**

***Any man would be gratified with this up-to-date "Razor" as a gift, and the donor would get the best thanks—daily remembrance***

**HANDSOME.**—Silver-plated Set and Six double-edged Blades, in handsome Leather Case, portable for travel, neat on dressing table, **21/-. The Pigskin Case, 25/-, is very effective.** Gold-Plated Sets, **31/6.** Holdalls, **35/-.**

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By Royal Warrant

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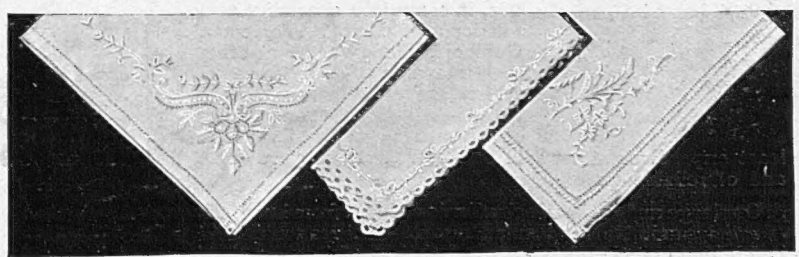

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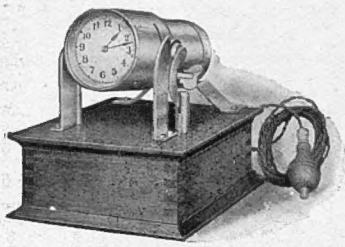
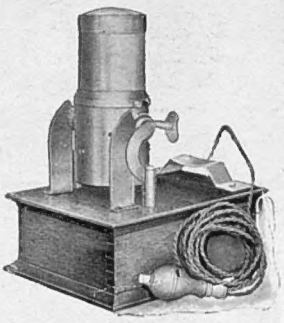
**The "Graphic" Christmas Number Now on Sale, Price 1/-**

### Real Novelties

When selecting presents, I recommend you to study the illustrated catalogue issued by the British Ever-Ready Electrical Company, of Emerald Street, Theobald's Road, W.C. I have not space here to go into details of the various electric clocks, lamps, etc., manufactured by this Company, but will just give one instance—that illustrated. The new "Ever-Ready" ceiling clock combines a neat and plain design with great utility. In the horizontal picture is shown the appearance of the clock in the daytime, whereas the other shows the clock swivelled into a vertical position, thereby bringing the projecting mechanism into line with the ceiling, when a slight pressure on the push-button at the end of the flexible cord throws a huge image of the dial on to the ceiling. What next, I wonder!



The "Ever-Ready" Ceiling Clock—Normal Position



The "Ever-Ready" Ceiling Clock—Ready for Use at Night

### At Alfred B. Pearce's

A perfect fairyland of glass and china is this well-known emporium. How I longed for the wherewithal to buy what I listed when I paid a visit here the other day. Among very many useful and ornamental items, Messrs. Alfred B. Pearce and Co., of 39, Ludgate Hill, have a beautiful arrangement of flower centres in the form of bowls of the finest English crystal, in charming shapes, fitted with double wire tops for supporting the flowers. These range in price as low as 6*s.* 6*d.* to 5 gns. Something very special is the rose bowl illustrated on this page. Messrs. Pearce have also an excellent selection in dessert services in richly tinted various fruit designs from 30*s.*, delicately tinted rose sprays from 25*s.*, and handsomely decorated fruit or cake bowls from 5*s.* Another form of present sure of appreciation is a set of six lovely afternoon tea or coffee cups and saucers in a satin-lined case at prices from 25*s.* Afternoon tea or coffee services in artistic shapes and beautiful decorations are also in great variety, and liqueur sets can be had at very reasonable prices. Pay a visit to their establishment and you will find a large selection of both useful and ornamental goods at all prices suitable for gifts.

A Crystal Flower Bowl, 8 in. in diameter, with ruby scroll in relief, and broad gold band on either side, on chased lacquered brass stand and double wire cover. Complete for 8s. 9d.; box and postage for country, 1s. extra

### Hanan-Gingell Shoe Company, 328-332, Oxford Street, W.

A splendid boot is the "Election" boot, which laces to the knee. It is an exceptionally strong, warm, and wet-resisting, yet most comfortable boot, which, as its name implies, has been specially designed to stand the stress of hard work which the lady friends of candidates engage in at election times. It is made in black glacé kid, with stout soles, and is priced at 25*s.* 9*d.* The dreadful weather on the days immediately prior to the first polls last Saturday was in itself proof of the necessity of such a boot for lady canvassers.


China & Glass for Xmas Gifts.

.. For variety and style our stock will be found in no sense lacking, and it affords a wider choice than is generally obtainable. Apart from every kind of pieces and services for ordinary Household use, it comprises charming productions of Derby, Worcester, Coalport, Wedgwood, and other well-known varieties (some of which are entirely reserved to us), as well as the finest makes of English Crystal. Even the least expensive pattern will be found to be in good taste and of reliable quality.

.. Our large and varied stock affords a choice from hundreds of articles suitable for Xmas Presents—articles which will be highly appreciated because of their usefulness or their beauty.

.. A visit to our Showrooms (Three Spacious Floors with Hydraulic Lift) is cordially invited. If unable to call—write for our Illustrated Leaflets.

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ARE THE PERFECT SCENTS OF THE FLOWERS, AND MAKE

IDEAL XMAS PRESENTS.

LILY OF THE VALLEY

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ROSE . . . SUPREME

(A Bouquet of the Sweetest Roses).

2/-, 3/6, 6/-, & 10/6 per bot.

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1/- & 2/6 each.

ZENOBIA TOILET POWDER

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A BIJOU SAMPLE BOX containing Perfume, Soap, and Sachet of either odour sent post free on receipt of 4*d.* stamps, mentioning *The Bystander.*

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# Which are Your Favourite Flowers ?

THE PROPRIETORS OF

# WRIGHT'S COAL TAR SOAP

OFFER A

# Cheque for £50

to the competitor who names, in their order of merit, the eight British flowers which are the favourites of the majority of the competitors (see below). Or in the event of no one placing them all in the correct order, to the competitor who so places the greatest number consecutively from No. 1.

## Instructions and Conditions.

1. Write on a sheet of paper, with your name and address at the top, the names of your eight favourite British flowers in their order of merit (see below).
2. Post this, accompanied by an outside wrapper of a 4d. tablet of Wright's Coal Tar Soap (sold everywhere), addressed "Flowers," Wright's Coal Tar Soap, 66/68, Park Street, Southwark, S.E., and to arrive not later than December 31, 1910.
3. Competitors may send as many lists as they like, provided each is accompanied by a wrapper of Wright's Coal Tar Soap, as above, but anyone sending any other wrapper than Wright's will be disqualified.
4. No correspondence can be entertained. The decision of the Advertising Manager will be final. In the event of ties, the prize will be divided. The result will be advertised in the "Daily Mail" on February 14, 1911.

## Order of Merit and how the Prize will be Awarded.

At the close of the competition, the total number of votes recorded for each flower will be ascertained, and the eight with the highest numbers of votes will be placed in order of merit; the competitor whose list agrees with all, or with the greatest number (reckoned consecutively from No. 1) of the names and order of merit on the list thus obtained, will be awarded the prize.

# Some Christmas Recipes

### Christmas Plum Pudding—No. I.

Stone 1½lb. of raisins, ½lb. of sultanas, 1lb. of currants, chop very finely 1lb. of beef suet, 1lb. of fine bread-crumbs, and a teaspoonful of grated lemon-peel; mix all these ingredients thoroughly together. Shred finely ½lb. of candied-peel, and slice thinly, but good-sized pieces, ½lb. of citron; mix these in. Then mix in 2oz. of finely shredded sweet almonds, a teaspoonful of mixed spice, enough flour to bind, and then beat up ten eggs in a little milk, and pour into the mixture. Well stir, then pour in half a pint of old rum and half a pint of good brandy. Stir well for half an hour. Then put into the mould, and let it boil for sixteen hours about a fortnight before it is wanted; the day it is required boil it for two hours.

### Christmas Pudding—No. II.

Mix together ½lb. of finely chopped suet, 5oz. of bread-crumbs, 3oz. of fine sifted flour, 6oz. of currants, ¾lb. of stoned and halved raisins, 6oz. of mixed candied-peel, 1oz. of chopped sweet almonds, 4oz. of Demarara sugar, half the grated rind and juice of a lemon, half a grated nutmeg and a little mixed spice; beat up three eggs with a dessertspoonful of brandy, and add this to the other ingredients, with enough milk to mix it well. Boil eight hours or more in a well-greased mould. Pour a little brandy, rum, or kirsch round, and set it alight just as it is being sent to the dinner-table, and serve with almond sauce.

### Christmas Pudding—No. III. (a Plainer Recipe)

Take ¾lb. each of stoned raisins, currants, flour, and suet, ½lb. each of breadcrumbs and treacle, two eggs, a ¼lb. of candied-peel, and a teaspoonful of powdered ginger. Chop the suet finely, and carefully prepare the fruit. Warm the treacle, and add a little milk to it. Mix all the ingredients carefully, and boil from six to eight hours.

### Mincemeat

Stone and cut up 2lb. of raisins; well wash and dry the same amount of currants; peel, core, and finely chop 2½lb. of apples; chop up very small 2lb. of suet, 2lb. of Demarara sugar, the juice and grated rind of two lemons, one teaspoonful of the best mixed spice, one saltspoonful of salt, 2oz. of chopped sweet almonds, half a pint each of brandy and port wine. Mix all well together, adding in at the last the port wine and brandy. Put all into a stone jar, cover down tightly, and, if possible, leave for a fortnight before using. EMILIA.

"Emilia" is willing to supply small jars of "almond sauce" for plum puddings. Price, 1*s.* 6*d.* postage paid. Orders should be sent to "Emilia," 31, Lissenden Mansions, Highgate Road, N.W.

### An Excellent Christmas Pudding

Take ¾lb. of flour, two heaped-up teaspoonfuls of Borwick's Baking Powder, 2oz. of breadcrumbs, 1½lb. of suet, 2lb. of raisins, 1lb. of currants, 10 oz. of sugar, 2oz. of almonds, 1lb. of mixed candied-peel, salt and spice to taste, mix ingredients well together, and add six eggs well beaten, and three-quarters of a pint of milk, divide in two, and boil eight hours.

---

**Nature's Sugar is the Best,**

and is found in currants in greater quantity than in any other fruit. By using currants you require less of the ordinary sugar and eat nature's product instead. A wise course indeed, and one which should commend itself to every housewife who studies health and economy. Whenever you want a delicious sweet use currants; the presence of the little Grecian grape ensures a charming flavour and a liberal amount of pure nutriment. Sir Francis Laking, the King's Physician, says: "Many are the ways in which currants can enter into daily use in the household with great advantage to health and pocket."

Don't think it is difficult to cook with currants. Nothing could be simpler. A most useful little cookery book showing scores of different ways for cooking currants is being given away quite free by all the leading grocers. Ask for a copy to-day.

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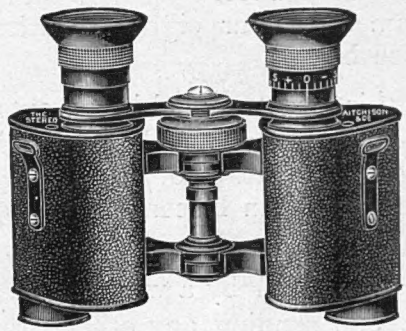

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